THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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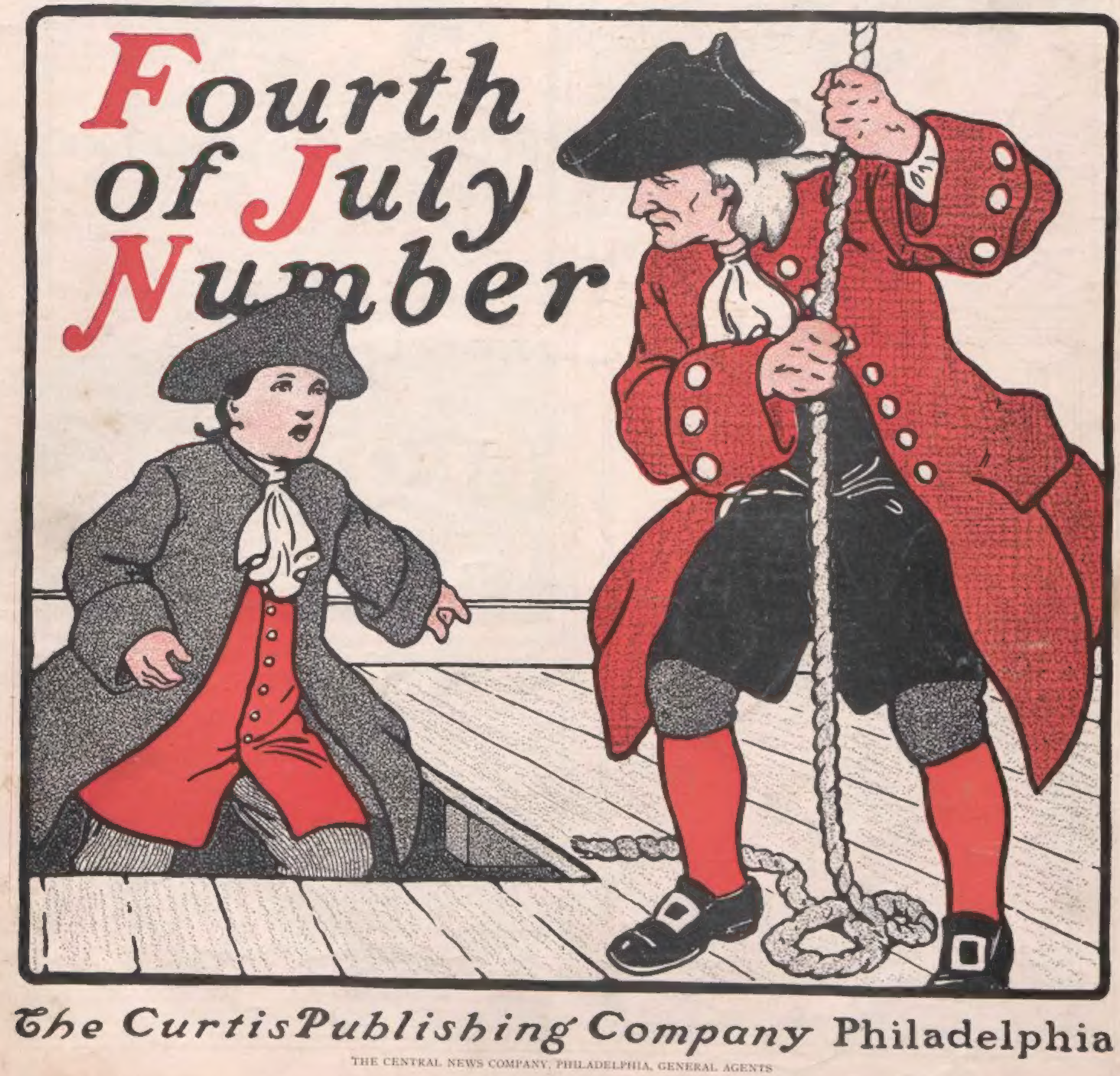

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia
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L. FRANK BAUM
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Rochester, N. Y.

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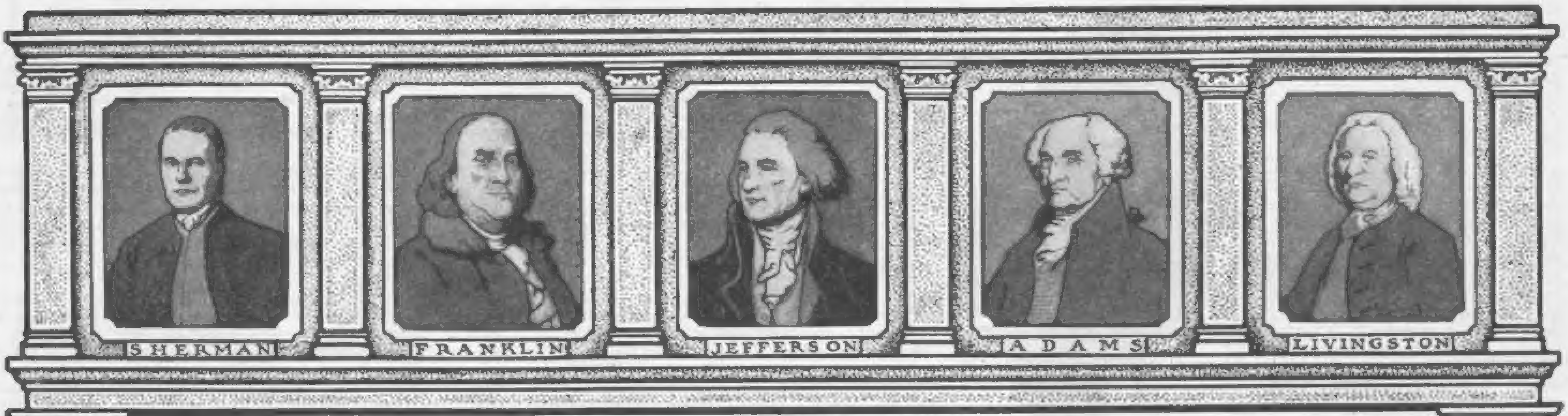


Poverty No Bar *to a* Public Career

By John J. Ingalls

A MOST distinguished lawyer and eloquent statesman not long since, in an address to the graduating class of one of our great universities, advised young men to take no active interest in politics till by business or professional activity they had secured competence or fortune sufficient to make them independent of party vicissitudes.

No doubt he was patriotic, and meant well, but no instruction could be more deleterious to democratic institutions. To confine political functions to the rich, or even to the well-to-do, would develop the most intolerable of all forms of despotism.

In practice it would have deprived our history of many of its most luminous and inspiring examples.

To proud, ambitious and sensitive spirits there is undoubtedly something of humiliation in accepting hospitality that cannot be returned. Sumptuous entertainments, splendid equipages and costly raiment, luxurious palaces and lordly expenditures have power and fascination that can be neither denied nor ignored. Added to high rank and station they give their possessor an importance and influence in legislation, diplomacy and statecraft much greater than that to which he might be entitled by his intellectual gifts and attainments. The club, the salon and the boudoir have quite as much to do with the policy of nations as the consultations of committee-rooms and the contentions of the floor.

The Money Factor in Our Politics

There is no magic at once so subtle and so potential as that of wealth. To multitudes no acquisition is so alluring as a great bank account. But our greatest civil and military leaders have not been favored by birth or fortune. Washington, to be sure, was the richest man of his time, but the situation is changed. Political millionaires are under the ban. They are suspected. Their attitude is apologetic and exculpatory. They are on the defensive. It would be easier for the camel to go through the eye of the needle than for the richest man in the country to become President to-day. The very fact of his wealth would render him ineligible. The plutocrat may now and then buy a cheap Legislature, or a convention that is on the bargain counter, but he never escapes detection and contempt.

The Romans had a proverb, "*Obolus non olet*"—money does not stink; but in American politics money accepted for a vote does stink, and Senates and constituencies hold their noses and call for disinfectants when the bribe-giver or the bribe-taker passes by.

Had the precepts inculcated by the orator to whom I have referred been the law of our society; had the competent and the aspiring waited for fortune before soliciting the suffrages of the people, all the great names of our recent annals would have been written on the roll of common men. Those who have made the history of the past half century have entered at the straight gate. I do not now recall one who was born with the traditional silver spoon in his mouth; who had a pedigree and a coat-of-arms and lay in the roses and lilies of life.

A Roll of Poor Boys Who Became Great Statesmen

The story of the ancestry of Lincoln, of the revolting hardships and privations of his childhood and youth, of his squalid environment, almost shock the sense of natural justice. We feel instinctively that destiny was unnecessarily cruel, harsh and severe. His great spirit bore the deep scars of those early struggles to the grave. Scarcely any man in the country had a past more depressing, or a future more hopelessly gloomy, desperate and unpromising than Grant at the outbreak of the Civil War. Henry Wilson, the "Shoemaker of Natick," Senator and Vice-President, was born in a vagrant community of basket-makers and tinkers, of unknown paternity. His real name was Jeremiah Colbath, and he took the patronymic of his patron, General Wilson, who, discerning the waif's powers, set him in the pathway of preferment and renown. Morton, the War Governor and Senator from Indiana, told me the proudest moment of his life, up to the age of twenty-one, was when he marched into his native village at the head of a band, playing a key bugle, while he was a hatter's apprentice. Garfield and Sheridan, the barefoot boys upon the towpaths of the Ohio canals; Andrew Johnson, the tailor; Blaine, the country school teacher; McKinley and Bryan, of humble origin—these and many others of smaller fame refute the instruction that the ambitious youth must put money in his purse before entering public life.

Another remarkable illustration is afforded by the life and career of Samuel Jackson Randall, of Pennsylvania, whose extraordinary qualities and achievements should have given him more conspicuous renown, but whose fading fame gives new pathos to Jefferson's mournful ejaculation, "So soon forgotten when we are gone!" He died in possession of an estate valued at less than $1000 after thirty years spent in municipal, State and national legislation.

His poverty was not specially creditable to him, for there is no reason why a Representative in Congress should not saw wood in vacation, practice law, buy and sell real estate, build houses, deliver lectures, write newspaper articles, and earn money in any legitimate and honorable calling; but it shows that there is no incompatibility between the narrowest simplicity of life, the most rigid economy in personal expenditure, and the highest success in public affairs.

Randall's career was coincident with the epoch of profligate profusion and extravagance that followed the war, that carnival of venality, the paradise of the parvenu, the boodler and the thief. The Credit Mobilier, office and pardon brokerage, whiskey rings, pension syndicates, sprang like toadstools from national decay. An obscene brood of harpies hovered over every department of Government. Great names were blighted. Honored reputations were blasted. The weak yielded to temptation. The needy fell into the pit. It was an epidemic of moral typhus, whose fatal contagion swept the innocent with the guilty to the hospital and the grave.

No tainted breath dimmed the bright mirror of Randall's reputation. Twice Speaker, acknowledged leader of the House, and chairman of the most important committee, he had opportunities for illicit gains beyond the dreams of avarice. But he lived modestly within his salary and by personal example not less than by legislative work rendered inestimable service to his State and the country. Whether such a career "paid" in the commercial sense would be a miserable interrogatory. Its equivalents were ample and will endure forever.

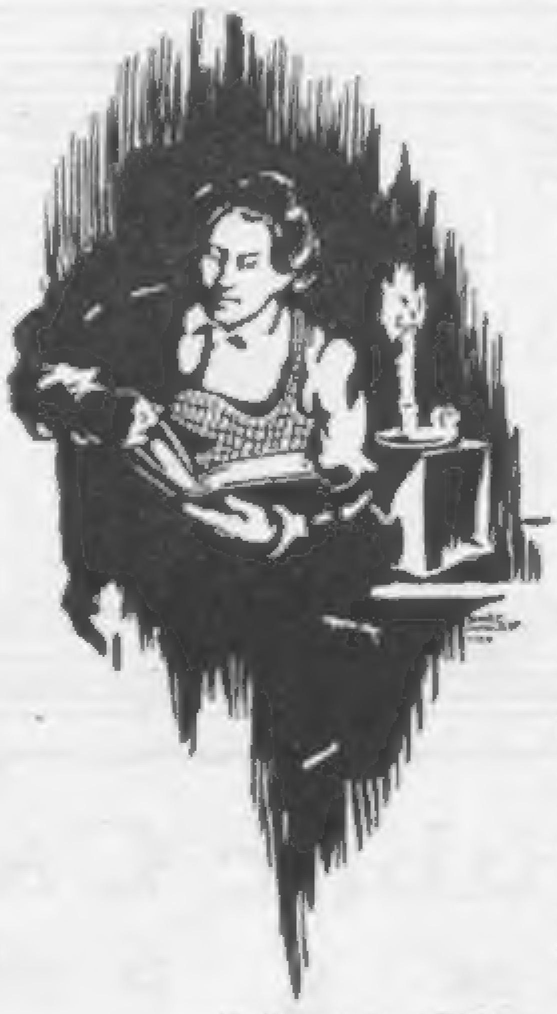
The compensations of political life, indeed, are not a matter of wages, profits and bookkeeping. They are not measured by income or per centum. It must be admitted that there are vicissitudes and misfits, but calamities attend all enterprises. Those who fail outnumber those who succeed. One is taken and the other left. Popularity and public favor sometimes seem capricious and fickle. The idol of yesterday is execrated to-morrow. The constituency of Aristides still survives, and Nemesis yet waits to resent and punish prosperity. Princes are not uniformly grateful, and the demands upon the time and strength of the public servant are not always considerate. The lamentation of Wolsey has not lost its pathetic significance, and the injunction to throw away ambition yet falls on wounded and weary souls. But the rewards of public life are far in excess of its burdens. The people are not always slow to anger, but in the end they are both just and generous to those who serve them with fidelity.

They honor courage, independent thought, manhood and truth, and are quick to forgive errors that proceed from an intrepid spirit. The ingratitude of republics is a stale proverb.

Strange Bed-Fellows Made by Politics

There are some scurvy companionships and occasional familiarities that are intolerable and not to be endured. The heeler and the fixer and the bummer cannot always be kicked downstairs. The man with the pull must be cultivated. Now and then relationships that in private life would be ignored must be submitted to with smiling complacence. If there be a doubtful remnant, an ignorant, detached, floating, debauched contingent, it must be taken into the account and dealt with, for if one party omits to secure it, the other will not, and this element may determine defeat or triumph. The statesman, the diplomatist and the commander who rely exclusively upon the Decalogue, the Golden Rule and the Thirty-nine Articles for success may retain the approval of conscience, but their adversaries will secure about everything else.

In the main, the associations and activities of public life are elevating and ennobling. The traditional frontier notion that the successful politician must be a voluble, swaggering, greasy demagogue, half horse and half alligator, has died out. The hayseed epoch is over. The day of the statesman who pledges his constituents that he will never wear evening dress or ride in a carriage has ended. Ben Butler, who knew human nature well, addressed the slums of Boston in full dress with a rose in his buttonhole on the theory that these children of the wharves wanted their representative not to be outshone by the aristocrats of Beacon Hill. Sunset Cox never forgot his manners nor his learning, though he had many supporters who cared little for either. It is an error long since outgrown to suppose that to become a politician the citizen must cease to be a scholar or a gentleman.


The "Shoemaker of Natick"

Politics, the active participation in public affairs, has been the favorite pursuit of men of energy, genius and ambition in every age. That it is honorable, as well as essential to the perpetuation of democracies, must be admitted. But whether political life as a vocation is desirable is quite another question. It depends, among other things, largely on temperament. Probably it would be just to say that the existing conditions of public life are not wholly favorable to happiness and are becoming less so. The obstacles are increasing rather than diminishing. Constituencies are more exacting. The telegraph and the daily newspaper impose increasing burdens. Time was when the candidate could start out on horseback and canvass an entire State with one speech. He cannot do it now.

Competition is more formidable, and money is becoming an indispensable factor, not in the corrupt way, but for the legitimate expenses of campaigns: for literature, handbills, music, headquarters, speakers, scrutiny of poll lists, traveling expenses, preliminary count of voters, and the cost of bringing the infirm and the indifferent to the booths on election day. But as these are largely shared and borne by contributions, financial considerations need not preclude the poorest from public life.

The Rarity of Great Men in Politics

It was formerly one of the favorite calumnies of our political incendiaries to stigmatize the public service as accessible only to the rich, and though there are some who occupy exalted stations merely because they have money, a very large fraction of those in public employment, much more than the majority, have no income but their salaries.

The pay of Senators and Representatives seems meagre compared with the earnings of corporation lawyers, railroad and insurance presidents, and prosperous merchants, but it is ample for decent support, and in most instances exceeds any income previously received from private pursuits.

Great men are as rare in politics as they are elsewhere, and are no more needed there than elsewhere. The main part of government is plain, practical business, and requires the same traits, faculties and methods as a great manufacturing or commercial enterprise. But the field is broader and the opportunities are more alluring. Government affairs concern every citizen, and the legislator with novel and forcible ideas, which he expresses in original and striking language, has an assured audience of as many millions as there are voters in the Republic. The bulk of our legislators and magistrates are men of fair average, every-day capacity, who would be content with the revenues of the leading attorney at the county seat or the teacher of languages or the principal tradesman in a country town.

To the ambitious and aspiring this is the inner secret of the irresistible fascination of public life — the consciousness of taking part in the great events which are of transcendent interest to mankind. There is no stage from which the voice of the actor penetrates so far, or where the response is so instantaneous from unknown multitudes as Congress or the "stump."

It might, perhaps, be of greater advantage in some directions if our system permitted the preparation of men for legislation, diplomacy and administration by the study of history, political economy, constitutional and international law, as they are now instructed and trained for service in the Army and Navy at West Point and Annapolis. But this is not practicable, and so long as our plan of party government continues, politics must be an episode rather than a pursuit.

It would, perhaps, be within bounds to say that the Speaker and twenty Representatives in each Congress have been the responsible architects and builders of our legislative fabric since the war. In the Senate, for obvious reasons, the proportion of influential participants is greater, but even here it is less than the majority.

Marked and conspicuous success is, therefore, no more to be taken into account in politics than in any other occupation. Those who succeed greatly in business, at the bar, in the pulpit, in speculation are the exceptions. Many are called, but few are chosen.

Office-Holding the Citizen's Duty

The corollary of suffrage is office — legislative, executive, judicial. One is the complement of the other. Both are indispensable components of the system. As there are voters, so there must be magistrates, law makers, judges. It is as much the duty of the good citizen to hold office as to cast the ballot. It is the same class who neglect their primary political obligations and are fatigued with freedom, who sneer and scoff at "office-seekers" as if the desire to enter the public service were an offense involving turpitude and moral degradation. These psuedo-reformers, who have a contempt for self-government and at heart are monarchists, stigmatize all aspirants for public employment as spoilsmen and place-hunters, and then expatiate themselves. Office-holding is like serving on the jury, or in the army and navy in time of war. It is a duty, an obligation which the State demands of its citizens, since it can be performed by no one else. It should be honorable and desirable, as without it the State would perish. In no other way can its functions be carried on, and it is therefore to be deplored that, instead of being serious and defined in their province, political careers are so random, helter-skelter and uncertain that they appear in common thought to combine the tinsel bombast of the stage, the fever of the gaming-table and the desperate hazard of battle.

Grave, calm and tranquil natures that love method and the orderly sequences of life, preferring the steady profits of trade to the glittering chances of faro and roulette, place politics in the same category with poker and pugilism. So that to describe a man as a politician is to many a disparagement implying taint, disrepute and stain. This is lamentable and unjust. Instead of being a stigma it should be a decoration and ornament. The degradation of politics is impossible without the degradation of the people.

The press and the platform resound with denunciation of bad government in the United States. There is much declamation against corruption in Congress, municipal boodleism, ring rule, legislation for monopolies, bosses, plutocrats, trusts and corporations.

Much of this clamor is manufactured by ignorant and dishonest demagogues, and is both sinister and insincere.

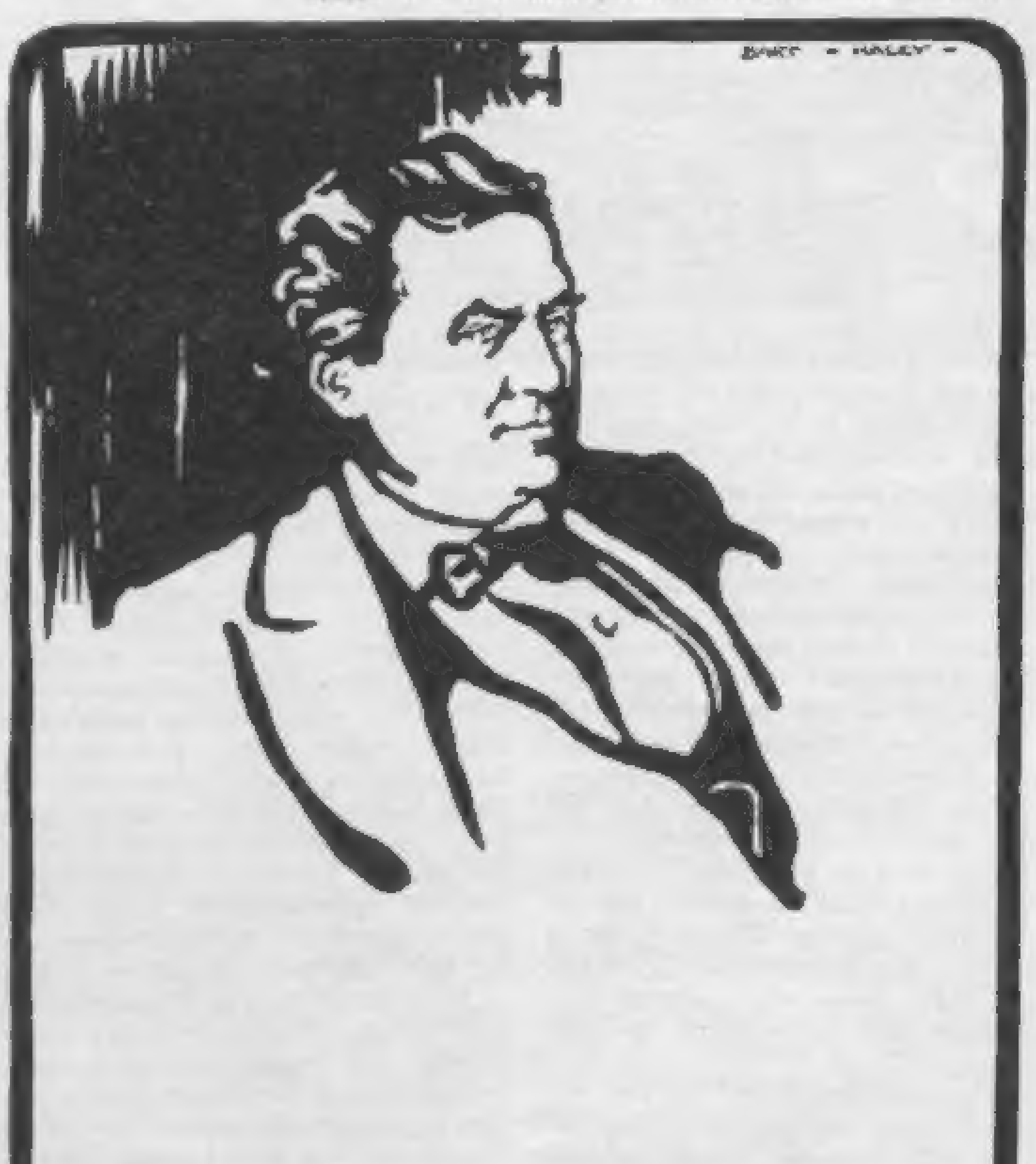
But were it true in terms, the appropriate answer would be that the people are supreme and have just as good government as they desire or deserve. If taxes are excessive, revenues squandered, and fools and knaves occupy high places, the people are to blame.

If a legislator sells his vote, the constituency that elected him is primarily at fault. If a mute and stolid millionaire sits dumbly in the Senate, speechless save at the roll-call, and almost inaudible then, finding in the public service only the occasion for brutal indulgence or vulgar ostentation, the State that sends him is responsible for the degradation. He represents the choice and preference of the majority of its citizens or he would not be there. His credentials are a waiver of complaint, reproof or reproach of his defects.

The Decision of the Ballot-Box

Aside from the sentimental considerations of pride and patriotism, nothing more nearly concerns the selfish personal welfare of every American citizen than good government. Wages, prices, taxes, income, profits, education, commerce, manufactures, farming, money, comfort, prosperity, security of life, property and liberty, all are political questions and are decided at last at the ballot-box. They err who sneeringly say it is only a fight for office and that it makes no difference which succeeds. Some of the recent revolutions in our politics have depreciated the value of every acre of land in the Republic, impaired the capacity of every debtor to borrow or to pay, and inflicted irreparable injury on the credit of rich and solvent States from which they cannot recover in a generation. In all communities there are more intelligent, industrious, upright, patriotic men and women than knaves, rogues and charlatans. If there were not society would decompose. It would perish from its diseases.

Randall . . . . . twice Speaker, acknowledged leader of the House



When the honest, thrifty majorities, upon whatever pretext, omit their political duties, neglect the primaries, the nominating conventions and the polls, they abdicate their sovereignty. They wear the crown and wield the sceptre if they will, and if they choose to lay them down it is puerile to whine about bad government. Our political system is not automatic, nor like a clock, that when wound will go till it runs down. It must be kept in motion by personal effort every day, and if good men will not exert its functions then bad men must.

The feeble lamentations in New York, Philadelphia and other popular cities about misrule, plunder and the machine disparage the capacity of their inhabitants for self-government. If such conditions are inevitable then a cleanly, strong, capable, honest despotism would be better than democracy. If the people do not value freedom highly enough to exert its prerogatives and discharge its duties they deserve to be, and sooner or later they will, through their own indifference, become, serfs, vassals and slaves.

The Burdens of the Presidency

The Presidency is the supreme goal of political ambition, but to one acquainted with the conditions of public life it is difficult to conceive why any man should desire to be President of the United States. Admiral Dewey says it is an easy job whose simple functions any one can discharge.

Time, strength and patience are wasted in the ceaseless multiplicity of petty and frivolous details. The study of historic questions, the formulation of national policies are perpetually interrupted by the distractions of paltry personal ambitions, solicitations for office, curiosity, the demands of society and the struggle for continuance in power. This is true the world over.

Few Presidents have gained in public estimation by their incumbency. Many have lost. Grant would have occupied a higher pedestal had he remained at the head of the army, and Lincoln and Garfield both died at a fortunate time for their fame. But, wearing and grinding as are the stress and strain, few, if any, have been broken by the tension. The White House has been exceptionally free from tragedies. Taylor died from a surfeit of cherries and milk, and Harrison from a cold contracted by riding bareheaded in a snowstorm up the avenue from the Capitol the day of his inauguration. Possibly Polk was the only President who succumbed to the wearisome burdens of his office. He died June 15, 1849, three months after the close of his term, at the comparatively early age of fifty-four.

The ideal place for one with aptitude for public life is the Senate. The House offers wider scope for leadership, broader field for power and fame. In the Senate there are no leaders, and rivalry and emulation never degenerate into vulgar strife for mere supremacy.

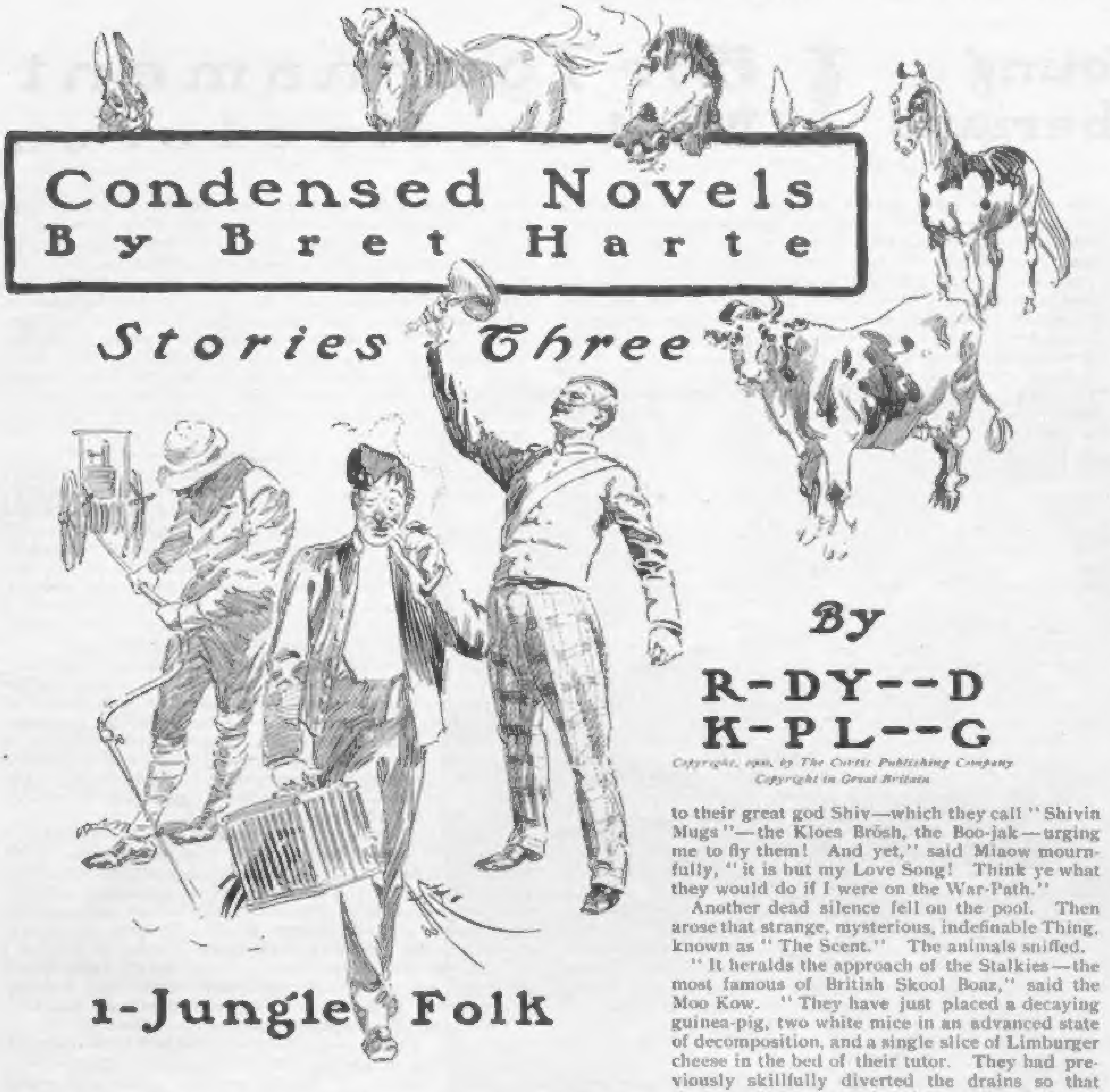
Representing States, rather than constituencies, its members are equals in dignity and station, and applause is conceded to excellence without respect to partisanship. Courtesy is the rule of its conduct and the characteristic of its debates. Its records have seldom been defaced by personal invective or discreditable altercation. Length of term exempts its action from the casual aberrations of popular error and the passions of the populace. The limitation of numbers affords opportunity for deliberate discussion of fundamental principles of government and administration, and a more leisurely consideration of public matters.

Its judgment of recruits is affable but pitiless. Every newcomer has a hearing, and scrutiny is relentless. He is gauged, weighed, estimated and assigned to his own place. From this verdict there is no review nor any exculpation nor appeal. For shallow shams, empty pretenders, smart Alecks and pompous dullness the Senate is a most uncomfortable tribunal.

Censure of the Senate is always popular. When icicles hang by the wall and days are dark and ways are foul, the fresh correspondent from the West finds an inexhaustible fund of entertaining and venerable plate material in denunciation of the American House of Lords, the Millionaires' Club, the Bankers' Syndicate, its methods, its expenditures, its bath-rooms, barber-shop, bay rum, stationery accounts and apollinaris lemonade. The demand for its immediate and unconditional abolition and the election of its members by the people is greeted with prodigious enthusiasm by every Wat Tyler, Perkin Warbeck, Guy Fawkes and Jack Cade in the land.

But as rocks resist the billows and the sky, the Senate stands an impregnable bulwark of constitutional liberty, the strong citadel and tower of defense for the constantly menaced institutions of self-government, a barrier alike against the frenzied onset of faction and the insidious encroachment of privilege and prerogative.

Born with the nation, it has advanced with equal footstep in dignity and power, and when the gavel falls to announce the close of its last session, the Government itself will stand adjourned without day.



Condensed Novels
By Bret Harte

Stories Three

By R-DY--D K-PL--G

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1-Jungle Folk

IT WAS high noon of a warm summer's day when Moo Kow came down to the Watering Place. Miaow, otherwise known as "Puskat"—the warmth-loving one—was crouching on a limb that overhung the pool, sunning herself. Brer Rabbit—but that is Another Story by Another Person.

Three or four Gee Gees, already at the pool, moved away on the approach of Moo Kow.

"Why do ye stand aside?" said the Moo Kow.

"Why do you say 'ye'?" said the Gee Gees together.

"Because it's more impressive than 'you.' Don't you know that all animals talk that way in English?" said the Moo Kow.

"And they also say 'thou'—and don't you forget it!" interrupted Miaow from the tree. "I learnt that from a Man Cub."

The animals were silent. They did not like Miaow's slang, and were jealous of her occasionally sitting on a Man Cub's lap. Once, Dun-kee, a poor relation of the Gee Gees, had tried it on, disastrously—but that is also Another and a more Aged Story.

"We are ridden by The English—please to observe the Capital letters," said Pi Böl, the Leader of the Gee Gees, proudly. "They are a mighty race who ride anything and everybody. D'ye mind that—I mean, Look ye well to it!"

"What should they know of England who only England know?" said Miaow.

"Is that a conundrum?" asked the Moo Kow.

"No; it's poetry," said the Miaow.

"I know England," said Pi Böl prancingly. "I used to go from the Bank to Islington three times a day—I mean," he added hurriedly, "before I became a screw—I should say, a screw-gun horse."

"And I," said the Moo Kow, "am terrible. When the young women and children in the village see me approach they fly shriekingly. My presence alone has scattered their sacred Festival—The Sundés Kool Piknik. I strike terror to their inmost souls, and am more feared by them than even Kreep-mows, the insidious! And yet, behold! I have taken the place of the Mothers of men, and I have nourished the mighty ones of the Earth! But that," said the Moo Kow, turning her head aside bashfully, "that is Anudder Story."

A dead silence fell on the pool.

"And I," said Miaow, lifting up her voice, "I am the Horror and Haunter of the Night Season. When I pass like the Night Wind over the roofs of the houses men shudder in their beds and tremble. When they hear my voice as I creep stealthily along their balconies they cry to their gods for succor. They arise, and from their windows they offer me their priceless household treasures—the sacred vessels dedicated to their great god Shiv—which they call "Shivin Mugs"—the Kloes Brösh, the Boo-jak—urging me to fly them! And yet," said Miaow mournfully, "it is but my Love Song! Think ye what they would do if I were on the War-Path."

Another dead silence fell on the pool. Then arose that strange, mysterious, indefinable Thing, known as "The Scent." The animals sniffed.

"It heralds the approach of the Stalkies—the most famous of British Skool Boaz," said the Moo Kow. "They have just placed a decaying guinea-pig, two white mice in an advanced state of decomposition, and a single slice of Limburger cheese in the bed of their tutor. They had previously skillfully diverted the drains so that they emptied into the drawing-room of the Head Master. They have just burned down his house in an access of noble zeal, and are fighting among themselves for the spoil. Hark! do ye hear them?"

A wild medley of shrieks and howls had arisen, and an irregular mob of strange creatures swept out of the distance toward the pool. Some were like pygmies, some had bloody noses. Their talk consisted of feverish, breathless ejaculations—a gibberish in which the words "rot," "Oach" and "giddy" were preëminent. Some were exciting themselves by chewing a kind of "bhang" made from the plant called Pappahmint—others had their faces streaked with Djam.

"But who is this they are ducking in the pool?" asked Pi Böl.

"It is one who has foolishly and wantonly conceived that his parents have sent him here to study," said the Moo Kow, "but that is against the rules of the Stalkies, who accept study only as a punishment."

"Then these be surely the 'Bander Log'—the Monkey Folk—of whom the good Rhuddyidd has told us," said a Gee Gee—"the ones who have no purpose—and forget everything."

"Fool!" said the Moo Kow. "Know ye not that the great Rhuddyidd has said that these Stalkies become Major-Generals, V. C.'s and C. B.'s of The English? Truly, they are great. Look now, ye shall see one of the greatest traits of the English Stalky."

One of the pygmy Stalkies was offering a Bunn to a larger one, who hesitated, but took it coldly.

"Behold! it is one of the greatest traits of this Mighty Race not to show any emotion. He *would* take the Bunn—he *has* taken it!—he is pleased—but he may not show it. Observe him eat."

The taller Stalkie, after eating the Bunn, quietly kicked the giver, knocked off his hat, and turned away with a calm, immovable face.

"Good!" said the Moo Kow. "Ye would not dream that he was absolutely choking with grateful emotion?"

"We would not," said the animals.

"But why are they now all running back the way they came?" asked Pi Böl.

"They are going back to Punishment. Great is its power. Have ye not heard the Gospel of Rhuddyidd the Mighty? 'Force is everything! Gentleness won't Wash, Courtesy is deceitful. Politeness is Foreign. Be ye Beaten that ye may Beat. Pass the Kick on.'"

But here he was interrupted by the appearance of Three Soldiers who were approaching the Watering Place.

"Ye are now," said the Moo Kow, "with the Main Guard. The first is Bleareyed, who carries a Raven in a cage, which he has stolen from the wife of a Deputy Commissioner. He will paint the Bird snow white and sell it as a Dove to the same lady. The second is Otherwise, who is dragging a small garden Engine of which he has despoiled a native gardener, whom he has felled with a single blow. The third is Mulledwiney, swinging a cut-glass decanter of sherry which he has just snatched from the table of his Colonel. Mulledwiney and Otherwise will play the Engine upon Bleareyed, who is suffering from Heat Apoplexy and Djim Djams."

The Three Soldiers seated themselves in the pool.

"They are going to tell awful War Stories now," said the Moo Kow, "Stories that are Large and Strong! Some people are shocked—others like 'em."

Then, he that was called Mulledwiney told a Story. In the middle of it Miaow got up from the limb of the tree, coughed slightly and put her paw delicately over her mouth. "You must excuse me," she said faintly. "I am taken this way sometimes—and I have left my salts at home. Thanks! I can get down myself!" The next moment she had disappeared, but was heard coughing in the distance.

Mulledwiney winked at his companions and continued his story:

"Wid that we wor in the thick av the foight. Whin I say 'thick' I mane it, Sorr! We wor that jammed together, divil a bit cud we shoot or cut! At furrest, I had lashed two mushkits together wid the baynits out so—like a hay fork—and, getting the Haymaker's Lift on thim, I just lifted two Paythians out—one an aych baynit—and passed 'em, aisy-like, over me head to the rear rank for them to finish. But what wid the blud gettin' into me oi's, I was blinded, and the pressure kept incraysin' until me arrums was thrussed like a fowl to me sides, and sorra a bit cud I move but me jaws!"

"And bloomin' well you knew how to use them," said Otherwise.

"Thrue for you—though ye don't mane it!" said Mulledwiney, playfully tapping Otherwise on the head with the decanter till the cut glass slowly shivered. "So, begorra! there wor nothing left for me to do but to *ate* thim! Wirra! but it was the crooel worruk."

"Excuse me, my Lord," interrupted the gasping voice of Pi Böl as he began to back from the pool, "I am but a horse, I know, and being Built in that Way—naturally have the stomach of one—yet, really, my Lord, this—er——" And his voice was gone.

The next moment he had disappeared. Mulledwiney looked around with affected concern.

"Save us! But we've cleaned out the Jungle! Sure, there's not a Baste left but ourselves!"

It was true. The Watering Place was empty. Moo Kow, Miaow and the Gee Gees had disappeared. Presently there was a booming crash and a long, deep rumbling among the distant hills. Then they knew they were near the old Moulmein Pagoda and the Dawn had come up like Thunder out of China 'cross the Bay. It always came up that way there. The strain was too great, and Day was actually breaking.

Editor's Note—This is the first of Stories Three, the initial series of Bret Harte's Condensed Novels. A Private's Honor will appear next week. The Stolen Cigar Case and Rudolph the Resembler will follow in early numbers of The Saturday Evening Post.

Franklin and the Declaration of Independence

By John Gilmer Speed

WHEN the Declaration of Independence was prepared in 1776, Benjamin Franklin was seventy years old. He was one of the most talked-about personages in the world and by long odds the most learned and the most popular man in America.

Moreover, he had already acquired and won general recognition for marvelous skill in writing, a skill so great that after more than a century he is still regarded by critics as "the most uniformly readable writer of English who has yet appeared on this side of the Atlantic."

Indeed, he was the only man in America who then had a European reputation, the only man who had intimate personal knowledge of the men and the forces in England with which the Colonists were then at war. He was truly a distinguished man with tested abilities that justified his great distinction.

On June 11, 1776, the Continental Congress appointed Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman and Livingston to draw up the Declaration of Independence, which was moved by Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, and seconded by John Adams, of Massachusetts, on July 2, and adopted on July 4—the Declaration which said that

> "These United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

It has always been a curious puzzle why Franklin, the man of ripe age, of commanding distinction and of approved literary skill, was not selected to write this Declaration instead of Thomas Jefferson, then only thirty-three years old and comparatively unknown. It could not be that Franklin was passed by because he had done everything within his power to avert the war and reconcile the differences between the Colonies and the Mother Country, for all wise men in the Colonies did all that honor permitted in that direction until the die was cast. No, it was not a fear of Franklin's earnestness in the cause of the Colonies—it was probably the fear of Franklin's humor.

He was not only the greatest man of his time but he was one of the greatest humorists of any time. And so his associates were possibly afraid that he would put a joke in the Declaration, and passed him by and selected the lank young Virginian with the freckled face.

As it was, Franklin did have his joke, for when the members of Congress were about to sign the declaration, Hancock, whose earnestness is expressed in the bold signature which comes first, said in his own earnest way: "We must be unanimous; there must be no pulling different ways; we must all hang together."

"Yes," replied Franklin, "we must hang together or we shall be pretty sure to hang separately."

Young Barbarians
The Tournament
By Ian Maclaren

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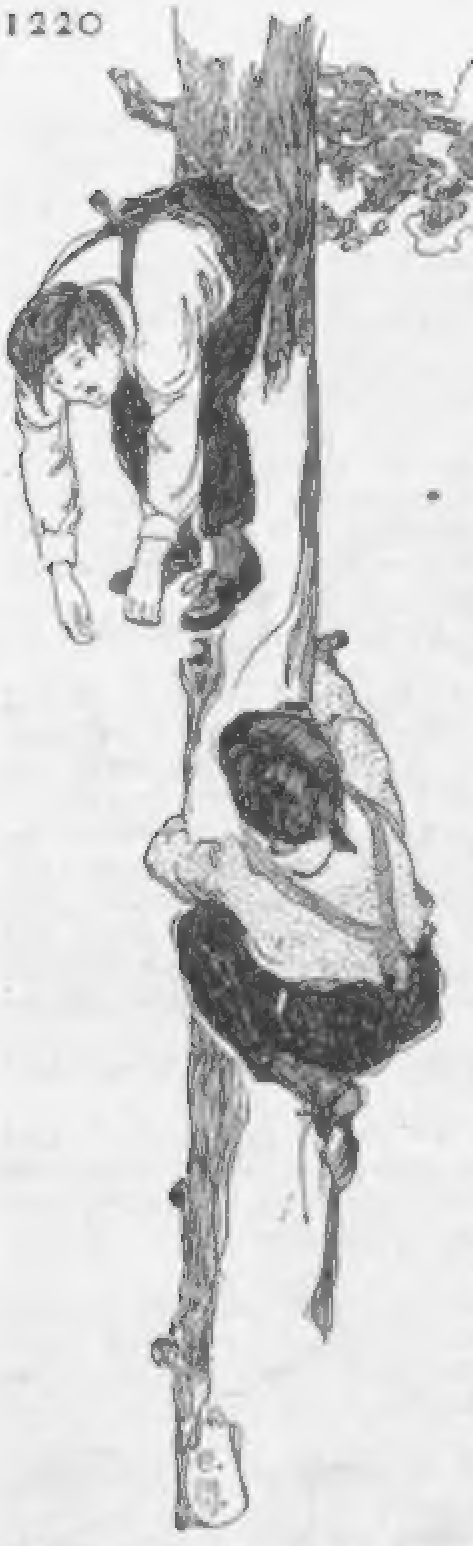


— to succor Pat Ritchie, who was suspended by the seat of his trousers

SINCE the day when the Sparrow and a few young friends had broken every pane of glass in the Count's windows, and the Count had paid for the damage like a gentleman, that excellent foreigner had spent all his spare cash — which we thought afterward was not very much — in encouraging athletic exercises among the Seminary lads. His zeal, like that of every other convert, was much greater than his knowledge, and left to his own devices he would certainly have gone far astray; but with the able assistance of the Sparrow, with whom he took intimate counsel, it was astonishing what a variety could be infused into the sports. When every ordinary competition had been held, and champions had been declared (and this had never been done before in the history of the school) for the hundred yards, the quarter and the mile (the ten miles down the Carse and over the top of Kinnoul Hill had been stopped by an impromptu meeting of parents), for broad jumping and high jumping, for throwing the cricket-ball and kicking the football, the Sparrow came out with a quite new program which was rapturously received, and, had it not met with a cross-providence, would have lasted over four happy Saturdays and considerably reduced the attendance at the Seminary.

The first item was a swimming match across the Tay, a river not to be trifled with, and four boys were saved from death by a salmon cobble, whose owner fortunately turned up to watch the sport. The Count was so excited by this event that he not only lost his hat in the river, but, being prevented from going in to help, for the very good reason that he could not swim a stroke, he took off and flung the coat, which was the marvel of Muirtown, into the river, in the hope that it might serve as a life-belt.

The second item, upon which the Sparrow prided himself very much, was a climbing match, and for this he had selected a tree which seemed to be designed for the purpose, since it had a rook's nest on its highest branch, and no branches at all for the first twenty feet. The conditions were, that every boy above twelve should have his chance, and the boy who climbed to the top, put his hand into the rook's nest, and came down in the shortest time should get the prize. The Seminary above twelve were going up and down that tree a whole Saturday morning, and in one kirk next day thanks were offered in the first prayer in peculiarly dignified and guarded terms that half the families of Muirtown had not been bereaved. As a matter of fact, nobody was killed, and no limbs were broken, but the Sparrow, who was not allowed to enter for this competition, but acted as judge, with his tongue out all the time at the sight of the sport, had to go up twice on errands of mercy, once to release his friend Howieson, who had missed a branch and was hanging by his feet, and the second time to succor Pat Ritchie, who was suspended by the seat of his trousers, swaying to and fro like a gigantic apple on the branch.

It was understood that the Seminary had never enjoyed themselves so entirely to their heart's content, but the Count's moral courage failed during the performance, and at the most critical moment he was afraid to look.

When Muirtown got wind of this last achievement of the Sparrow's, indignation meetings were held at church doors and street corners, and it was conveyed to the Rector — who knew nothing about the matter, and was so absent-minded that if he had passed he would never have seen what was going on — that if Providence was going to be tempted in this fashion again the matter would be brought before the town council. The Count himself would have been faithfully dealt with had he not been considered a helpless tool in the hands of the Sparrow, who was now understood to have filled the cup of his sins up to the brim, and he might have been at last expelled from the Seminary, of which he was the chief ornament, had it not been that the Count went to the Rector and explained that the idea had been his from beginning to end, and that it was with the utmost difficulty he could induce the Sparrow even to be present. For, as I said, the Count was a perfect gentleman and always stood by his friends through thick and thin; but the thrashing which the Sparrow got from Bulldog was monumental, and in preparation for it that ingenious youth put on three folds of underclothing.

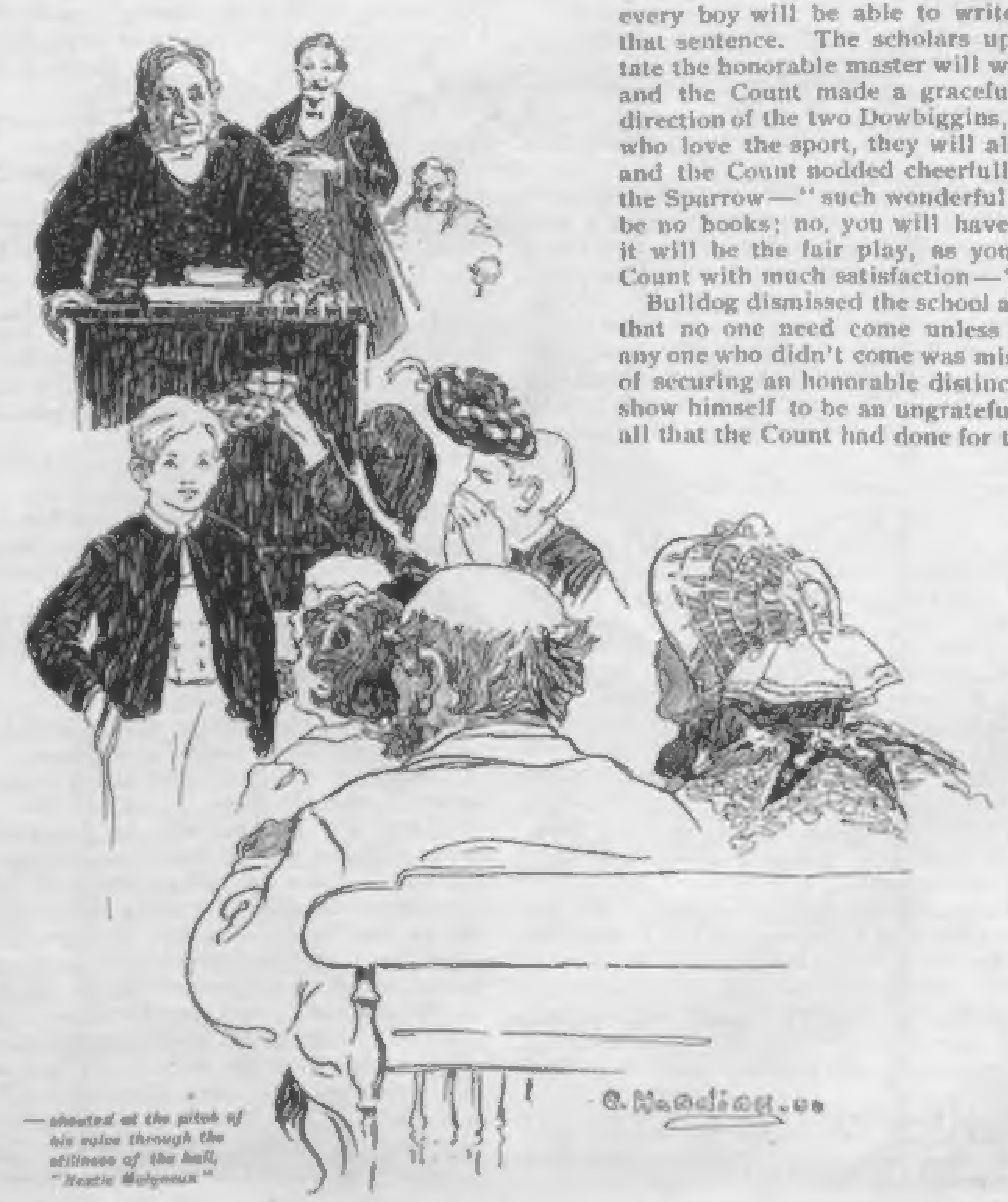
What the Sparrow bitterly regretted, however, was not the punishment, which was cheap at the money, but the loss of the next two items in his program. He had planned a boxing competition, in which the main feature was to be a regular set-to between Dunc Robertson and himself, to decide finally which was the better man, for they had fought six times and the issue was still doubtful, and the Sparrow, who had a profligate genius outside the class-rooms, had also imagined a pony race with hurdles; and as about twenty fellows, farmers' sons and others, had ponies of which they were always bragging, and the Sparrow had the pick of his father's stables, he modestly believed that the affair would be worth seeing. When the hurdle race was forbidden, for which the Sparrow had already begun to make entries and to arrange weights with his father's valuable assistance, he took the matter so much to heart that his health gave way, and Mr. McGuffie, senior, had to take him to recruit at the Kilmarnock Races, from which he returned in the highest spirits and full of stories.

For some time after this painful incident the Count lay low and adopted a deprecating manner when he met the fathers and mothers of Muirtown; but he gave his friends to understand that his resources were not at an end, and that he had a surprise in store for the Seminary. The Sparrow ran over every form of sport in casual conversation to discover what was in the Count's mind, but he would not be drawn and grew more mysterious every day.

One Saturday evening in midsummer he took the Sparrow and Nestie into his confidence, explaining that his idea would be announced to the assembled school by himself next Wednesday, and that it had nothing to do, as the Sparrow had hinted in turn, with rats, or rabbits, or fencing, or the sword dance. With their permission he would say one word which would be enough for persons of so distinguished an imagination, and that word was "Tournament"; and he would speak of nothing else except the beauty of the evening light upon the river, which he declared to be "ravaging," and the excellence of a certain kind of chocolate which he carried in his pocket and shared generously with his "dogs." As he parted with his friends the Count tapped his nose and winked at them — "Tournament — great, magnificent, you will see, ha, ha! you will see"; and the Sparrow went home in a state of utter confusion, coming finally to the conclusion that the Count intended to introduce some French game, and in that case it would be his painful duty to oppose the Count tooth and nail, for everybody knew that French games were only for girls, and would bring endless disgrace upon Muirtown Seminary.

During Sunday Nestie had turned the matter over in his mind, and being full of Scott's novels he was able on Monday to afford the astonished school a full program with the most minute particulars. The tournament was to be held in the North Meadow, the judge was to be the commander of the cavalry at the barracks, John McGlashan, the town's bellman was to be herald, the Fair Maid of Perth was to be the Queen of Beauty, and the combatants were to be such mighties as Robertson, Howieson, and, of course, the Sparrow. Each knight was to be in armor, and Nestie freely suggested dish-covers would be useful as breastplates, broom-handles would come in conveniently for lances, and, as ponies were now forbidden, sturdy boys of the lower forms would be used instead. The two knights who challenged one another would rush from opposite ends of the lists, meet in the centre, lance upon breastplate, horse to horse, and man to man, and the one that overthrew the other would receive the prize; and at the thought of such a meeting between the Sparrow and Dunc Robertson, each in full armor, the delighted school smacked their lips.

"Muirtown Races 'ill be nothing to it," said Ritchie. "I'll lay anybody a shilling that Spiug coups Dunc the first meeting; but" — feeling as if it were almost too good to be true — "I dinna believe a word o't. Nestie is a fearsome liar." And after the school had spoken of nothing else for a day, Dunc Robertson asked the Count whether such things were true.



— shouted at the pitch of his voice through the stillness of the hall, "Nestie Molyneux"

"*Mon ami*," said the Count, who had tasted Nestie's romance with much relish, "you will pardon me, but it is a *banalité*, that is what you call a stupidity, to ask whether so good a *jeu d'esprit* is true. True? Truth is a dull quality, it belongs to facts; but Nestie, he does not live among facts, he flies in the air, in the atmosphere of poetry. He is a *raconteur*. A tournament with knights on the North Meadow — good! Our little Nestie, he has been reading 'Ivanhoe' and he is a troubadour." And the Count took off his hat in homage to Nestie's remarkable powers as an author of fiction.

"But yes, it will be a tournament; but not for the body, for the mind. My dogs are jolly dogs; they can run, they can leap, they can swim, they can kick the ball; now they must think, ah! so deep. They must write their very best words, they must show that they have beautiful minds; and they will do so, I swear they will, in the tournament which will not be on the meadow — no; too many cows there, and too many washers of clothes — but in seclusion, in the class-room of that brave man called the Bulldog. It will be a battle," concluded the Count with enthusiasm, "of heads; and the best head, that head will have the prize, *voilà*."

"Silence!" and Bulldog brought his cane down upon his desk that Wednesday afternoon when the whole upper school was gathered in his class-room, bursting with curiosity. "The Count has a proposition to lay before you which he will explain in his own words and which has the sanction of the Rector. You will be pleased to give the Count a respectful hearing, as he deserves at your hands." And Bulldog was there to see that the Count's deserts and his treatment strictly corresponded.

"Monsieur," and the Count bowed to Bulldog, "and you," and now he bowed to the boys, "all my friends of the Seminary, I have the honor to ask a favor which your politeness will not allow you to refuse. Next Saturday I will dare to hold a reception in this place, with the permission of the good Bull —— I do forget myself — I mean the distinguished master. And when you come I promise you that I will not offer you coffee — pouf! it is not for the brave boys I see before me, *non*," and the Count became very roguish. "I will put a leetle, very leetle sentence on the ——" ("Blackboard," suggested Bulldog). "*Merci*, yes, the blackboard; no, the honorable master he will have the goodness to write it in his so beautiful characters. One sentence, that is all, and you will sit for one hour in this room where you make your studies, and you will write all the beautiful things which come into your heads about that sentence. You will then do me the pleasure of letting me carry home all those beautiful things, and I will read them; and the writer who affects me most, I will ask him to accept a book of many volumes, and the Lor' Mayor" ("Provost," interpolated Bulldog) "will present it on the great day in the Town Hall.

"No one, not even the honorable master himself, will know that leetle sentence till it be written on the — the ——" ("Blackboard," said Bulldog, with asperity), "and every boy will be able to write many things about that sentence. The scholars upon whom I do felicitate the honorable master will write much learning," and the Count made a graceful inclination in the direction of the two Dowbiggins, "and the brave boys who love the sport, they will also write, ah! ah!" — and the Count nodded cheerfully in the direction of the Sparrow — "such wonderful things. There will be no books; no, you will have your heads, and so it will be the fair play, as you say," repeated the Count with much satisfaction — "the fair play."

Bulldog dismissed the school after he had explained that no one need come unless he wished, but that any one who didn't come was missing the opportunity of securing an honorable distinction, and would also show himself to be an ungrateful little scoundrel for all that the Count had done for the Seminary.

"Dod," said Jock Howieson with much native shrewdness, "aifter all his palaver it's naething but anaither confounded exercise," for that worthy had suffered much through impositions, and had never been able to connect one sentence with another in an intelligent manner. "The Dowbiggins can go if they want, and they're welcome to the books. I'm going next Saturday to Woody Island — will you come, Spiug?" And it hung in the balance whether or not the Count would be openly affronted next Saturday when he found himself in

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Editor's Note — This is the second in the new series of stories by Ian Maclaren under the general title, Young Barbarians. The first story, The Count, appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of May 26. Each story is complete in itself.

the company of half a dozen "swats," while his "jolly dogs" were off in a pack to their island of romance.

The Sparrow could not imagine himself sitting in a classroom on Saturday afternoon except under brute force, and yet he felt it would be ungrateful after all his kindness to leave the Count in the company of such cheerless objects as the Dowbiggins. The remembrance of all the sporting prizes he had won at the Count's hands, and the sight of the Count cheering at the sports, came over his ingenuous heart and moved him to the most unselfish act of his life. "Jock Howieson," said the Sparrow, with considerable dignity, "ye may go to Woody Island if ye like, but it 'ill be the dirtiest trick ye ever played, and I'll black both yir een for ye on Monday. Have we ever had a match, cricket or football, the last four years, and the Count hesna been there? Who got up the sports and gave the prizes? Tell me that, Jock. Who stands ginger-beer at Lucky McCrum's, answer me that, Jock, ye meeserable wretch?" and then clinching every argument on "who paid for the broken glass? I'm doon richt ashamed o' ye, Jock Howieson."

"Will ye go yourself, Spiug?" demanded Jock, rising under this torrent of reproach. "I think I see ye writin' an essay on the hestory o' the Romans, or sic like trash. Ye 'ill hunt us into Bulldog's class-room, and then off yirsel to hunt rabbits; but ye 'ill no play ony tricks on me, Peter McGuffie."

"I will go," said the Sparrow manfully, "though I'll no promise to write."

"Say as sure's death," said Jock, knowing the Sparrow's wiles.

"Sure as death," said the Sparrow, and then the school knew, not only that he would go though he had to sit six hours instead of one, but also that every self-respecting boy in the Seminary must also put in an appearance at the Count's reception.

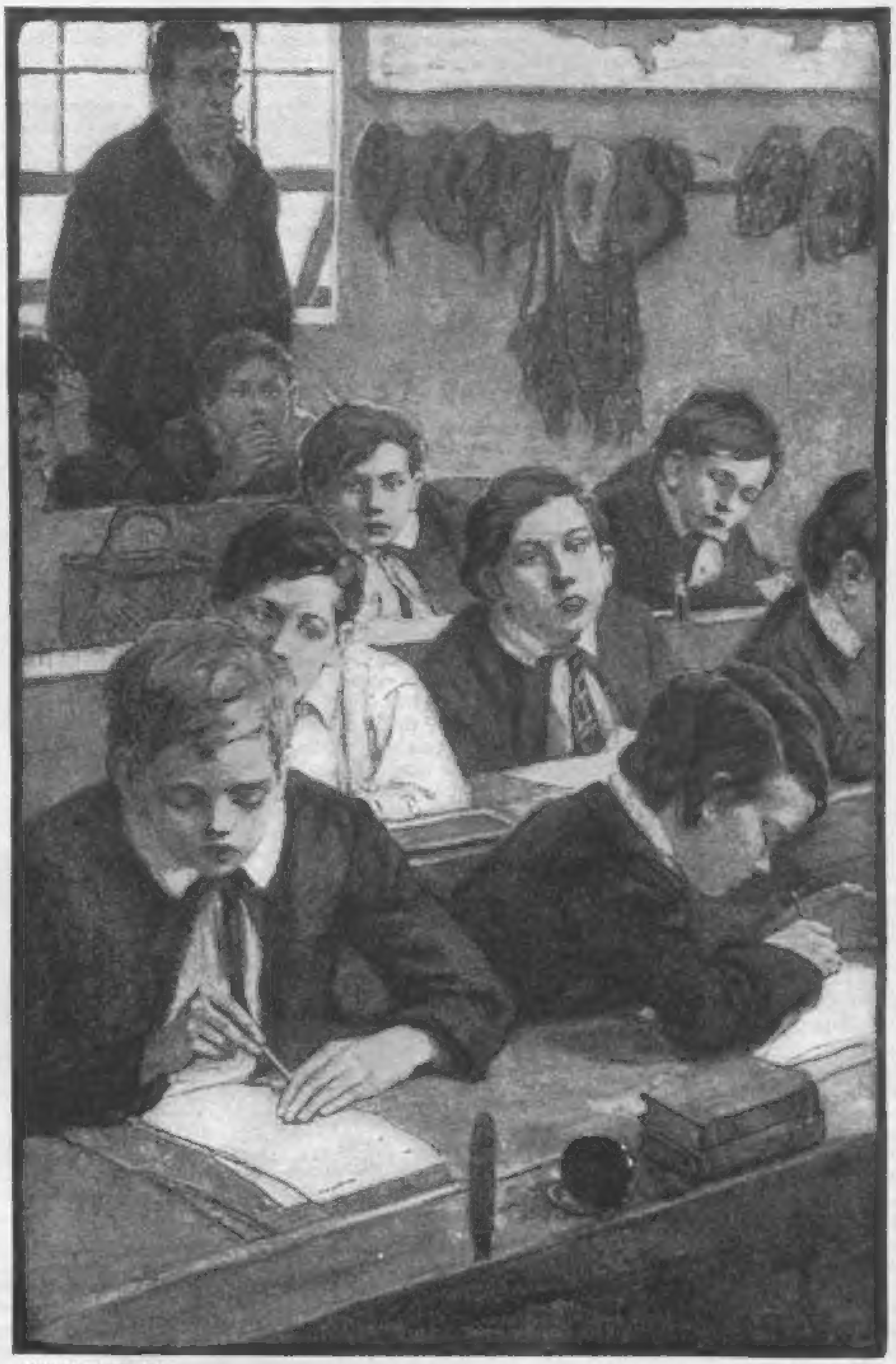
"Best thing you ever did, Spiug," said Nestie on the way home, "since you pulled me out of the Tay, and I should say that you have a good chance of the prize. What the Count wants is originality, and I never heard a chap with so much original talk as you've got, Spiug. Just you put some of it down, like what you give to the Pennies, and you'll come out first, and it'll be the first prize you ever won."

"If there was a prize for impudence, and the entries were open to all Scotland," said Spiug, "ye would pass the post first and trotting."

"How I Spent My Saturday"

was what the school saw on the board when the Count removed the white cloth, and then he gave a brief exposition of his desires.

"Have the goodness, if you please, to write, not what you ought, but what you want. Were you at the cricket match, you will tell me of the capture of the wickets; or you were in the country, I will hear of the woods and the beautiful pheasants" (this delicate allusion to Mr. Byles' poaching experiences was much appreciated); "or you were among the books, then you will describe what you love in them; or you were looking at a horse, I expect to hear about that horse;" and the whole school understood that this was a direct invitation to the Sparrow to give an exact picture of an Irish mare that his father had just bought. "The subject, ah!" said the Count, "that does not matter; it is the manner, the style, the *esprit*, that is what I shall value. I wish you all the good success, and I will go a walk in the meadow till you have finished."


DRAWN BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

"Ye have one hour from this meenut — make the most o't"

"Do your best, laddies," said Bulldog, "for the credit of the school and to please the Count. If I see ony laddie playing tricks I'll do my part to teach him sobriety, and if I see one copying from another, out he goes. Ye have one hour from this meenut — make the most o't," and the tournament was open.

Bulldog, apparently reading his morning paper, and only giving a casual glance to see that no one took advantage of the strange circumstances, was really watching his flock very closely and checking his judgment of each one by this new test. Dull, conscientious lads like the Dowbiggins began at once, in order that they might not lose a moment of time, but might put as much written stuff upon the paper as possible, yet now and again they stopped and looked around helplessly because they had no books and no tutor to assist them, and they realized for the first time how little they had in their own heads.

"Ha! ha!" said Bulldog to himself, "I kent ye were naithing but a painted show, and it 'ill do ye good to find that out for yirselves."

Jock Howieson and his kind regarded the whole matter as a new form of entertainment, and as he could not have put into anything approaching connected words the experiences of his last Saturday, he employed the time in cutting up his unwritten paper into squares of an inch, and making them into pellets with which he prevented the Dowbiggin mind from being too much absorbed in study, until Bulldog went down to call upon him with a cane and plain, simple words.

"His head is an inch thick," said Bulldog, as he went back to his desk, "but there's the making of a man in Jock, though he 'ill never be able to write a decent letter to save his life. He would suit the Scots Greys down to the ground."

The Sparrow had given a solemn promise to Nestie, under the customary form of oath, that he would write something, and whatever he wrote he would hand in, though it was only twenty words, and Spiug never went back from his oath. When Howieson caught the Dowbiggin ear with a pellet there is no doubt that a joyful light came into the Sparrow's eyes, and he struggled with strong temptation, and when old friends made facetious signs to him he hesitated more than once, but in the end assumed an air of dignified amazement, explaining, as it were, that his whole mind was devoted to literary composition, and that he did not know what they meant by this impertinent intrusion upon a student's privacy.

Cosh certainly jumped once in his seat as if he had been stung by a wasp, and it is certainly true that at that moment there was a piece of elastic on the thumb and first finger of the Sparrow's left hand, but his right hand was devoted to literature. The language which Cosh allowed himself to use in the heat of the moment was so unvarnished that it came under Bulldog's attention, who told him that if he wanted to say anything like that again he must say it in Latin, and that he ought to take notice of the excellent conduct of Peter McGuffie, who, Bulldog declared, was not at all unlikely to win the prize. And as the master returned to his seat his back was seen to shake, and the wink with which the Sparrow favored the class in a brief rest from labor was a reward for an hour's drudgery. Bulldog knew everybody up and down, out and in — what a poor creature Cosh was, and what good stuff could be found in the Sparrow; and he also knew everything that was done — why Cosh had said what he said, and why the Sparrow at that moment was lost in study.

Bulldog was not disappointed when Nestie's face lighted up at the title of the essay, and he knew why his favorite little lad did not write anything for fifteen minutes, but looked steadily out at the window and across the North Meadow, and he returned to his paper with a sense of keen satisfaction when Nestie at last settled down to work and wrote without ceasing, except when now and again he hesitated as for a word or tried a sentence upon his ear to know how it sounded. For the desire of Bulldog's heart was that Nestie should win, and if — though that, of course, was too absurd — the Sparrow by the help of the favoring gods should come in second, Bulldog would feel that he had not lived in vain.

"Ye have three meenuts to dot your i's and stroke your t's," said Bulldog, "and the Count will tell ye how ye're to sign your names," and then the Count, who had come in from his walk, much refreshed, advanced again to the desk.

"It would be one great joy to have your autographs," said the Count, "and I would place them in a book and say, 'My friends,' but honor forbids. As I shall have the too great responsibility of judging, it is necessary that I be — ah! I have forgotten the word — yes! show the fair play. No, I must not know the names; for if I read the name of my friend the ever active, the ever brave, the ever interesting Sparrow" (at this indecent allusion the Sparrow grew purple and gave the bench in front of him to understand by well-known signs that if they looked at him again he might give them something to look for outside), "I would say the Sparrow is a sportsman, he is not a *littérateur*, and I might not do my comrade the full justice. And if I read the name of the composed, the studious, the profound young gentleman who is before me" (and it was fortunate the Dowbiggins had their backs to the school), "I would know that it must be the best before I read it, and that would not be the fair play.

"No! you will write on your admirable essay a motto — what you please — and your name you will put in an envelope, so," and the Count wrote his own name in the most dashing manner and in an awful silence on a piece of paper, and closed the envelope with a graceful flourish; "and outside you will put your motto, so it will be all the fair play, and in the Town Hall next Saturday I shall have the felicity to declare the result. *Voilà!* Has my plan your distinguished approbation?" and the Count made a respectful appeal to Bulldog. "Nothing could be fairer, you say. Then it is agreed, and I allow myself to wish you adieu for this day."

When the school assembled for conference among the Russian guns their minds were divided between *two subjects* — the first was what Spiug had written, on which that strenuous student would give no information, resenting the inquiry both as an insult to his abilities and an illustration of vain curiosity on the part of the school. Nestie, however, volunteered the trustworthy information that Spiug had spent his whole time explaining the good which he had got from being kept in one Saturday forenoon, and doing mathematical problems under the eye of Bulldog. And Nestie added that he thought it mean of Peter to "suck up" to the master in this disgraceful fashion just for the sake of getting a prize. Peter confided to Nestie afterward that he had really done his best to describe a close race for the Kilmarnock Cup, but that he didn't think there were six words properly spelt from beginning to end, and that if he escaped without a thrashing he would treat Nestie to half a dozen bottles of ginger-beer.

Regarding the winner — for that was the other subject — there was a unanimous and sad judgment: that Dunc Robertson might have a chance, but that Thomas John, the head of the Dowbiggins, would carry off the prize, as he had carried off all the other prizes; and that, if so, they would let him know how they all loved him at the Town Hall, and that it would be wise for him to go home with the Count's prize and all the other prizes in a cab with the windows up.

The prize-giving in the Town Hall was one of the great events in the Muirtown year, and to it the memory of a Seminary lad goes back with keen interest. All forenoon the Provost and the bailies had been sitting in the class-room of the Seminary, holding Latin books in their hands, which they opened anywhere, and wagging their heads in solemn approval over the translation by Thomas John and other chosen worthies, while the parents wandered from place to place and identified their sons, who refused to take any notice of them unless nobody was looking. What mothers endured cannot be put into words when they saw their darling boys (whom they had seen dressed that morning in their Sunday clothes, and sent away in perfect array, with directions that they were not to break their collars, nor soil their jackets, nor disarrange their hair the whole day, or they need not come home in the evening) turn up in a class-room before the respectable of Muirtown as if their heads had not known a brush for six months, with the Sparrow's autograph upon their white collar, a button gone from their waistcoat, and an ounce of flour in a prominent place on their once speckless jacket.

"Yes," said one matron to another with the calmness of despair, "that is my Jimmy, I cannot deny it; but ye may

(Concluded on Page 1248 of this Number)

Literary Folk *as they* Came *and* Went With Ourselves

By Elizabeth Stoddard

The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter, and the Bird is on the wing.
. . . .
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run
The wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The leaves of Life keep falling one by one.
—OMAR.

MEDITATING in the eventide of my days I do not admit that my meditations are only of ashes; there are embers that I would light again among them, but they refuse, and I would suggest that the young as soon as they know how to write should begin a diary, not of previsions, feelings, views and aspirations, but of facts, names, actual circumstances. Dates alone are the yardsticks to measure memory. Even now I am referred to regarding matters in which I bore a part, my behavior recalled, what I said and did, and my memory is a blank. Futile impressions remain as if graven on tablets of brass, and I venture to name one or two which have followed me through life.

Dining from home one day I heard a visitor, a little city boy, ask for the "liver wing," and the next time we had roast chicken I made the request for the "liver wing." I did not get it, but to correct this budding epicure a once famous tract was put in my hand, The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain. The happiness of the shepherd's pious children when they had salt for the roasted potatoes which comprised the whole meal, though they were as thankful without salt as with, gave me a lasting dream of going to Salisbury Plain, and among the furse bushes eating salted potatoes with those blessed children, but not one other thing in the tract did I remember a moment. These were the days when I was frequently told that I was only "knee high to a hop toad," and when at that height a certain leather-bound book haunted me—some work on India—and its illustrations have impressed me for life. Pictures of bald-headed fakirs in the dust of the wayside, their limbs fixed in every form of distortion, of men crushed by the wheels of Juggernaut; but the one which was overpowering was that of devout Hindus with iron hooks thrust through the naked shoulders, swinging gracefully from a high frame by means of ropes. I speculated a long time whether these pious souls did not enjoy the swing as I did mine in the orchard, especially when I was forbidden to swing high.

To swing back into my circle again, the opportunity for me to enter into ties of friendship which were to prove so much to me was about to arrive. The first link was forged when, at my sewing one morning, a young man entered whom I recognized as Bayard Taylor. Tall, slender, with close curling hair around a high brow, keen hazel eyes, a Roman nose which an African desert played havoc with afterward, he was all that became a man as well as a poet—though I noticed, as I often noticed afterward when I fell among the poets, that his mouth was weak, or to speak more agreeably, had a feminine touch. The late Wendell Holmes was a marked example of the same class peculiarity. Mr. Taylor wore his naval jacket, for he had just returned from the Perry Expedition and his long travels when "he met men from many lands." We exchanged grins of pleasure, and I soon felt that I should become an annex to his friendship for Mr. Stoddard.

He told me that Commodore Perry, who was an honest, blunt old salt, had allowed him to resign his position as master's mate on a salary of three hundred a year and rations, as he wanted to resume his literary work and to make money to build a house in Kennett. Little did I dream then that his beautiful place, Cedarcroft, was to be for many years my summer home. His young wife, dying with consumption when he married her, who lived but a few months afterward, had now been dead two years. As I looked at him I could not help thinking of the words he wrote to Mr. Stoddard in 1850, a few days after her death: "It is over; she died on Saturday and was buried on Monday in the cruel storm. And if now a saint in Heaven, she had no foes to pardon and no sins to be forgiven; God help me to be worthy of her guarding care through life and her welcome after death." But the arrow rankled in his heart; he never spoke of her; if any occasion suggested her or their past, a change came over his face, something moved him that imposed silence on all about him, a silence he could or would not break. There had been great opposition to his marriage with Miss Agnew, and though he yielded to it, as she did, it was the cause of great bitterness afterward. But alas for human constancy; in 1857 Mr. Taylor married Miss Hansen, of Saxe-Gotha!

Never perhaps was a man's life so changed by two marriages and by two women so different, and none besides himself could better judge of their results. Mr. Taylor and Miss Agnew were attached from childhood, their families were united by marriage. With them, and those with whom she lived, she had the reputation of having no taint of earth about her. When I met in Kennett some of her early friends they spoke of her with bated breath and with reverence as if she were a saint indeed. She was accounted a scholar and faultless in character, but her letters as published in The Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor are those of a pure-minded girl *exaltée*, but not of large intellect or force. The second marriage of Mr. Taylor was under entirely different circumstances. After an acquaintance of several weeks with Miss Hansen while visiting her uncle at Saxe-Gotha, they were married. Though not a woman of society, she was enough a woman of the world by education, training and capacity to support Mr. Taylor in the requirements of his increasing fame, whether as traveler, writer or diplomat, consequently the marriage proved an eminently suitable one. With his changed relations and habits there came a time when the people of Kennett seriously disapproved of the way of his living, which so exasperated him that he wrote from Cedarcroft what he never would have written if Miss Agnew had lived: "There are no such impertinent, meddlesome old Betties in domestic matters as some old male Quakers." It did not please them that he had wine on his table; the temperance workers assailed him, and the abolitionists were as zealous. But Time worked his wonders; the people of Kennett now cherish his memory.

This, his first visit to me, was the last agreeable incident in the green-shuttered bower in Sands Street. I have merely to repeat the miserable subterfuge of everybody, of "circumstances over which we have no control," for the reason of our moving back to New York and taking rooms in a small house on Third Street by Second Avenue, a forlorn place then sparsely built up. There was no garden at the rear, but the walls of a dingy Catholic church, from which, when the windows were open, we heard the roll of the organ. In a building between Third and Second Streets a colony of negroes lived, and they came out of mornings to buy porgies; negroes love fish as cats do, and I fancy have the same dislike for water. It is only of late that I learned what Lady Macbeth meant when she said to Macbeth, "Letting I dare not wait upon I would, like the poor cat i' the adage!" I never walked down our street, where slaughter-houses were, but I was compelled to hear the bellowing cattle, resisting the presage of their doom. Our rooms were small and not sunny. Our properties that were suitable before were not now. This was the beginning of the behavior of two bookcases, the size of a furniture van, which were a late purchase in Sands Street. I am sure the wily dealers knew what a vexation it would be to move them, and sent experienced hands to set them up, thereby deceiving us into keeping them. At each moving they played as many tricks as Gelett Burgess' furniture does in his remarkably funny sketches. If the clever person who wrote an admirable article for a well-known periodical on The Total Depravity of Inanimate Things could have witnessed the escapades of these demon bookcases she would have been assured of her theories. The cracked and broken glass doors, the knocking off of the spurious ornamentation, the twisting of knobs, the shrinking and swelling of the shelves and drawers! The men who moved were stirred to curses in getting them downstairs and up, in the heavy tops falling off on their heads, to say nothing of splinters of glass cutting their faces; and so it was ever thus in all our movings. When the books were put on the shelves I almost hated them, and did not consider that they were very necessary, after all.

GEO. H. BOKER

BAYARD TAYLOR

For a time I was not "like the bird that sits and sings," for it was for me to prepare for that "rainy day," concerning which I was supposed to have no thought. The high emprise of our marriage was condoned; those who had been unkind came back to be kind again. They belonged to the life I had cast aside and they were magnanimous enough to look upon my spouse as an anomaly attached to me. They all knew of books, of poetry; some had parsed at school Paradise Lost, and on the centre-table of others Byron or Moore, bound in morocco, might be seen, but for one whose aim in life was to "write verses" while moving in a workaday world like everybody else they had little call. Now they are the shades of another world. My first start on an economic basis was the purchase of silver forks which shed a bright and shining light over our table, and then they were "so *convenable*, you know." It is astonishing to remember that I was proud to own them, but such trifles make up the sum of human life!

We had not been in the house long when we discovered that we were living with a mysterious family; there was none of the noise or stir of household life below us, the shutters were never opened, the landlord went away in the morning, his wife never went out. Occasionally, going through the hall, I caught a glimpse of her in a dark room, always standing in the attitude of one listening. A tragedy was running its length; how it ended we never knew. How many, women especially, are shut within these curtained and shuttered houses? The other day, looking across the street, I saw that gilded iron bars had been put before the upper windows of the house opposite. Somebody was shut in behind the bars!

And then I was ready to receive company in a house so furnished—I should not be willing to live a day in it now. Taste was at as low an ebb as literature. Nevertheless we were to have some good times there.

Mr. Taylor went on a lecture tour soon after his return from the East; his success astonished him so that he wrote us that he "began to examine himself to see what he was and to find himself to be somebody else than he thought he was." At first he disliked the work. Writing to his friend Boker he said: "I am not insensible that nine-tenths of my literary success springs from Views Afoot, as one who has succeeded with little money, strong legs and economical habits. What is there so humiliating as to be praised for the exhibition of poverty and privation, struggles I would have hidden forever?" He had crowded houses everywhere. Women were carried out fainting, the farmers rode miles over the prairie to see and hear him; he had obsequious attention everywhere. I heard him in Brooklyn the following year and was convinced that his reputation of Views Afoot *was* the cause of his popularity, for he was not remarkable as a lecturer either in delivery or material. At the close of the lecture the crowd, instead of going out as usual, filed before the desk where he stood to get a near look at him. He looked as he felt, as if he was in the pillory, and his face grew redder every instant. In spite of what he called the "miserable business of lecturing," it never lost him his sense of humor, and we reaped the advantage in letters which were bright and funny. From Niles, in Michigan, he sent us a long poem which is not in his collected verse. I quote a few lines. While thinking of his friends one rainy day before lecture time—

"Comes a rapping, tapping
 At my chamber door,
But unlike Poe's raven
 Crying Evermore.
'Tis the new Committee
 Any one can tell.
'Hope you're very well,
 Where'd you go to-morrow?
Where'd you lecture last?'
 Then again a rapping.
Next a solemn gentleman
 Unctuous of face,
'What's your real opinion
 Of the human race?'
Then a grim one coming,
 'Sprinkling or immersion,
Which do you prefer?'"

"Then from a crowd of bores come all sorts of questions."

On his way to Canada he attempted an ode to the river St. Lawrence, but catching a terrible cold he got no further than

"O St. Lawrence,
 Thou'rt my abhorrence!"

He lost his voice and could not write plainly, and ended his letter with: "Give my kide rebebradces to O'Bried whed you see hib, ad believe me your sidcere Fred." The O'Bried he referred to was Fitz James O'Brien, one of a circle of brilliant young Irishmen from London.

These ex-patriots were very human. Boyle O'Reilly made us the best citizen of that company. He escaped in a

Editor's Note—This is the second of three papers by Mrs. Stoddard. The last article in the series will follow in an early number.

legitimate way from his banishment in Van Diemen's land, while Meagher tried to save his honor in breaking his parole by calling out at the magistrate's door: "I throw up my parole," and, jumping on the horse in readiness for him, rode off. I am inclined to think that these afflicted persons owed much to Miss Lynch's hospitality; her heart was tender toward such. O'Brien soon found his way to us, and immediately became a welcome and frequent visitor. He was connected with some newspaper and wrote for the magazines. He had the faculty of seeming to be in sympathy with the gifts of others, and, of course, that made him a delightful companion.

Then began the evenings which in time came to be known. From the small parlor in Third Street they went on for years in whatever place we happened to dwell, with changes and additions the same in charm and originality. They ended when Mr. Taylor published a small volume of them in 1872 which he named The Diversions of the Echo Club, but somehow the ancient fire did not illuminate its pages. At this season of lecturing, whenever Mr. Taylor came near enough to us for a run over he went to his rooms in Washington Square always ready for him, and then came to have an evening with us; O'Brien was sure to be there, too, and sometimes George Boker came from Philadelphia; and then the symposium was complete, especially when Mr. Taylor brought something he said was a Homeric beverage and Mr. Stoddard was enduring misery while learning to smoke a cigar. Then began a tournament of wit, neck-and-neck races for a ten-minute poem, a parody or an ode. It was my privilege to behold them in a corner, but, unlike Jack Horner, there was no plum for me.

One evening, when they were flourishing the pen, I was struck with their different characteristics when absorbed in the same pursuit. Mr. Boker had come from a dinner in full dress; he was the only moneyed one of the party. A remarkably handsome man, his head was like Byron's, and he had the vigor of a prize-fighter. There was a curious harmony of color in complexion, hair and eyes; the latter had a tinge of an umber-colored brook when stained by autumn leaves. Mr. Stoddard was more like the ordinary ideal of the poet, pale with dark hair, tossed carelessly, luminous eyes, and shoulders already slightly bent, not the student bend, but from labor in an iron foundry where his mother had blindly placed him when a boy.

Photographed for The Saturday Evening Post by Gessford & Van Brunt, New York

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Henry Stoddard

Mr. Taylor was of commanding height, his aquiline features and his brows reminded one of the eagle, his eyes beneath

> "Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,"

as if prepared to storm any height with "Excelsior."

O'Brien looked more like an Englishman, though one could see that the chip was ready on his shoulder; and yet I have seen his fine eyes fill with tears at something heroic or pathetic, a sensibility very misleading. He dropped into our quiet, homely ways, and munched our crackers and cheese as if he had never eaten anything better.

I might have offered them something besides, for I had learned to make scalloped oysters which was the usual fashionable treat then. Is that dish ever seen now that the atrocious little clams are served, properly named Quahogs? As I watched their hands flying over the paper I thought one learned in palmistry would have said noble blood was in their veins, for their hands were not the hands of laborers. How young they were, how they laughed and jeered each other!

O'Brien went on swimmingly for two or three years; he had been the dramatic editor of the Saturday Press, which "was suspended for the want of funds and recommenced for the same reason." Then he went on the staff of the New York Times. While there, a charity bazar was started by some of his influential friends who had the utmost confidence in him. With his usual energy he took all and any part assigned him. It was a success and the proceeds were sent to the Times office in his charge; he never returned the money, or made any explanation; he simply let his friends alone, but it was the beginning of the downward flight of the son of the morning. Then it came out that he had sold his story, The Diamond Lens, twice—to the Harpers first and then to the Atlantic Monthly. It is only recently that I saw the mention of that story as one of the best of that time. We heard sad things of him—of drunken fights, of his frequenting Pfaff's, where, according to Howells' account of a visit there, the Bohemians "played at orgies."

O'Brien made no attempt to visit us after the reports. Mr. Stoddard saw him coming toward him one day on the street. O'Brien held his hat in his hand and with a deep obeisance tried to speak, but he was passed by silently. When I heard of this I could not help feeling that he was sometimes sincere in the friendship which in no way could be of service to him. His end came mercifully; he enlisted in our Civil War, was wounded in an early skirmish and died in a camp hospital, dying, as perhaps he thought, "game." "Give my love to the boys" were his last words.

The Knickerbocker Magazine still lingered, in spite of the diatribes against its editor by Poe, who wrote that "the principal cause of its decline may be traced to the peculiar and unappreciated talents of its editor, Lewis Gaylord Clark, his best friends not being able to explain how he has made a considerable noise in the literary world." However that was, while we were in Third Street, on a certain evening we found ourselves in a parlor of a certain hotel, perhaps the Clarendon, where Mr. Lewis Gaylord Clark was holding forth in a small company. He was of the florid, rollicking style; at the piano he dashed off songs of the "flowing bowl" sort; if poverty gnawed at his vitals he hid it with a gay "tooral-looral-loo." It was owing to these traits, perhaps, that it was said he got a good deal out of people, especially in contributions for his magazine. Mrs. Elizabeth Kinney, the poetess, speaks in her memoirs of his twin brother, Willis Gaylord Clark, as a remarkably accomplished, intellectually gifted man, who died too young to confirm a reputation. After this evening a circular was sent to the Knickerbocker's contributors with the proposition that "it being known to the friends of the veteran editor, Lewis Gaylord Clark, that his pecuniary recompense was altogether disproportioned to his labors, a testimonial of esteem which should be pleasing as a compliment and a contribution to his happiness should be offered him in the form of a suitable cottage on the banks of the Hudson."

All the contributors fell to work in prose and verse. Steel engravings of the writers were effective when printed. A singular likeness appeared in the portraits in bushy hair, whiskers and weighty neckcloth in folds. Mr. Stoddard was represented as a young giant with a ferocious mustache, Mr. Taylor as an approaching conqueror with a Roman nose, and Mr. Boker as a debonair, gilded youth; but Mr. Hueston, the publisher of the magazine, brought out the book in fine form; Mr. Clark's portrait faced it, and a gilt, ornate cottage was on the cover. I have never seen but our own copy which has slumbered peacefully on its shelf for forty years, but the cottage on the Hudson was never built.

Having plenty of leisure the throes of composition set in upon me again, and, like Mr. Barkis in David Copperfield, getting out of bed toward his money bag, "with infinite pains and with mental groans," I composed several poems which I sent to Mr. Clark, who with kindly words accepted and published them. I then made an engagement with Charles Washburn, one of the celebrated Brothers Washburn and editor of the Alta California newspaper in San Francisco, to write New York letters, which I continued till he left the paper, two years afterward. This engagement proved useful in two ways: teaching me to write prose and the earning of money. Every month I received a check for twenty-four dollars, which possessed many imaginative possibilities which were never realized. At any rate, I was the first female wage-earner that I had known, and it gave me a curious sense of independence. I could take my purse and go forth after the manner of the sailor, whose voyage paid off, took his hat under his arm, full of silver dollars, and invited every one he met to help himself and do the same, provided I wished it.

I think it was in September of that year that Mr. Taylor, who in the interval of lecturing was at work on the Tribune, took a Saturday and Sunday to go with us to visit his family at the farm, a mile or so beyond the old village of Kennett Square. This visit was as great a novelty to me as if I had landed in Liverpool and started for London. Everything was different from the wind-shaken, flat shores where I lived by Buzzard's Bay. We left the train at Wilmington to find a carriage waiting for us, and rode fourteen miles through a pastoral country. The peace of harvest was over the land, and the barns were bursting with plenty; the woods of chestnut up the hillsides, the noble oaks or elms in the meadows still green and lusty, and the cattle with the spot of color like Constable's landscapes were all delightful. Away with the sordid city and dull Third Street; rather let me ruminate with the pleasant cow yonder, leg deep in a lovely brook! In the little runlets which crossed the road here and there between slight ridges the water was so clear and nimble that I wished to alight and paddle in it; in fact I was growing childish and gleeful every minute.

We passed through the centre of Kennett village—which was like an English village with its stone inn and bake shop next it, and a row of brick houses set together with glimpses of alleys with lovely views beyond; we rode up a way between high banks and turned into a rough lane which brought us to the house where the family—father, mother, two sisters and the youngest, a brother—were on the little portico to welcome us.

I was familiar with the picture of Mr. Taylor's home, which was painted by Buchanan Read and engraved as the frontispiece of Views Afoot. The house was old, with plastered walls broken and stained by time; there was no paint outside or inside the premises; the only thing in order was Mrs. Taylor's garden, with its flowers, its neat paths, and the tall, vigorous fir beside a plastered basin or a little fountain. The house had settled into a dell, and there was no view from any side of it. I do not think I saw a stick of modern furniture inside, but I had come across the cleanliness that was next to godliness, and upon a poverty, if I may call it so, where there was a certain plenty—a poverty that was frank and noble. From that day I was proud, and have continued so through long years, of the friendship thus begun.

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Doctor Van Dyke's Browning Story

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE, of Princeton, delivered his lecture on Robert Browning recently in Philadelphia in the Y. M. C. A. Hall. He was introduced by the Rev. Charles Wood, pastor of the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church, who said that he knew a story about Browning which he doubted if even such an authority as Doctor Van Dyke was familiar with. It was the story of a young lady engaged to a British officer. When she found out that he was not acquainted with the poetry of Robert Browning she immediately broke the engagement. Six months later the officer presented himself and asked to be examined on Browning. She found that he had read all of The Ring and the Book, knew the plot of Paracelsus and could recite the greater part of Sordello. Six weeks later Robert Browning himself gave away the bride.

Doctor Van Dyke made no allusion to his ignorance of this story until the close of his introductory remarks. He reviewed the great influence of Browning, attested even by the separation of families. Then he paused and, turning to Doctor Wood, said, "Here follows in my manuscript the story which Doctor Wood has told."

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

MR. JOHN B. McDONALD

MISS SARAH L. ARNOLD

MISS CAROL FIELDS

DR. HENEAGE GIBBES

John B. McDonald, Tunnel Digger

John B. McDonald, the contractor for the proposed New York tunnel for the rapid transit railroad, is about fifty-six years old and has made his fortune by hard work. From the moment he received his contract he became the most talked-about man in New York, but during all the controversy over his bonds he gave no statements to the press. Mr. McDonald believes in working, not talking, and when asked the other day what was the most memorable incident in his life he replied that there was none. Evidently the efforts of certain corporations to secure most of his prospective profits before they would guarantee his bonds were only a trivial detail of his business, like his final triumph in securing the aid of August Belmont and unlimited foreign wealth for his undertaking.

Mr. McDonald's offices are probably the highest in the world. He occupies the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh stories of a down-town building, and on a clear day, with field glasses, he can come near seeing every foot of his work from City Hall to Spuyten Duyvil without leaving his chair.

It is to his workingmen that the contractor is best known. He sees them daily and knows not only their work but their individual capabilities. It is said that he can get more work out of his men without urging them than any other man in New York, unless it is John D. Crimmins, the millionaire railroad builder.

One day last spring at Jerome Park, where Mr. McDonald is doing the greatest work of his life except the tunnel contract, a visitor noticed a square man, covered with mud and built like a peg top with wide-spreading shoulders, talking to the foreman.

"Say!" he asked of a laborer, "is that Mr. McDonald, the famous contractor who is going to build the rapid transit tunnel?"

"Naw," answered the workman. "He ain't no famous contractor. That's Jack McDonald, our boss."

Why Joaquin Miller Took to Farming

Mr. Joaquin Miller, the California poet, has a flourishing fruit farm which is his present fad. It has taken the place of the house in the tree. The new directory of San Francisco registers him as "Joaquin Miller, fruit farmer." When his friends twitted him about it he answered that, according to a girl in Chicago, he supposed he should write poetry, but farming was his passion. Mr. Miller explained, with a twinkle in his eye, that when he was being entertained in Chicago he was attracted by an exceedingly pretty girl about eighteen years old.

"I insisted upon knowing her," said Mr. Miller, "and tried to make her feel that I was as young as the rest of them by taking her out on the moonlit piazza and quoting poetry to her. At the end of my verses she looked up at the old man beside her with a pretty show of interest, and said: 'Dear me, Mr. Miller! you certainly should write poetry. You say such sweet things!'"

Miss Arnold's Reply to an Encore

Miss Sarah Arnold, now a prominent educator of the East, holds the position of supervisor in the primary schools of Boston, but in reality her specialty in the profession may not be defined, for her personal power is so great that she is a class by herself. "She is a master and yet a genius," said a man who has been closely associated with her in her work.

While she was still a girl, just from Bridgewater Normal School and teaching in Middleboro, Massachusetts, the townspeople made great opposition to her, but about that time the chairman of the State Board of Education, after a visit to her school, observed, "Miss Arnold is the best grammar school teacher I ever saw." That distinction by an expert marked the beginning of her reputation.

Soon after this Miss Arnold wrote Zachary's First Year at School. Miss Arnold was first generally known to New England educators through an appearance at a teachers' convention in Bethlehem, New Hampshire, several years after she had made a reputation in the West as a school supervisor in Minneapolis. There, among college presidents and all the best-known educators of the region, Miss Arnold made an address that held her hearers' attention for more than an hour.

It was past the time for dinner when she finished, and yet the applause which greeted her was tremendous. It was like an encore, and while the audience was still clapping, Miss Arnold arose and said in her quiet way that she was reminded of a small boy, Sammie, whose mother was always calling him, and one day when she had shouted "Sammie, Sammie," for a long time, and Sammie had sat unresponsive, the boy at last looked up.

"Say!" he asked, "do ye really want me or was ye just hollering?"

Secretary Long's Idea of Informality

This story relates to Secretary of the Navy Long's idea of social formality. Just before the first Cabinet dinner was given last season, Mr. Hay had a private talk with his colleagues in the Cabinet, in which the proposition was agreed to that the irritating precedent question at Cabinet dinners should be abolished. Each hostess must simply be careful not to put the same people together through the season. The Secretary of State was to inaugurate the plan. No one expressed himself as more rejoiced over the change than the Secretary of the Navy. He talked about it constantly between the agreement and the dinner.

When he arrived at the men's dressing-room the evening of the dinner, the man-servant handed him the usual small envelope with the name of the lady whom he was to take in to dinner. Mr. Long read it aloud to the other members of the Cabinet in the room. He looked puzzled and distressed. The other members showed that they also had cards.

Mr. Long sat heavily down in a chair and looked around them as one who had lost his last friend. "I thought," he said mournfully, "that Hay told us this was going to be an informal affair."

"What did you expect?" asked a Cabinet minister.

"Why, I thought every fellow would come in, and just go to the lady he liked best, take her out to dinner and sit down in the chair nearest him. That's my idea of informality."

The Recreations of a Famous Chemist

A few weeks ago a convention was called in Washington, D. C., composed of delegates from every incorporated association and college of medicine and pharmacy in this country. It is called only once every ten years and its object is the revision of the United States Pharmacopœia. The chairman of the committee of this revision is Dr. Charles Rice, the official chemist of the Department of Charities of New York City, and it is safe to say that he was the central figure of this as he was of the previous meetings of the congress which he has attended. For twenty years he has been the editor of this great undertaking and it has been largely a labor of love. Doctor Rice lives at Bellevue Hospital. He owns the finest private pharmaceutical reference library in the world.

The doctor is a recluse and, outside of the officials and inmates of Bellevue, he rarely sees anybody. He sleeps only a few hours a day and spends all his other time in work. One of the physicians at the hospital recently asked him what his recreations were and he answered:

"Making friends with little children and studying the Oriental languages. The best time I ever had in my life was spent upon the revising of the Sanscrit dictionary for the Russian Philosophical Society."

An American Mandarin in Detroit

Dr. Heneage Gibbes, health officer of Detroit, enjoys the distinction of being the only Chinese mandarin to hold an American office. He acquired his title after a series of adventures that would make Sinbad the Sailor look to his laurels. Doctor Gibbes is an Englishman by birth. He ran away from home when fourteen years old and went to sea. After several years as a sailor he was shipwrecked on the coast of China and fell into the hands of pirates, who took his clothing and turned the sailor loose in the garb of Nature. Finally he reached a Chinese town.

Then he fell in with an Englishman who gave him money for clothing on condition that Gibbes would work out the debt, and who informed him as soon as the bargain was closed that he would be expected to go into the camp of a rebel army to sell smuggled arms. The young Englishman never hesitated and became an enemy of the Chinese Government.

From that he drifted into the Chinese service, was placed in command of a gunboat and set to patrolling the coast, looking for pirates and opium smugglers. He had a mixed crew composed of men from almost every nation on earth. But the crew was made up of fighters and Gibbes was successful in capturing some bad outlaws.

On one occasion he made a dash up a river which the smugglers practically controlled. He seized a cargo of contraband opium and made for the sea. But pirates and smugglers opened on his boat from the banks and gave him the closest kind of a call to capture. Once they tried to board his vessel with canoes and ran into a discharge of grape and cannister that tore them to pieces. Gibbes and his men escaped with an immense cargo of the captured narcotic, and when this was reported to the Government Gibbes was summoned into the presence of royalty and made a mandarin.

He went to England soon after to study medicine, then to India on the commission sent out to study cholera, and resigned to take the chair of pathology in Michigan University.

Senator Depew's Unfinished Speech

Senator Chauncey M. Depew recently made a trip to the South, and Charleston, South Carolina, is still gossiping over the things he did and said while a guest of the Gridiron Club. They will never forget how he danced the cake-walk with Little Red Riding Hood at Mrs. Andrew Symonds' Mother Goose party.

But he has just been confessing to his friends in Washington that it was at this party that he was "rattled" for the first time in his life while making a speech. The social life of Charleston and some surrounding cities was represented at the ball that night. Every one except Doctor Depew was dressed in the costume of a Mother Goose child. After the cake-walk, in which the Senator from New York showed that he was quite equal to the abandon of the occasion, the hostess asked him to make a speech to the "children."

He consented at once and stood up on a little platform at the far end where the orchestra was stationed. He admits that he began without qualms.

He spoke for about five minutes without creating either applause or comment. Then he used a word of four syllables. Suddenly the great audience of children ran toward him and pressed in on him, clapping their hands together, looking into his eyes beseechingly, the more venturesome pulling his coat-tails, and all crying out: "Oh, Mr. Depew, what does that word mean. Please spell it for us. We don't know any word like that down here." The Senator laughed and kept on with his speech, but the grown-up "children" wouldn't have it. They stamped the floor and cried aloud for him to spell the word for them. Then he was allowed to go on with his speech. This performance was repeated five times in the next ten minutes.

"I had to give up and apologize," he said. "I was completely 'rattled' for the first time in my public career."

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

HON. ROBERT G. COUSINS

HON. JOHN F. FITZGERALD

HON. JOHN DALZELL

HON. J. W. BABCOCK

The American Boy's Great Day

There is one day in the year which belongs to the American boy, and that is the Fourth of July. How it has gradually come into his possession is one of the most interesting developments of American life. A hundred years ago the day was celebrated, but those who took part in the functions were youths and men. The boys had to be satisfied to stand by the roadside—there were no paved streets in those days—and watch the processions. If they got a cake or two or a glass of spruce beer, they were very lucky. The elders had all the fun, and ate and drank most of the refreshments

It went on this way for years, but gradually in the evolution of things the American boy came into his own. In fact, the American boy to-day is about ten years older at the same age than he was a century ago, and he has much more liberty. It is to his credit that, as a rule, he uses his opportunities sensibly and decorously, and although he is apt to be a bit boisterous and to have a certain contempt for laws against pyrotechnics, his enthusiasm is genuine and his methods are clean and above board. He will run from the policeman, but he will seldom lie to him when caught.

The old people continually deplore the forwardness of the children of this day and generation. Some old maids have written books about it. But to use a good American simile it is "as sure as shooting" that the next generation will be more forward than the one that is now coming on. The American boy takes no steps backward—he is increasing his record as a sprinter every year. All things aid him in this course. Education comes easier to him, travel is open to him, the world seems smaller. Invention has made miracles tame and his powers of credulity are never strained. Even the thrilling intricacies of the three-ring circus scarcely cause him to lift an eyebrow.

The Father of Independence Day

It is curious that the man who is called the father of the Fourth of July, John Adams, predicted the picturesque development of the anniversary. To his wife he wrote, after the Declaration of Independence had been signed: "I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by successive generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward, for evermore

The spiritual part of this conviction seems to have been forgotten, but the other features have been religiously developed. It will be remembered that in Daniel Webster's eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, he makes Adams the prophet of the Fourth of July, and he puts in his mouth the speech which nearly every schoolboy has repeated, including these words: "We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day When we are in our graves our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving and with festivities, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears; copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation and gratitude and of joy." It is true that the children do shed tears, copious, gushing tears, but they generally come from the toy cannon or the toy pistol or the premature firecracker And the doctor does the rest

The first year after the signing of the Declaration of Independence the anniversary was celebrated in Philadelphia, where Congress was then meeting, and John Adams viewed the parade, listened to the volleys of guns and the music by a captured Hessian band, and at night pronounced it the most splendid illumination he had ever seen. That was at a time when even the coal oil lamp was unknown, and the humble tallow dip was about the best that could be had. What would he say next Wednesday night if he could stand in one of our big cities or towns and view the electric lights and the glare of Greek fire and other illuminants! But in those days patriotism was so fierce that the tallow candle looked as big and as bright as an arc light of to-day. At the same time we need not underestimate the seriousness of modern loyalty, for beneath all the flare and noise there is real feeling As the boy is, so is the man, and this logic leads us to the conclusion that we are indeed an enthusiastic nation

The Exercises for the Elders

But of course the older people have to do something in celebration of the nation's birthday, and as a rule they go at it with interest and thoroughness. If they can, they get an orator—one who will not talk too long; they have a band of music, and if possible they sing the national hymns, although as a rule this part of the program is rather lame, whether from modesty or lack of lung power it is difficult to say. In Boston, for instance, they have a series of Fourth of July orations that has gone far beyond the hundred mark, and that is kept up religiously. Congressman Fitzgerald was one of the orators several years ago. Boston gets through the speechmaking in the morning so that the people may enjoy themselves in the afternoon. Then there is a procession of soldiers followed in the evening by an exhibition of fireworks. Boston also throws open the public halls with free entertainments for the children. There are regattas on the water and balloons in the air, and people crowd in from the countryside. "All Boston people get out of town and all the country people come in on the Fourth of July" is Dr Edward Everett Hale's witticism

In other sections there are different observances Out in Iowa, for instance, it is probable that such an orator as Congressman Robert G. Cousins, who is a native and who has represented his State in four Congresses, will be telling of the glories of the American flag, and not saying anything against Expansion. Congressman John Dalzell, of Pittsburg and Congressman Babcock, of Wisconsin, who have been in numerous Congresses and who are among the orators, will be doing the same thing in some centres of their districts, and so it will go all through the country. The oratorical Congressmen seldom get a rest on the Fourth of July, and some of them make speeches in the morning, the afternoon and at night, too, but as they have long summer vacations with full pay this overwork need not cause any anxiety

The Two Hymns of Independence Day

Our two national hymns are regularly attacked for their lack of good grammar and real poetry, but though they may have technical defects, they unquestionably possess that indefinable something which arouses the inward thrill. The Star Spangled Banner, written on old envelopes by Francis Scott Key after the anxious night of the bombardment of Fort McHenry, was first sung in the theatre by a variety actor. It was simply introduced as "verses by a gentleman who had been detained on board the English fleet." There was no claque to exploit it, and, in fact, Mr. Key did not want to be known as its author, but fitting the words to an old tune, the actor, with a voice which was not at all extraordinary, so impressed the audience that the song had to be sung again and again and repeated on following nights.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale has said that of all Fourths of July in Boston that of 1832 left the deepest mark in the history of the century. He said he had spent his last cent and bought medals, drunk root-beer, eaten oysters and other things, and was slowly returning home when at Park Street church he saw a procession of children entering. They were Sunday-school children. He followed, as any normal boy would, and went into the gallery. It was then and there that the hymn, My Country, 'Tis of Thee, was sung, the first time it had ever been sung in public. Happy fate that this hymn of the nation was consecrated on the national birthday!

The Old Celebrations and the New

Last year it was estimated that there were almost as many casualties from Fourth of July celebrations as in the War with Spain. This, of course, did not include typhoid fever or diseases, but simply the accidents from gunpowder and the different explosives. The same hue and cry will undoubtedly be raised this year; it has been regularly raised ever since the first anniversary in 1777, and it will be just as popular a hundred years hence as it is now. As with the protest against football, it only serves to increase the interest of the sport The one thing the boys can remember this year while they are firing off the crackers is that fireworks originated in China, where proceedings somewhat more serious than pyrotechnics are now going on. From a mere explosive the firework has been developed into a wonderful spectacle, and it is really extraordinary how the colors and figures are so curiously and so beautifully arranged

A hundred years ago the Fourth of July was a general celebration by each community; there were long speeches, the reading of the Declaration of Independence, music, shooting matches and a great deal of food and drink, especially drink Now the day is broken up into as many circles as there are settlements and social coteries. Each summer hotel has its own fireworks. Each group of cottages or of friends has its program, and in almost every case the arrangements are for the pleasure of the children. It is the one holiday in all the year when the fathers and the uncles and the bachelor visitors work the hardest to make the youngsters have a good time, and of all the taskmasters in the world there is none to compare with the boys and girls on the Fourth of July Any one who has followed the average boy on the Fourth of July from early dawn till bedtime need not wonder at the exploits of the American soldiers in capturing San Juan Hill or in the following of Aguinaldo throughout the length and breadth of Luzon

The Birthplace of Our Independence

A visit was paid the other day to the old Independence Hall, where you may see the portraits of the signers, the chairs in which they sat, the inkstand that they used and a lot of other things, chief of which, of course, is the Liberty Bell with its immortal crack. It was a hot summer day, but the old place that has been made as new was cool—so cool that even the fat policeman who guards the medals that are for sale and the registry book wherein visitors inscribe their names looked as comfortable as the proverbial cucumber Two young men who had wheeled half way across the continent had just left their autographs.

"How many visitors do you have in the course of the day?" was asked

"Oh, they are coming and going all the time—they'll average about three hundred a day, I guess

"And on the Fourth of July? Is there a crowd here all day?"

"It's about the same as at other places—quite a number in the morning, but hardly anybody the rest of the day So far as that goes, we had just as well shut up after twelve on the Fourth

So here it is in the very home of the Day, in the very centre which is within an hour or so of millions of good Americans

Then a look at the book! Visitors from every part of the world, from every State in the Union, from country and city, a wide area of land and humanity

So the interest exists. It is Liberty's birthday, and whatever may be said of the way in which it is celebrated, there can be no question about the earnestness that underlies the occasion, no doubt as to the conviction of nearly eighty millions of people that they have the cleanest flag that floats and the biggest and best thing in the way of government that history has ever known.

Tales of the Credit Man

By Harlow N. Higinbotham

II—Duties, Difficulties and Dangers of the Credit Desk

THE first routine duty which the credit man discharges each morning, as soon as he reaches his desk, is that of looking at the business thermometer of the house. No other term so precisely describes the nature of the day's financial correspondence. By the time he has glanced at the stack of alternating letters and drafts with which his desk or basket is heaped he has as clear an idea of the "condition of the trade" as if he had made a tour of inspection and called upon a large number of representative customers. More than this, he looks through the glass of his correspondence and reads the character and the situation of each individual customer who has contributed a letter to that morning's mail.

A Glance at the Business Thermometer

Here is the terse, formal letter of the man of methodical habits who merely makes his letter the record of the draft with which it is accompanied; but the latter may be relied upon as being correct in amount and kind, and it is safe to take the absence of any complaint from this customer as a confession of his satisfaction with the manner in which the house has handled his business. Then there is the man who never sends a remittance without a complaint of some kind to keep it company. Here, also, is the man who has overstepped his discount time by a narrow margin, and thinks to make good this delay by apologies and arguments. The stories which these letters tell might be continued almost indefinitely, and in great variety; but the point is made if it is clear that the standing of the country merchant is determined by the contents of these letters; and the real credit man reads "between the lines" as swiftly as he scans each sheet. Even the remittances themselves indicate the character of their senders.

The moment the eye of the credit man detects the presence of a customer's personal check drawn on a local bank the standing of that customer suffers. The chief of the credit desk realizes that this man has sent an unbankable remittance through carelessness, through ignorance of metropolitan business methods and requirements, or to save the exchange fee sometimes charged by local bankers. No matter what the motive for sending a personal check in place of a draft upon the city bank, the result is not helpful to the reputation of the sender, so far as his relationship to the wholesale house is concerned. These checks should be returned with the information that they are not bankable in the city, and that, therefore, they should be replaced with bankable funds. This means annoyance and delay.

Decision on a Doubtful Order

After the remittance letters are disposed of the maker of credit takes up the orders. There is something like a perpetual contest between these two classes of documents, and the complementary relationship between them must be held constantly in mind by the credit man as he scans them. With one hand, so to speak, he sends the remittances to the cashier, and with the other hand deals out the orders to the salesmen. It is "nip and tuck" between them, as a remittance received by the same mail with the order may decide whether or not the goods called for in the latter will be sent.

Whenever he encounters an order about which he feels the slightest doubt he holds it out for inquiry and consideration, and places his OK upon those which pass without challenge. Under ordinary circumstances, each doubtful order receives a quick impression from a rubber stamp, which reads as follows:

Owes $
Due $
Bot $
H C $
H P

In this list H. C. stands for "highest credit," and H P abbreviates "how pays." Each order is taken by a boy to the ledger in which the customer's account is carried, and the information called for by the stamp is filled in. Let it be supposed that the entry comes back as follows

Owes	$ 375
Due	$ 000
Bot.	$4560
H C.	$ 780
H P.	Promptly

This showing would be taken in at a glance, and an OK placed on the order, which would be hurried to the sales department. But suppose the boy returned from the ledger with this record

Owes	$1500
Due	$2150
Bot	$5500
H C	$1500
H P	Slow

Then the credit man would instruct the boy to bring him the "information" on that customer's account. The lad would go to a formidable record where would be found all the detailed information calculated to shed light upon the financial standing and character of the merchant in question. The bookkeeper also would be called upon to contribute to the testimony on which the fate of the order must be decided. This addition to the evidence would be a statement of the items represented by the $2150 already due.

Letter Writing Not a Lost Art

A letter would then be dictated to the customer, calling his attention to the amount overdue, and also informing him of the credit man's decision on the shipment of the goods called for in the latest order. The tone of the letter should accurately express the attitude of the house to the customer, shading the degree of latitude of leniency allowed him, or dealing out censure and limitations according to the extent and gravity of the delinquencies.

A copy of the statement is handed to the assistant credit man with instructions to follow the matter up in five days, for instance. The assistant enters the customer's name in his diary five days ahead of date, and drops the statement into an index portfolio. In five days the name is met with on the diary page, and the statement taken from the portfolio. Then a new statement is procured from the bookkeeper, and the cashier is also consulted, as the morning's mail may have brought a remittance from the tardy customer.

Action of some kind is then decided upon by the chief credit man, to whom the documents are passed. He will take such decisive steps as he believes the situation demands and his customer will tolerate. To know just the right and effective thing to do in ninety-nine of every one hundred of these cases is to be a credit man.

While these doubtful orders are being investigated and disposed of and correspondence of every kind attended to, the credit man is constantly interrupted by prospective customers who wish to open accounts and are anxious to get as liberal a line of credit as possible.

On Trial Before the Credit Desk

Naturally, they dread this ordeal, for modern credit making methods have become so exact, scientific and searching that this preliminary examination is bound to bring to light, as a rule, any weakness in the business condition of the customer, and expose any flaws in his statement of the case. At the same time the credit man must occupy a diplomatic attitude; he must hold that every applicant for credit is a desirable customer until the contrary shall be established. And he must take good care, too, not to give offense to the candidate for credit while probing for any possible weakness in his financial condition. No matter how large or pressing the correspondence awaiting his attention, the credit man must hear all his caller has to say; he must be patient, courteous and resourceful, and, if he is wise, he will seek to prolong instead of curtail the interview.

Naturally, the customer feels that the meeting is an important one, and wishes time in which to present his case in the best possible light, and to give the credit man the most favorable idea of his affairs. If there is the slightest suspicion in his mind that his story is wearisome he feels that the importance of his business is not appreciated. Nothing is so well calculated to give the customer a satisfied and friendly feeling toward the house as the knowledge that the credit man has listened with apparent interest to every word he has wished to offer, and that his plea has been as full and fair as could be wished.

Courtesy to the Customer

Then there is another side to this matter of giving the prospective customer all the time he wishes in which to place his affairs before the credit man. Many men, and particularly those not accustomed to the rush and snap of metropolitan business methods, are not able to tell the most important things they have to say until after a certain amount of preliminary conversation. They do not "strike their gait" at the start, and have to "warm up" gradually to the main business in hand. Often this is the result of embarrassment, and in other cases it is simply the result of being accustomed to doing business in a less precipitate way.

At any rate, the credit man frequently finds that the most valuable information he is able to get out of the country merchant who calls at his desk cannot be secured until the caller has become accustomed to his immediate surroundings and has talked of the crops in his locality, of his town, of his family and other topics which he is accustomed to discuss at home as a kind of formal introduction to the more serious business under consideration. After this personal ground has been covered, it is the fault of the credit man if he fails to gather a fair idea of his man and the latter's surroundings. Very likely some chance remark dropped by the merchant after he seems to have finished his plea and has fully gained his ease will be the one bit of information which will determine the result of the whole conference.

The Personal Equation in Credit Problems

In this connection let me emphasize what may at first appear a trivial point. Learn where the man who seeks credit came from as well as where he is located at the moment. If he replies in general terms, naming only the State or general section of the country, persist until you know his former town. A disinclination on a customer's part to be explicit in answering a question of this kind is sometimes good ground for suspicion. Then, if he names as his "old home" a place with which you are personally familiar a pleasant bond of association is instantly established.

Once a Scandinavian came to my desk and asked credit. In the course of our talk I asked him where he came from, and he gave the name of a certain provincial town in Sweden. "Why," I exclaimed, "I spent one of the pleasantest winters of my life in that quaint old place!" This remark brought me closer to the man than years of casual business acquaintanceship could have done. He was delighted that I was familiar with the haunts of his boyhood.

Frequently the caller will mention a city in which the credit man has acquaintances—perhaps the local banker, a lawyer, or the station-agent—and there is a decided advantage in having the customer know that his town contains men with whom you are in touch. The value of this may be in putting the merchant on his "good behavior," as it were, or in giving him the comfortable feeling that you stand in a little closer relationship to his town than to some others. All these details are more important than they might appear, and he is a wise credit man who does not neglect one of them. Any item of information which gives a clearer idea of the community in which a customer lives, of the physical characteristics of the locality, its crops, its industries, its resources of every kind is worth remembering. Often, too, a merchant will drop a word about his family affairs which may have a direct and practical bearing on the standing which he should have with his wholesale house. If his wife or child is an invalid, if his son is wayward or profligate, or if his household is phenomenally large, it stands to reason that he is carrying a heavy burden of private expense, and this will naturally have a decided bearing on his business success. Although he may not have to cripple his business in order to keep up private expenses, the burden of this family care and anxiety may so prey upon his thought and energy as to sap his vitality and make him discouraged or, perhaps, indifferent to his business. Therefore, know your customer, know the town in which he is located, and know the community from which he originally came.

Assurance Made Doubly Sure

But to return to the routine of the credit desk after the caller has been interviewed and has taken his leave. The credit man's approval of an order does not ship the goods therein listed. If it did he would be saved a large volume of detail work. He must have the last as well as the first word on every separate transaction that each customer has with the house. Before him are placed stacks of shipping tickets, on each of which must be stamped his approval before the goods are released and actually shipped.

This is a wise and necessary precaution, as some vital change may have taken place in the affairs of the merchant since the approval of the order. Perhaps a salesman has telegraphed that he has picked up information on the road which leads him to believe the merchant is in a "shaky" condition, or that a rival house has become suspicious and may be expected to close up the retailer's store at any moment. Or the friendly banker or lawyer or station-agent in the merchant's town may have sent in a quiet tip to the effect that in some way or other the applicant's prosperity is threatened. Any one of a hundred contingencies may make it judicious to hold up the shipment until further developments are had. Consequently, the credit man scans each shipping ticket, asks himself if there is any reason why the goods should not leave the house, and if there is not he stamps his OK upon the ticket. If the house is a large one, the amount of this ticket work is heavy and burdensome. In one day I have personally examined and stamped seventeen hundred of these tickets in addition to doing all other routine duties of the desk.

The Limits to Advice and Aid

Not a little of the credit man's time is required to answer the inquiries of his business neighbors and to send his messengers on similar errands. It should be understood, however, that it is not customary for competitors to exchange information. As a rule, this is done only between houses in different lines of trade. The wholesale shoe house and the dry-goods establishment occupying the same territory have, broadly speaking, the same customers.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of four papers which began in The Saturday Evening Post of June 25. The series will be continued in early numbers.

John Smith, from Tipton, Iowa, conducts a general store we will say, and decides to open an account with a wholesale shoe house. The credit man of that establishment sends to the wholesale dry-goods house around the corner, and asks the credit man there

"Do you sell Smith, of Tipton?" The answer comes:

"Yes; he is good for a line of $3000

An hour later the shoe house may be called upon to make a return of this courtesy. There is little temptation to furnish misleading information, as the houses are in different lines of trade, and their interests do not conflict. At the same time it is well for the young credit man not to rely too implicitly upon the advice of a neighbor. The degree of his reliance must depend upon the faith he has in the honesty and the shrewdness of the credit man whom he consults

It is hardly a safe practice for two houses in the same line to attempt an exchange of information concerning credits Were both to act in perfectly good faith it would be inevitable that disappointments and complications would sooner or later arise to shake this confidence and give the impression that there had been a deliberate violation of faith. Certainly the temptation would be strong so to manipulate information as to shift upon a competitor the burden of hazards, keeping the safe customers as exclusively as possible from the latter

Common Errors of Credit Men One of the most common and disastrous causes of failure among credit men is a lack of thoroughness in so interviewing a prospective customer at the start as to sift his responsibility to almost a scientific certainty. This tendency arises from an unwillingness to give each individual case a requisite amount of time and attention. Too often the interview which decides the limit of a man's credit is hurried through. In credits, as in law, "possession is nine points." Once a man is given a certain length of credit, it cannot be reduced without danger of giving serious offense.

The credit man feels this peril and will go to great expenditure of time and patience in attempting to educate the customer up to good business methods rather than to contract his limit of credit. Hours are spent by the conscientious credit man in the attempt to coach his customers into safer and sounder practice Here the advisory functions of the credit man come into play; and if he has himself lived on a farm and worked in a country store he has an immense advantage, for his words will be listened to and will carry weight with the customer because backed by practical experience.

The Necessity for Close Analysis of Conditions However, a large amount of this work of training customers will be obviated by making the credit a sound and conservative one at the start. The credit man may get from his customer all the information requisite for a safe credit, and then fail to act judiciously through an inability to analyze the facts thus secured. This failure to go to the bottom of conditions and to see the weak point of very plausible situations is a common and an easy fault, and it often arises with reference to a customer who has long been an excellent and a trusted patron

Only recently an instance of this nature arose in my own experience which may illustrate this point. At the close of 1898 I received from a certain customer a statement of his financial condition. This was of the regulation kind asked of all customers; it showed he had real estate valued at $11,000, cash $5000 and $2500 worth of wool, and was free from debt. In other words, he had a clear fortune of $18,500. All the other features of his showing were excellent, and he was therefore given a liberal credit

Only a few months ago he asked for an extension of time in which to pay bills due and amounting to a considerable figure. I was informed that he had the same real estate as when his account was opened. However, I determined to ask of him another full statement of his affairs. At this request he became seriously offended, raised the money due us, settled his account, and declined to furnish the statement other than to say he had a stock of goods worth $20,000 which our salesman had reported in good condition. My answer was: "The fact mentioned in your letter makes us still more anxious for a complete statement, as it is evident you must owe for a large proportion of your stock."

Here was a very plausible showing, well calculated to tempt the unwary credit man in the habit of taking things for their face value without careful analysis. The fact that the man raised the money and paid his account simply proves that he was able to convince some other person of his financial soundness. I expect the future to show that my diagnosis was sound, and that I was not unduly conservative.

It might seem from what has already been said that the attitude of the credit man is naturally one of practical opposition to the salesman. The tendency is in that direction, but the salesman's side of the problem should never be lost sight of. I am inclined to believe that, as a general rule, the credit man has too little rather than too much fear of losing a good customer. Certainly a stiff, arbitrary and unyielding credit man can easily demoralize the selling department, and make the salesman feel that it is hardly worth his while to make special effort to get a new customer because of the likelihood that he will not pass muster at the credit desk. There is a reasonable conservatism in keeping with the spirit of progress and not opposed to taking a fair risk, and when this kind of moderation obtains in a credit department the salesmen are likely to understand its soundness and make little or no complaint. It is when the rulings of the credit man become exacting that it looks from the viewpoint of the salesman as if he were trying to keep away all customers instead of simply ruling out those that are not up to a fair standard of reliability. Then the salesmen are plunged into discouragement and charge their sorrows to the credit department

The Deliberate Confidence Man Probably no young man takes a responsible credit position without asking himself "By what kind of a scheme am I most likely to be victimized?" The most common method of beating the credit man is that of "working" several cities at the same time and on the same basis of credit. Suppose the merchant in question to be located in a small town in the southern part of Illinois, near the Mississippi River. He comes to Chicago and says that he has decided to buy all his goods here because he can get better prices. His statement shows that he has $4000 in the local bank. As he only wishes for a credit of $3000 and a time limit of sixty days, the way seems very clear, particularly as the bank verifies his statement regarding the condition of his banking account. The credit is given and the customer repeats this operation in two or three other cities not too far distant from his town. Then he turns about and sells out the goods by sensational methods and flees with the money. Usually this is soon after he has started in business

A remedy against this kind of a game is to keep close track of every customer. If he appears to be piling up a very heavy stock of goods, and resorts to "catch tricks" in order to sell a large line of goods in a short time, seeming to be indifferent to the matter of prices, it is well to tighten the lines about him and double the diligence with which he is watched. But here is where the faculty to judge of a man's honesty by his bearing and appearance comes into play With this intuition, backed by good ability as an interviewer and the power to analyze information after it is procured, the young credit man may reasonably hope to avoid any serious experiences with deliberate confidence men and rascals.

The EAGLE'S HEART

By Hamlin Garland

AUTHOR OF MAIN-TRAVELLED ROADS, BOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE, ROSE OF DUTCHER'S COOLLY, ETC

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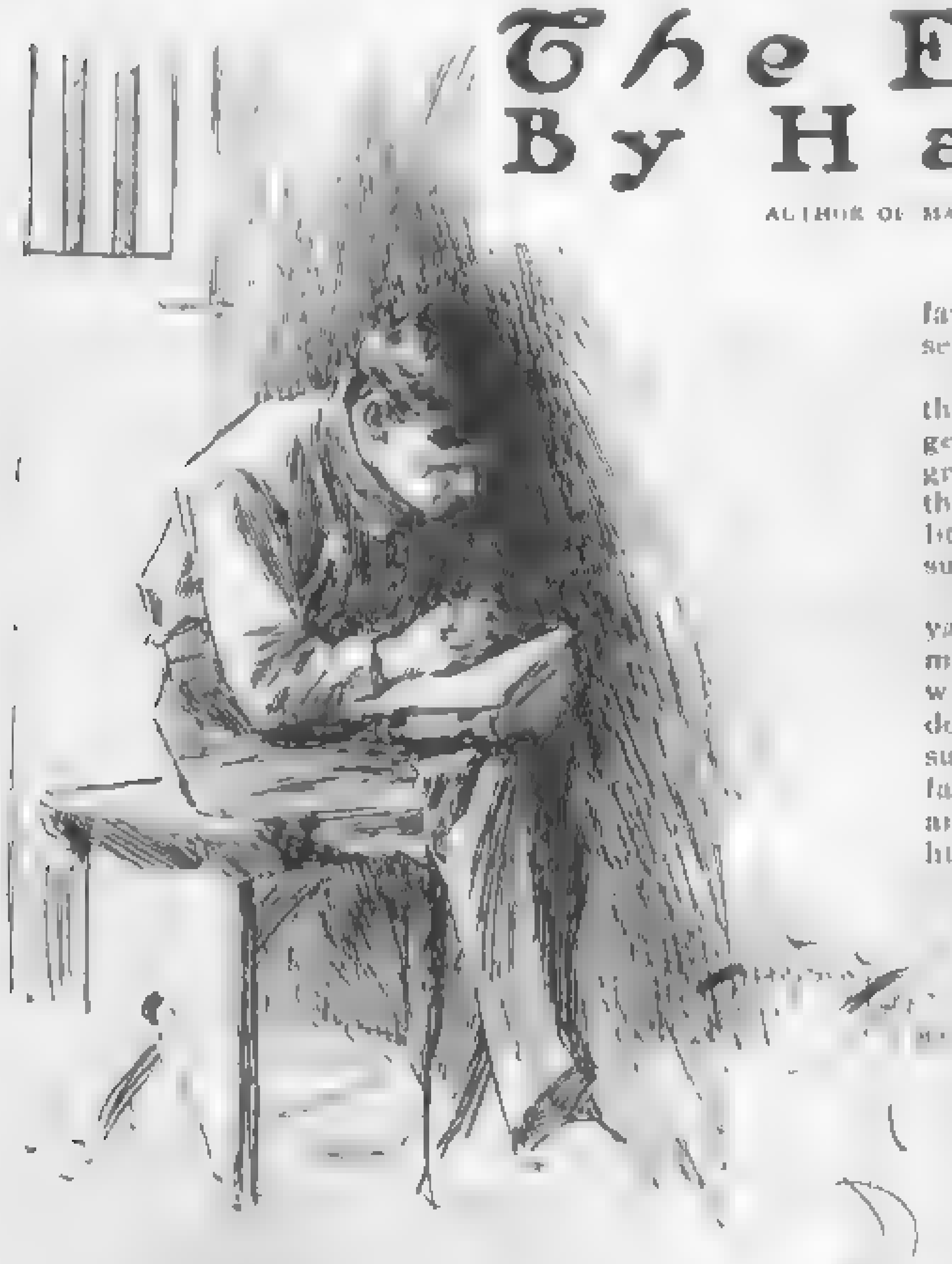


"I'm going to write to her to-day"

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.—The village of Rock River had been shaken to its foundations. Dot Butland had eloped with the head clerk of the leading town bank. The day after, Harry Excell who passed for her sweetheart, in a quarrel with a young bully of the town, stabbed him lightly, and was arrested for assault. Proud, overbearing and self-centred, young Excell would give no explanation to his father, the Rev. John Excell, or to his chum, Jack Burns, but the town put two and two together, and shrewdly suspected that Clint Slocum, the man wounded, had taunted him beyond endurance and attacked him with a heavy whip. The Court found the prisoner guilty of assault with intent to do injury. Upon recommendation for mercy the sentence was commuted to six months in the county jail

FIFTH CHAPTER—THE EAGLE'S EYES GROW DIM

THE county jail in Cedar County was a plain, brick structure set in the midst of the Court House Square Connected with it was the official residence of the Sheriff, and brick walks ran diagonally from corner to corner for the convenience of citizens. Over these walks magnificent maples flung gorgeous banners in autumn, and it was a favorite promenade for the young people of the town at all seasons, even in winter

At times when the jail was filled with disorderly inmates these innocent lovers could hear the wild yells and see the gestures of the men at the windows, but ordinarily the grounds were quiet and peaceful. The robins nested in the maples, the squirrels scampered from tree to tree, and little children tumbled about on the grass, unmindful of the sullen captives within the walls

For seven years Harold himself had played about this yard, hearing the wild voices of the prisoners and seeing men come and go in irons. Over these walks he had loitered with Dot—now he was one of those who clawed at the window bars like monkeys in a cage in order to look out at the sunshine of the world. The jail pallor was already on his face and a savage look was in his eyes. He refused to see any one but Jack, who came often and whose coming saved him from despair

In one respect the county jail was worse than the State's prison; it had nothing for its captives to do. They ate, amused themselves as best they could through the long day, and slept. Most of them brooded, like Harold, on the sunshine lost to them and paced their cells like wild animals It had, however, the advantage of giving to each man a separate bed at night, though during the day they occupied a common corridor. Some of them sang and others cursed their fellows for their stupidity, and fights were not uncommon among them

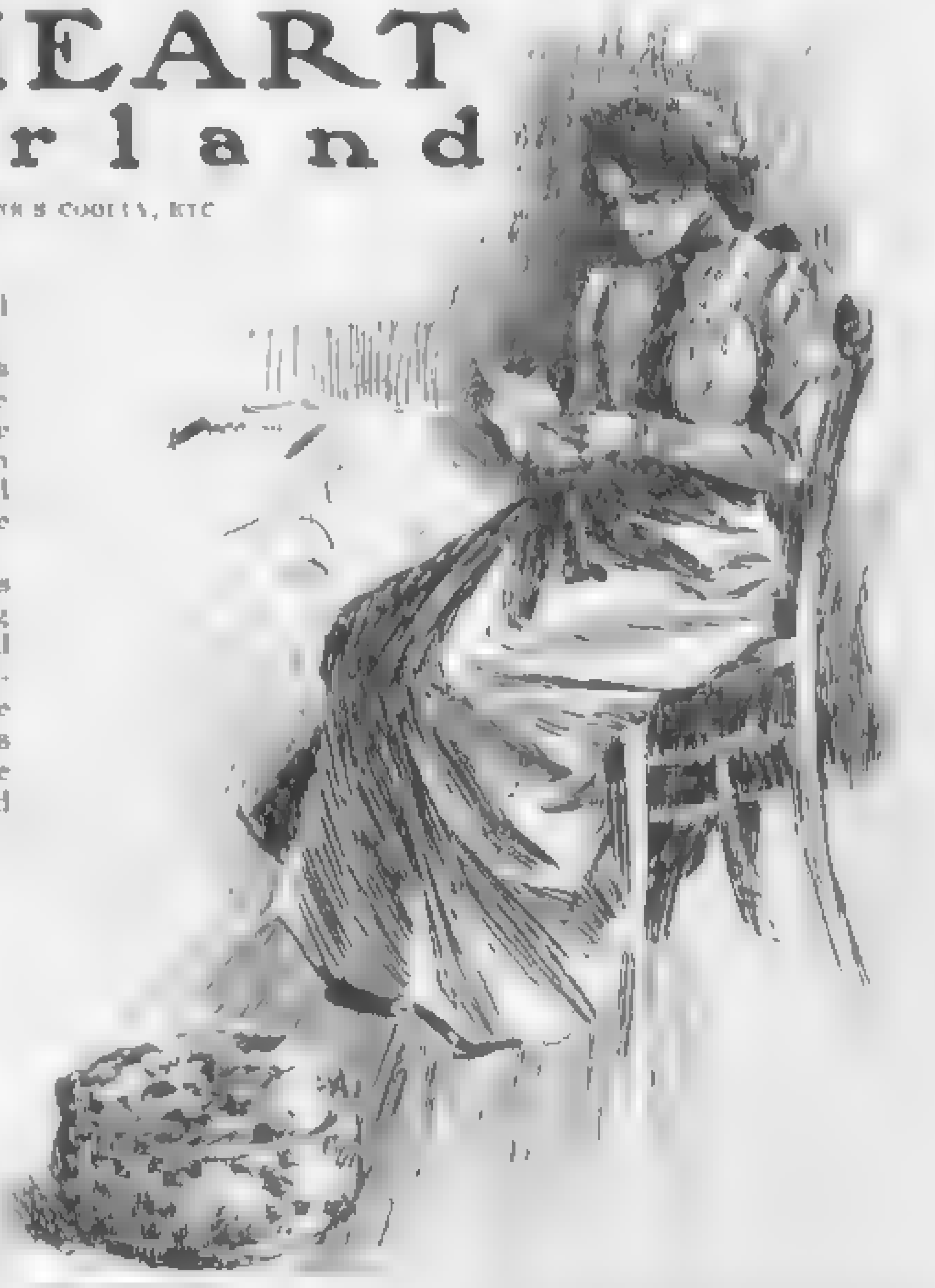
The jailer was inclined to allow Harold more liberty after his trial, but the boy said: "I'm not asking any favors from you. I'm working out a sentence"

He continued his systematic exercise, eating regularly and with care in order that he should keep his health. He spent several hours each day leaping up the stairway which led from the lower cells to the upper, and his limbs were like bundles of steel rods. He could spring from the floor, catch the hand-rail of the run-way above and swing himself with a single effort to the upper cells. Every possible combination of strength and agility, which the slender variety of means allowed, he used, and not one of all the prisoners cared to try muscular conclusions with him. Occasionally a new prisoner would experiment, but those who held over knew better than to "bother the kid" When a rash man tried it, he repented it in cotton cloth and arnica

The only way in which Harold could be enticed into the residence part of the jail was by sending Jack to him

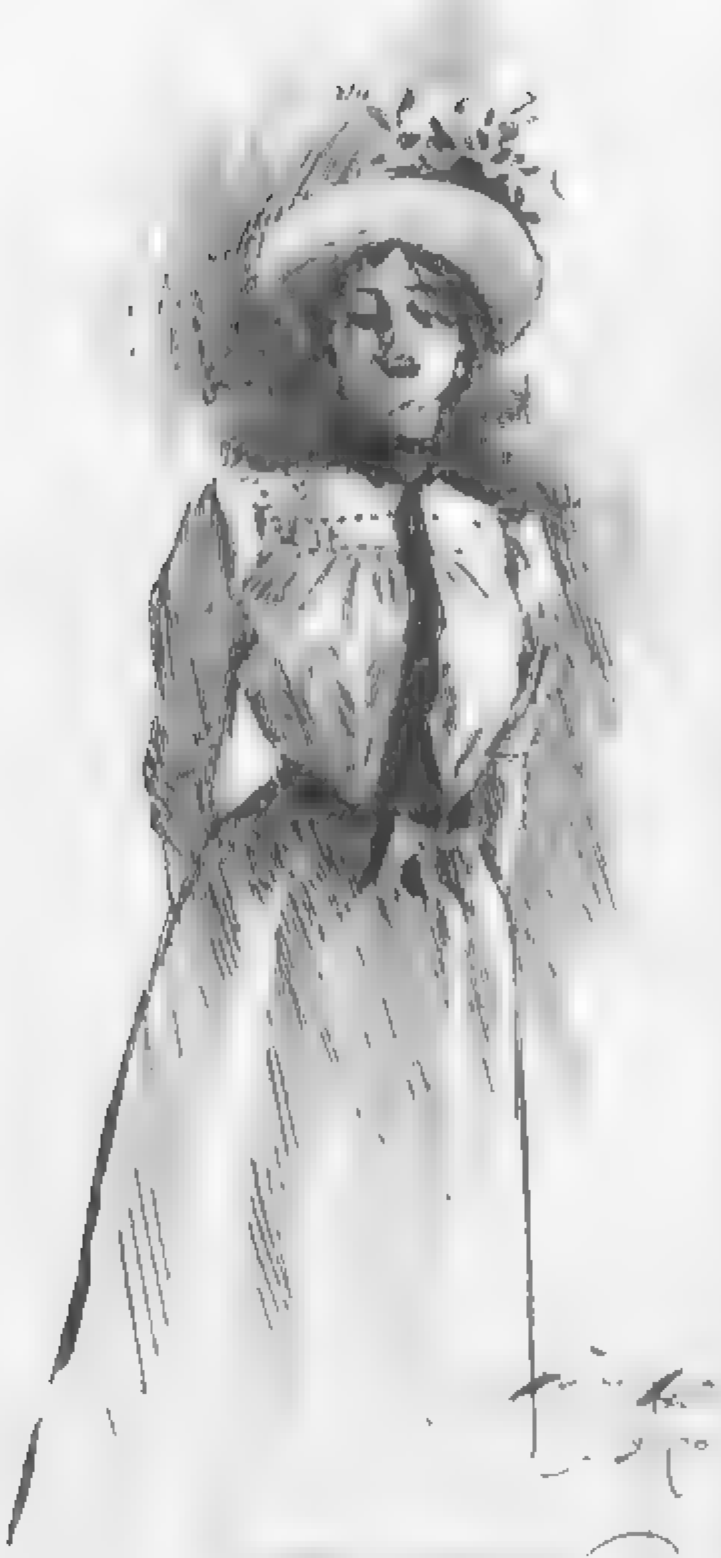
At such times the jailer gave him plenty of time and Harold poured forth his latest plans in a swift torrent. He talked of nothing but the West. "My sentence will be out in April," he said; "Just the right time to go. You must make all arrangements for me, old man. You take my money and get these things for me. I want a six-shooter, the best you can find, the kind they use out on the plains, and a belt and ammunition. I want a valise—a good strong one; and I want you to put all my clothes in it—I mean my underclothes. I won't need cuffs and collars and such knickknacks out there Then I want you to be on the lookout for a chance to drive cattle for somebody going West We'll find chances enough, and we'll strike for Abilene and your uncle's place. I haven't money enough to carry me out there on the train. Oh! won't it be good fun when we have a good horse apiece and go riding across the plains herding the long horns! That's life, that is! If I'd only gone last year, out where the buffalo and the antelope are!"

At such times the eagle's heart in the youth could scarcely endure the pale, cold light of the prison. For an hour after



The girl sat a long time with the letter in her hand

Editor's Note—The Eagle's Heart was begun in The Saturday Evening Post of June 16



"If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the whole earth through"

one of these talks with Jack he tore around his cell like a crazed wolf till his weary muscles absorbed the ache in his heart.

During the winter the Young Men's Christian Association of the town organized what they called a Prison Rescue Band, which held services in the jail each Sunday afternoon. They were a great bore to Harold, who knew the members of the band and disliked most of them. He kept his cell close and the devoted ones seldom caught a glimpse of him, though he was the chief object of their care. They sang Pull for the Shore, Trust it All With Jesus, and other well-known Moody and Sankey hymns, and the leader prayed resoundingly, and then, one by one, the others made little talks to the prison walls. There was seldom a face to be seen. Muttered curses occasionally rumbled from the cells where the prisoners were trying to sleep.

But the leader was a persistent young man, and not many Sundays after his initial attempt the prisoners were amazed to hear female voices joining in the songs. Heads appeared at every door to see the girls, who stood timidly behind the men and sang (in quavering voices) the songs that persuaded to grace.

Some of these girlish messengers of mercy Harold knew, but others were strange to him. The seminary was in session again and new pupils had entered. For the most part they were colorless and plain, and the prisoners ceased to show themselves during the singing.

Harold lay on his iron bed, dreaming of the wild lands whose mountains he could see shining through his prison walls. Jack had purchased for him some photographs of the Rocky Mountains, and when he desired to forget his surroundings he had but to look on the seamless dome of Sierra Blanca, or the San Francisco peaks, or at the image of the limpid waters of Trapper's Lake, and, like the conjurer's magic crystal sphere, it cured him of all his mental maladies, set him free and a-horse.

But one Sabbath afternoon he heard a new voice, a girl's voice so sweet and tender and true, he could not forbear to look out upon the singer. She was small and looked very pale under the white light of the high windows. She was singing alone, a wonderful thing in itself, and in her eyes was neither fear nor maidenly shrinking; she was, indeed, thrillingly absorbed and self-forgetful. There was something singular and arresting in the poise of her head. Her eyes seemed to look through and beyond the prison walls, far into some finer, purer land than any earthly feet had trod, and her song had a touch of genuine poetry in it:

> "If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
> That could travel the whole earth through,
> I would fly on the wings of the morning light
> And speak to men with a gentle might
> And tell them to be true —
> If I were a voice."

The heart of the boy expanded. Music and poetry and love were waked in him by the voice of this singing girl. To others she was merely simple and sweet; to him she was a messenger. The vibrant, wistful cadence of her voice when she uttered the words "And tell them to be true," dropped down into the boy's sullen and lonely heart — he did not look at her, but all the week he wondered about her. He thought of her almost constantly, and the words she sang lay in his ears, soothing and healing like some subtle Oriental balm. "On the wings of the morning light" was one haunting phrase; the other was, "And tell them to be true."

The other prisoners had been touched. Only one or two ventured coarse remarks about her and they were speedily silenced by their neighbors. Harold was eager to see Jack in order to learn the girl's name, but Jack was at home, sick of a cold, and did not visit him during the week.

On the following Sunday she did not come, and the singing seemed suddenly a bitter mockery to Harold, who sought to solace himself with his pictures. The second week wore away and Jack came, but by that time the image of the girl had taken such aloofness of position in Harold's mind that he dared not ask about her, even of his loyal chum.

At last she came again, and when she had finished singing Not Half Has Ever Been Told, some prisoner started hand-clapping and a volley of applause made the cells resound. The girl started in dismay, and then, as she understood the meaning of this noise, a beautiful flush swept over her face and she shrank swiftly into shadow.

But a man from an upper cell bawled: "Sing The Voice, Miss! Sing The Voice!"

The leader of the band said, "Sing for them, Miss Yardwell."

Again she sang If I Were a Voice, and out of the cells the prisoners crept, one by one, and, at last, Harold. She did not see him till she had finished the last verse, and then he stood so close to her he could have touched her, and his solemn dark eyes burned so strangely into her face that she shrank away from him in awe and terror. She knew him — no one else but the minister's son could be so handsome and so refined of feature.

"[illegible] Miss," one of the men called out.

"That's right," replied the others in chorus.

The girl was abashed, but the belief that she was leading these sinners to a merciful Saviour exalted her and she sang again. Harold crept as near as he could — so near he could see her large gray eyes, into which the light fell as into a mountain lake. Every man there perceived the girl's divine purity of purpose. She was stainless as a summer cloud — a passionless, serene child, with the religious impulse strong within her. She could not have been more than seventeen years of age, and yet so dignified and composed was her attitude she seemed a mature woman. She was not large, but she was by no means slight, and though colorless, her pallor was not that of ill health.

Her body resembled that of a sturdy child, straight in the back, wide in the waist and meagre of bosom.

Her voice and her eyes subdued the beast in the men. An indefinable personal quality ran through her utterance, a sadness, a sympathy and an intuitive comprehension of the sin of the world unusual in one so young. She had been carefully reared — that was evident in every gesture and utterance. Her dress was a studiously plain, gray gown, not without a little girlish ornament at the neck and bosom. Every detail of her lovely personality entered Harold's mind and remained there. He had hardly reached the analytic stage in matters of this kind, but he knew very well that this girl was like her song; she could die but never deceive. He wondered what her first name could be: no girl like that would be called "Dot" or "Cad." It ought to be Lily or Marguerite. He was glad to hear one of the girls call her Mary.

He gazed at her almost without ceasing, but as the other convicts did the same he was not observably devoted, and whenever she raised her big, clear eyes toward him, both shrank, he from a sense of unworthiness, she from the instinctive fear of men which a young girl of her type has deep planted within her. She studied him shyly when she dared, and after the first song sang only for him. She prayed for him when the band knelt on the stone floor, and at night in her room she plead for him before God.

The boy was smitten with a sudden sense of his crime, not in the way of a repentant sinner, but as one who loves a sweet and gentle woman. All that his father's preaching and precept and example could not do, all that the judge, jury and prison could not do, this slip of a girl did with a glance of her big gray eyes and the tremor of her voice in song. All his misdeeds arose up suddenly as a wall between him and the girl singer. His hard heart melted. The ugly lines went out of his face and it grew boyish once more, but sadder than ever.

His was not a nature to rest inactive. He poured out a hundred questions to Jack who could not answer half a dozen of them.

"Who is she? How old is she? Where does she live? Do you know her? Is she a good scholar? Does she go to church? Does she go to parties? Does she [illegible]?"

Jack replied as well as he was [illegible] "She's a queer kind of a girl. She don't dance or go to parties at all. She's an awful fine scholar. She sings in the choir. Most of the boys are afraid to speak to her, she's so distant. She just says "Yes," or "No," when you ask her anything. She's religious — goes to prayer-meeting and Sunday-school. About a dozen boys go to prayer-meeting just because she goes and sings. Her folks live in Waverly, but she boards with her aunt, Mrs. Brown. Now, that's all I can tell you about her. She's in some of my classes, but I dassent talk to her."

"Jack, she's the best and grandest girl I ever saw. I'm going to write to her."

Jack replied: "I wish you was out of here, old man."

Harold became suddenly optimistic. "Never you mind, Jack. It won't be long till I am. I'm going to write to her to-day. You get a pencil and paper for me quick."

Jack's admiration of Harold was too great to admit of any question of his design. He would have said no one else was worthy to tie Mary's shoe, for he, too, worshiped her — but afar off. He was one of those whom women recognize only as gentle and useful beings, plain and unobtrusive.

He brought the pad and pencil and sat by while the letter was written.

Harold's was not a nature of fine-drawn distinctions; he wrote as he fought, swift and determined, and the letter was soon finished, and read and approved by Jack.

"Now, don't you let anybody see you give that to her," Harold said in parting.

"Trust me," Jack stanchly replied, and both felt that here was business of greatest importance. Jack proceeded at once to walk on the street which led past Mary's boarding-place and hung about the corner, in the hope of meeting Mary on her return from school. He knew very exactly her hours of recitation and at last she came, her arms filled with books, moving with such stately step she seemed a woman, tall and sedate. She perceived Jack waiting, but was not alarmed, for she comprehended something of his goodness and timidity.

He took off his cap with awkward formality. "Miss Yardwell, may I speak with you a moment?"

"Certainly, Mr. Burns," she replied, quite as formally as he.

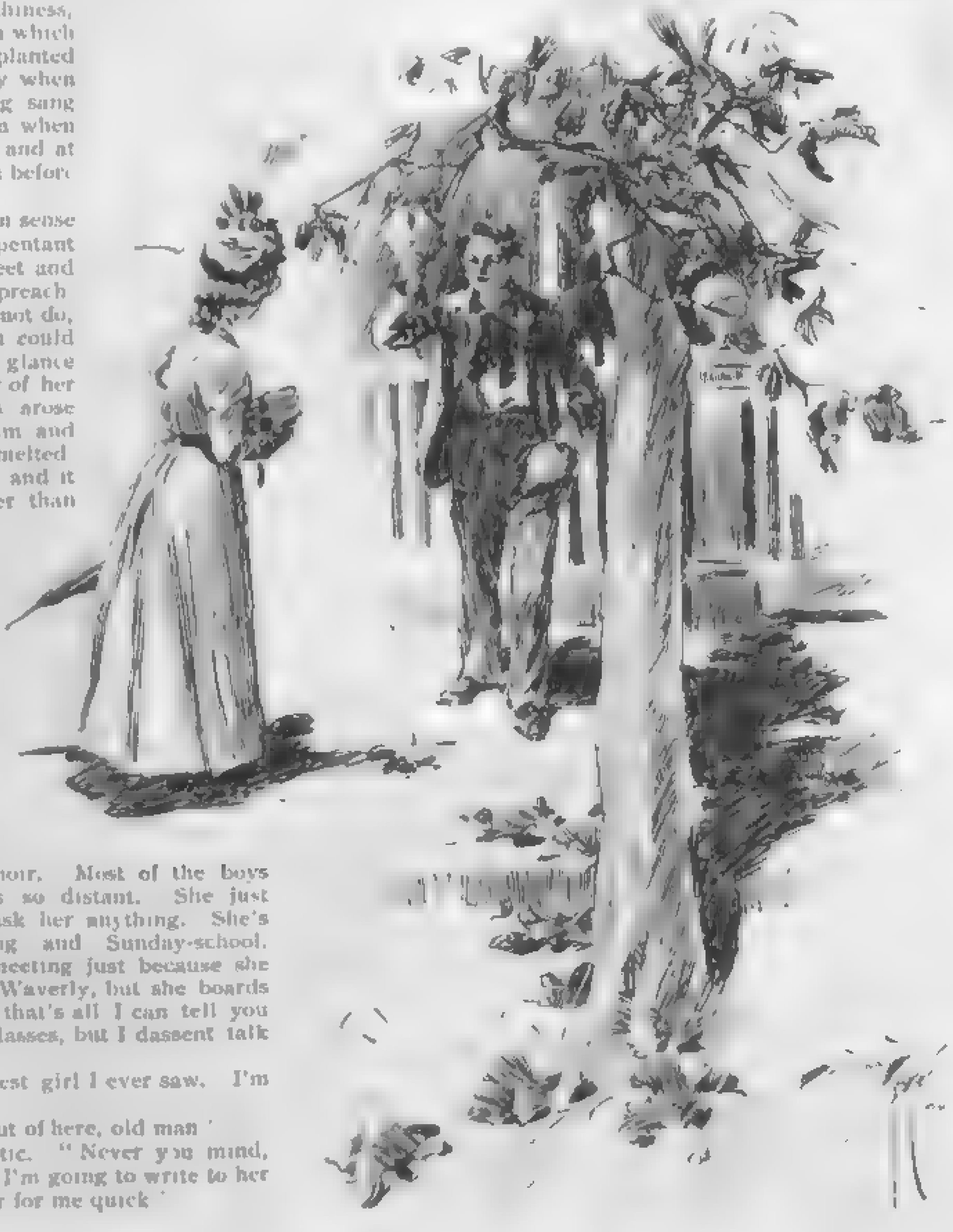
He fell into step with her and walked on.

"You know — my chum —" he began, breathing hard, "my chum, Harry Excell, is in jail. You see, he had a fight with a great big chap, Clint Slocum, and Clint struck Harry with a whip. Of course Harry couldn't stand that and he cut Clint with his knife; of course he had to do it, for you see Clint was big as two of him and he'd just badgered the life out of Harry for a month, and so they jugged Harry, and he's there — in jail — and I suppose you've seen him; he's a fine-lookin' chap, dark hair, well built. He's a dandy ball player and skates bully; I wish you could see him shoot. We're going out West together when he gets out of jail. Well, he saw you and he liked you, and he wrote you a letter and wanted me to hand it to you when no one was looking. Here it is, hide it, quick."

She took the letter, mechanically moved to do so by his imperative voice and action, and slipped it into her Algebra. When she turned to speak, Jack was gone, and she walked on, flushed with excitement, her breath shortened and quickened. She had a fair share of woman's love of romance and of letters, and she hurried a little in order that she might the sooner read the message of the dark-eyed, pale boy in the jail.

It was well she did not meet Mrs. Brown as she entered, for the limpid gray of her eyes was clouded with emotion. She climbed the stairs to her room and quickly opened the note. It began abruptly:

> "*Dear Friend:* It is mighty good of you to come and sing to us poor fellows in jail. I hope you'll come every Sunday. I like you. You are the best girl I ever saw. I like you and



He took off his cap with awkward formality

I don't want you to think I'm a hard case. I used up Clint Slocum because I had to. He had hectored me about enough. He said some mean things about me and some one else and I soaked him once with my fist. He struck me with [illegible] downed me, then a kind of a cloud came into my mind and I guess I soaked him with my knife, too. Anyhow, they jugged me for it.

"Well, now I'm in here and I'm sorry, because I don't want you to think I'm a tough. I've done a whole lot of things I had not ought to have done, but I never meant to do any one any harm.

"Now, I'm going West when I get out. I'm going into the cattle business on the great plains, and I'm going to be a rich man and then I'm going to come back. I hope you won't be married before that time for I'll have something to say [illegible] If you run across any pictures of the mountains of the [illegible] wish you'd send them on to me. Next to you I like the [illegible] the plains better than anything.

I hope you'll come every Sunday till I get out.

"Yours respec'fly
"H[illegible] E[illegible]

Jack will give this to you. Jack is my chum; I'd trust him with my life. He's all wool.'

The girl sat a long time with the letter in her hand. She was but a child, after all, and the lad's words alarmed and burdened her for the meaning of the letter was plain. It was a message of love and admiration, and though it contained no subtleties, it came from one who was in jail, and she had been taught to regard people in jail as lost souls, aliens with whom it was dangerous to hold any intercourse, save in prayer and Scripture. The handsome boy with the sad face had appealed to her very deeply and she bore him in her thoughts a great deal, but now he came in a new guise—as a lover, bold, outspoken and persuasive.

"What shall I do? Shall I tell Aunt Lida?" she asked herself, and ended by kneeling down and praying to Jesus to give the young man a new heart.

In this fashion the courtship went on. No one knew of it but Jack, for Mary could not bring herself to confide in any one, not even her mother, it all seemed too strange and beautiful. It was God's grace working through her, and her devoutness was not without its human mixture of girlish pride and exaltation. She worshiped him in her natural moments, and in her moments of religious fervor she prayed for him with impersonal anguish as for a lost soul. She did not consider him a criminal, but she thought him godless and rebellious toward his Saviour.

She wrote him quaint, formal little notes, which began abruptly "My Friend." They contained much matter which was hortatory, but at times she became girlish and very charming. Gradually she dropped the tone which she had caught from revivalists and wrote of her studies and of the doings of each member of the class, and all other subjects which a young girl finds valuable material of conversation. She was just becoming acquainted with Victor Hugo and his resounding, antithetic phrases, and his humanitarian outcries filled her mind with commotion. Her heart swelled high with resolution to do something, to help the world in general and Harold in particular.

She was not one in whom passion ruled, the intellectual dominated the passional in her, and, besides, she was only a child. She was by no means as mature as Harold, although about the same age. Naturally reverent, she had been raised in a family where religious observances never remitted, where grace was always spoken. In this home her looks were seldom alluded to in any way and vanity was not in her. She had her lovelinesses: her hair was long and fair, her eyes were beautiful and her skin was of exquisite purity, like her eyes. Her charm lay in her modesty and quaint dignity, her grave and gentle gaze and in her glorious voice.

The Reverend Excell was pleased to hear that his son was bearing confinement very well and made another effort to see him. Simply because Mary wished it, Harold consented to see his father, and they held a long conversation, at least the father talked and the boy listened. In effect, the minister said:

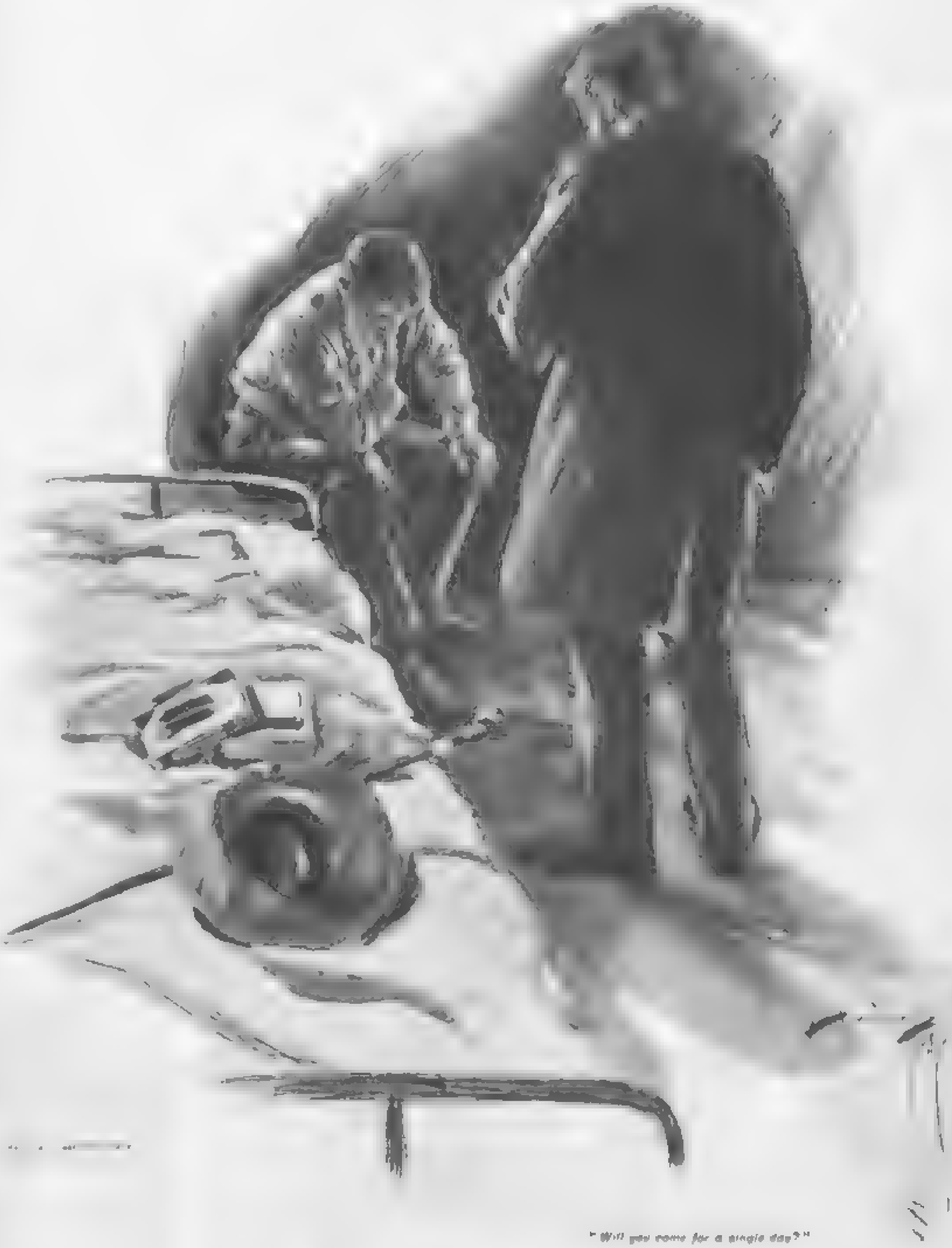
"My son, I have forfeited your good will—that I know—but I think you do me an injustice. I know you think I am a liar and a hypocrite because you have seen me [illegible] because I have profaned God in your presence. My boy, let me tell you, in every man there are two natures. When one is uppermost, actions impossible to the other nature become easy. You will know this, you should know it now, for in you there is the same murderous madman that is in me. You must fight him down. I love you, my son," he said, and his voice was deep and tremulous, "and it hurts me to have you stand aloof from me. I have tried to do my duty. I have almost succeeded in putting my worst self under my feet, and I think if you were to come to understand me you would not be so hard toward me. It is not a little thing to me that you, my only son, turn your face away from me. On the day of your trial I thought we came nearer to an understanding than in many years."

Harold felt the justice of his father's plea and his heart swelled with emotion, but something arose up between his heart and his lips and he remained silent.

Mr. Excell bent his great, handsome head and plead as a lover pleads, but the pale lad, with bitter and sullen mien, listened in silence. At last the father ended; there was a pause.

"I want you to come home when your term ends," he said; "will you promise that?"

Harold said, "No, I can't do that. I'm going out West."



"Will you come for a single day?"

"I shall not prevent you, my son, but I want you to come and take your place at the table just once. There is a special reason for this. Will you come for a single day?"

Harold forced himself to answer, "Yes."

Mr. Excell raised his head.

"Let us shake hands over your promise, my boy."

Harold arose and they shook hands. The father's eyes were wet with tears. "I can't afford to forfeit your good opinion," Mr. Excell went on, "especially now when you are leaving me, perhaps forever. I think you are right in going. There is no chance for you here; perhaps out there in the great West you may get a start. Of my shortcomings as a father you know, and I suppose you can never love me as a son should, but I think you will see some day that I am not a hypocrite, and that I failed as a father more through neglect and passion than through any deliberate injustice."

The boy struggled for words to express himself; at last he burst forth: "I don't blame you at all, only let me go where I can do something worth while."

The minister dropped his son's hand and a look of the deepest sadness came over his face. He had failed—Harold was farther away from him than ever. He turned and went out without another word.

That he had hurt his father Harold knew, but in exactly what other way he could have acted he could not tell. The over-anxiety on the father's part irritated the boy. Had he been less morbid, less self-accusing, he would have won. Harold passionately loved strength and decision, especially in a big man like his father, who looked like a soldier and a man of action, and who ought not to cry like a woman. If only he would act all the time as he did when he threw the Sheriff across the walk that day on the street. "I wish he'd stop preaching and go to work at something else," he said to Jack. The psychology of the father's attitude toward him was incomprehensible. He could get along very well without a father; why could not his father get along without him? He hated all this fuss, anyway. It only made him feel sorry and perplexed and he wished sincerely that his father would let him alone.

Jack brought a letter from Mary which troubled him:

I am going home in March, a week before the term ends. Mother isn't very well and just as soon as I can I must go. If I go, you must not forget me.'

Of course he wrote in reply saying:

Don't you go till I see you. You must come in and see me. Can't you come in when Jack does? He knows all about us. Come sure. I can't go without a good-by kiss. Don't you go back on me now. [illegible]

"I'm afraid to come," she replied; "people would find out everything and talk. Besides, you mustn't kiss me. We[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] be right."

"We'll be engaged in about two minutes if you'll meet me with Jack," he replied. "You're the best girl in the world and I'm going to marry you when I get rich enough to come back and build you a house to be in. I'm going out where the cattle are thick as grasshoppers, and I'm going to be a cattle king, and then you can be a cattle queen and ride around with me on our ranch, that's what they call a farm out there. Now, you're my girl and you must wait for me to come back. Don't you get impatient; sometimes a chap has a hard time just to get a start, after that it's easy. Jack will go with me; he will be my friend and share everything.

Now you come and call me sweetheart and I'll call you angel, for that's what you are. Get to be a great singer, and go about the country singing to make men like me good; you can do it, only don't [illegible] fall in love with you, they [illegible] the way I did, but [illegible] do it for you are m[illegible] [illegible] sweetheart.

'From your sweetheart
HARRY EXCELL, Cattle King

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Turned Down the Mayor

WHEN Colonel William L. Strong was Mayor of the city of New York he received a call one day from a lot of bright-eyed little boys from the vacation schools of the East Side. They were of foreign birth and parentage, but were so intense in their patriotism they won the Mayor's heart.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" asked the Mayor.

The chairman of the committee replied: "Mr. Mayor, we have great pleasure in informing you that we represent the School City of the Norfolk Street School of the metropolis. We come within your jurisdiction, and look up to you as our superior authority. We have conferred the freedom of our city upon you, and would esteem it a high honor if you would favor us with an official visit."

Colonel Strong thought a moment and responded: "Gentlemen, I thank you for your invitation. If it meets with your approval I will be down in half an hour."

The committee, overwhelmed with the prompt acceptance, bowed, fell over one another in shaking hands with the executive, and then ran at full speed for the school. They worked very hard and had the School City in full operation by the time Colonel Strong reached it in his carriage. To their surprise the visitor knew apparently as much about it as they did. He called up the police force and also the municipal fire and street-cleaning departments. He was pleased with everything he saw, and when the display was over he told the children how he felt. They applauded him to the echo.

"What would you do if you were real citizens?" he asked. "Would you reëlect me Mayor?"

There was an awkward pause and then the chairman said as bravely as he could: "I'm afraid not, Mr. Mayor. It's George Klatzkie's turn next. Next year we might, though.

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The Antics of "Bobs" on the Dead Line

THE spectacle of Lord Roberts, shriveled and seventy, plunging into the smoke and struggle in South Africa and emerging with "the garter" in one hand and a dukedom in the other, is exhilarating and suggestive in view of "the dead-line-at-fifty" discussion which has been raging for months past. Roberts, as an old man, who had fought his battles and won his medals, who had all to lose and nothing to gain, stayed at home during the early weeks of the war. And younger fighters, Methuen and Buller—Buller, hailed by admiring friends a human battering ram, who would smash through the Boers to Pretoria in the good old beefy British way—set out on the search for easy glory. What they got is recent and painful history for England.

Roberts and Kitchener—the younger man was expected to do the big things—were sent out as an eleventh-hour hope. For a few weeks Kitchener's picture loomed large in the papers; then he dropped out of sight. And in the end it was Lord Roberts, twenty years past the dead line, who fought out the war and won. When he found that the Boers did not do battle according to the books, he changed his tactics to suit their little ways. "Bobs" apparently did not know that he had been as good as dead for twenty years; and at seventy he showed ability to learn, to adapt himself to conditions instead of trying to conform them to his previous standards.

It is futile to lay down general laws; folly to apply them to individuals. Yet the dead line at fifty heresy has been accepted as gospel by so many people that it is worth following up, with "Bobs" as a beacon. Undoubtedly there is a dead line. Some men have already passed it at thirty; others never reach it till they follow a clergyman feet first out of church. But every man has crossed it when he feels that he knows his business and can rest on his knowledge.

A young business man is naturally in touch with the new methods that revolutionize trade every few years in these rapid times; but the older one who keeps up with them is his equal and his superior by the weight of his added experience. For the professional man whose study lamp still burns, fifty is but a milestone on the road to greater power. And for him there is always something to be won and a new way to win it if the old one will not do. At seventy he is learning and planning and executing. He is climbing trees, like General Wheeler, to see what the enemy is up to; or drumming up wheat, like Mr. Armour, to freeze out the other youngster; or planning a great Home Rule program like that lively octogenarian, the late Mr. Gladstone. It's what a man is learning and doing, not what he knows and has done, that makes for youth and success. The ability to see new conditions and to meet them is the secret of youth's power in the world to-day. And so long as a man has that ability, the years count for nothing. You can draw a dead line behind him, but you can't catch and push him over it.

* * *

It is easy to dream big things in a hammock.

The Bad Spending of Good Money

THE immense growth of wealth in America during the last forty years has changed the standard of living for all classes to an extent which only close observers can measure. It is understating the facts to say that any workman can buy twice as much of any kind of necessary or comfort by the outlay of a day's wages as he could in the years before the Civil War. All classes have changed in as great a measure as this.

This increase is most visible, of course, in the accumulated wealth of the rich, and the impression is thus created that "the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer" as time goes on. But so long as but seven per cent. of the wealth of the nation is in the hands of the millionaires, and ninety-three per cent. is owned by the rest of us, we can observe their accumulation of fortunes with complacency. For are they not our servants after all is said? Is it not for us that their money for the most part has to be spent in earning profits and interest in supplying us with what we need and will pay for? No rich man can spend on himself more than a limited amount of a large fortune. The rest goes to procure for us things we should never have obtained if there were not some among us who have the power of accumulation.

Our rich people are generally of the class who have come by their wealth suddenly and have not yet acquired the art of using it gracefully. Some of them seem intent on the experiment of spending as much as possible, and in the most ostentatious way. It is this that has raised among us once more the question whether luxury is not morally wrong. The old economists defended it by the plea that it gave employment to the laboring classes, but later economists are obliged by Ruskin to ask whether the employment is worthy of human beings. And it certainly is not true that the employment is proportional to the outlay of wealth. Neither is it an answer that most of the definitions of luxury are arbitrary, and that what seems such in one age becomes a necessity in the next. The conception is one which corresponds to a moral actuality, and challenges more accurate definition.

The first element of the conception is that it is an outlay beyond the pleasure or other worthy satisfaction obtained. When a man lights his pipe with a five-dollar note, that is luxury, since he is wasting a form of power in accomplishing but a fraction of what it is capable of, and we infer that the element of ostentation enters into the act. He wants to impress us with the fact that he can throw away money if he pleases. And much of our reprehensible spending is of this sort, being intended to show what we can afford.

A second element in wrongful spending is that it is meant to obtain for us a pleasure we should be better without. Right spending can never be for what we value because others cannot have it as well as we. What we heartily wish all the world could enjoy with us, we may heartily enjoy, even although it be not possible for us to share it with all the world. What gives us enjoyment because it is the privilege of wealth, or culture, or of descent from eminent people, brings with it moral injury so long as we think of it as a personal monopoly and valuable as such. True enjoyment is like God's, in that it keeps open hand and open heart for all, and seeks no higher happiness than in sharing what we have with all we can help. —ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

* * *

Hold fast and hold to the last is good advice, but do not try it with firecrackers.

Mixing Business and Sentiment

A CURRENT piece of gratuitous advice against "mixing business and sentiment" is of great importance to us just now and the necessity is hard upon us to discriminate wisely. What is business and what is sentiment? Probably the quality of one's moral nature has a large influence upon the color given to any proposed policy or act. The bias of training, the force of local environment, personal interest and the draft upon conscience caused by all sorts of special circumstance combine to overcome what may be called the demand of practical duty. Safe, wholesome sentiment is quite a different thing from sentimentality. Sound business principle is not equivalent to an unscrupulous theory of trade and commerce.

The American people at this moment are feeling the urgent need of honesty with themselves in making the rearrangement of their business relations with the world, enforced by a sudden and stupendous change of conditions. It is too late to deny that the change has come. The wrangles of political parties, no matter how they may be settled by the ballot, cannot eliminate the fact that, as a nation, we have entered the world's field of business.

The question is not, shall we do business? That is not open for consideration. We are going to do business, and a mighty volume of it. No mind can comprehend the magnitude of our trade in the near future. But how far shall mere sentiment control or modify this tremendous current of activity which is setting forth in every direction from our country? Is there any special reason why our new trade channels shall be dammed or choked by obstacles and restrictions different from those heretofore tolerated in narrower streams of opportunity? Is commerce any more a matter of sentiment because it is widening and deepening with a sudden access of volume? Is trade with the Orient or the tropics any more a matter of conscience than trade with England, France and Germany? Shall we take a flabby or maudlin estimate of our national character because we suddenly arrive at a broadening of our national influence, power, prestige, dominion? This is not a partizan question; it is a question as broad as the world; it involves what no Presidential campaign can break up into "issues" and settle by election.

Unwise and demagogical discussion on the rostrum and appeals to romantic sentiment from the stump may weaken the national unity of judgment and so enfeeble the national grasp upon opportunity that we may lose a large part of that volume of business which is our just premium, won by as fair and clean means as any nation ever used in readjusting its relations with the world. A lofty sense of national honor is indispensable. A strong hold upon justice, purity and fairness must be had in all our transactions, but it will be a sorrowful day for us when we permit a romantic tradition and a diluted whey of sentiment to take the place of steadfast courage and unhesitating business enterprise in making the very most of the opportunities for national prosperity opened up by our recent splendid achievements in war and diplomacy. There is no reason for doubting our national honor merely because we are entering upon a new and grand era of development. The only sentiments which should be mixed with business should be those that have always governed safe, honorable and successful enterprises.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

* * *

Most people complain because the summer hotel man is not a philanthropist.

Steering the Ship of State

ON ANY issue which absorbs public attention, what is white with one party is black with the other, and what one extols as noble statesmanship exhibiting high moral aims the other denounces as a base surrender of constitutional principles, portending the overthrow of the liberties of the people. Politics seem to be a tug of war over the helm of the ship of state, giving occasion for perpetual alarm lest wild steering may cause a wreck. But the situation is not so dangerous as it appears to be.

History shows that changes in party control of the government do not produce alterations of public policy commensurate with the wide differences between parties in their views of national affairs. On the contrary, there is a general resemblance in the tendencies of the administration and in the course of the opposition no matter which parties occupy those positions respectively. At times it almost seems as if parties had accomplished a complete turn-about, each standing where the other used to stand. The explanation of this curious phenomenon is that performance and criticism are very different. The one is difficult, the other is easy. The one has to do with facts, which are stubborn; the other has to do with opinion, which is pliant. So when a party passes from opposition to administration it is confronted with conditions, and in the long run its conduct is moulded by those conditions into general conformity with the policy which the opposing party had pursued under similar circumstances. A marked instance of this is the way in which the old Jeffersonian party gradually developed a policy which could not be distinguished from the old Federalism save by fine distinctions. In a letter under date of May 22, 1823, Madison said:

"It is true that under a great change of foreign circumstances, and with a doubled population and more than doubled resources, the Republican party has been reconciled to certain measures and arrangements which may be as proper now as they were premature and suspicious when they were urged by the champions of Federalism."

Every party which rises to power goes through a similar experience and soon finds that circumstances alter cases. Our politics provide their own antidote for the bane of partizanship. The general course of political development is determined by influences far deeper than the ideas and opinions of politicians. The political storms which wreck the fortunes of candidates and party leaders are like the strife of the waves. In the depths move the great ocean currents unaffected by the commotion on the surface.

—HENRY JONES FORD.

* * *

Some men who think they are patriots are only partizans.

Uncle Sam Patriot or Pirate?

A CELEBRATION divided against itself cannot be a chorus. We have already had several Presidential conventions saying different things about the meaning of the American brand of Liberty, and we are about to have another which promises to denounce things in general. Next Wednesday there will be orators on one side of the town exploiting the glories of Expansion, and there will be just as much eloquence on the other side picturing in lurid colors the dangers of Imperialism. Some will want the flag to float from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, from Greenland's icy mountains to Afric's coral strands, while others will demand that it cling to its old pole, and wave over the land of the free and the home of the brave, which district extends from the uttermost wildernesses of Maine, where, excepting summer boarders, "the hand of man has never set his foot," to where the Sierra Nevadas wash their golden toes in the pearly waves of the sunset sea. As for Uncle Sam, he will not be able to tell whether he is a patriot, a pirate or simply a politician.

Possibly the best plan, after all, will be the old one. If it doesn't rain assemble in the public square, sing My Country, 'Tis of Thee, get the village elocutionist to read the Declaration of Independence, and then after waking up sing The Star-Spangled Banner and disperse to the brow of the hill to watch the amateur artillerist shoot off the ancient cannon. Then lead him to the doctor and go home to dinner, driving afterward to the field to see the games, and getting all the delight you can when the umpire is mobbed. That may be better than quarreling over new-fangled problems, even if the innocent spectator does have his doubts about it.

—WEBSTER WALLACK.

* * *

Remember, please, that the best Fourth of July speech ever made was less than ten minutes long.

Americans *in* Paris

A NUMBER of young Americans have written to me from Indiana and Wisconsin, from the South and the far West, asking a dozen and one questions about the Exposition. One young school teacher wants to know whether he can come to Paris, learn French, see the Exposition and live—all on a sum that would hardly suffice for a month's stay at Long Branch. A Philadelphia boy of nineteen writes that he has saved up enough for the trip, and wants me to find him a room in the Latin Quarter, where he can live economically. Two Western farmers are anxious to secure comfortable quarters in a farmhouse, not too far from Paris. A woman asks whether she can pay her expenses here by "keeping boarders." I have tried to answer these questions as best I can, but there is evidently room for a general statement of just what can and cannot be done in this city of the world's delight

In the first place, then, it is impossible for one who does not know French and is not used to foreign travel to live cheaply in Paris. The average visitor would do best to go to one of the twenty tourists' agencies and arrange for his entire trip—steamship, railway, hotel, Exposition tickets and all—before he leaves America. He will be well enough taken care of, and in addition will know exactly what he has to spend. At the most imposing of these "agency" hotels the charges range from twenty-five to thirty dollars a week including guides, interpreters, carriages and admission tickets to the Exposition. At the smaller hotels and pensions good board may be secured for fifteen and twenty dollars a week. Later in the season prices will be probably much higher. In any case, the stranger who does not know his way about will find it difficult to unearth just what he wants, and will save both time and money by putting himself in the hands of reliable professional agents. In the second place there is almost nothing for the American to do in Paris. The city swarms with American typewriters, clerks, interpreters, guides, governesses—all of whom were led hither by the ambition to see the Exposition and pay for it in work. I might sum it all up by saying: "Don't come to Paris without money and, unless you are expert in travel, do not try to play it off your own bat.'"

Private Block Stops the Gap

The United States Pavilion, all white and gold, stands on the left bank of the Seine in the Street of Nations. May 12, not quite a month after the opening of the Exposition, it was "inaugurated," officially if not formally. Invitations had been sent out to the chosen few of the American colony, but at the last moment Commissioner Peck was swept away by a good democratic impulse, and invited, through the newspapers, all Americans in Paris to come to the fête. And they came. They came in thousands. It was an army—a laughing, pushing, thronging, cheering army of Americans. They swarmed into the building like homing bees. They blocked the Street of Nations. Paris had never seen anything quite like that before. It was a political convention and a first night at the opera rolled into one. The French police drew back helpless and amazed. The fifty college boys who made up "Peck's Guards" were left in charge of things. They did their best, but it was a forlorn hope. The American girl in her thousands swept down on them, routed them, captured the pavilion and looted the lunch-counter long before the chosen few with tickets of invitation arrived. The young guardsmen made up their minds that something must be done; they decided that they would admit no one else. Outside, a crowd of thousands swarmed around the entrances. They begged and threatened, but the young Horatii were like adamant.

I, too, wanted to get in; it was not so much the sandwiches and lemonade though a sandwich eaten is always a sandwich to the good—as it was that one always wants to go in when he is told to stay out. At last I thought of the basement door. Down there the crowd was not quite so dense, and I elbowed my way to the front. The young guardsman said "Hello!" and I shook hands. The last time I saw him he was the manager of three theatrical companies in New York; his name, then as now, was Block

"I'll let you in," he said, "though it's against orders And I say, I wish you'd tell this duffer that he can't come in—tickets don't go. He's the most persistent chap I ever saw, and I can't make him understand plain United States."

I looked at the angry but dignified little man whom Private Block was keeping out.

"I think you had better let him in," I suggested; "they are probably waiting for him in there."

He was M Caillaux, the French Minister of Finance Private Block consented to let him pass.

You know the old story—once a faithful sentinel stopped Napoleon, and the Emperor, pleased with the dutiful man, made him a Captain; but Private Block's promotion has not yet been announced.

An Exchange of Friendly Greetings

In the basement are a restaurant and a café of the New York type, uninteresting for the moment; you make your way up a short pair of stairs into the huge domed hall; you are just in time, for Commissioner Peck is making a speech. He says that the Exposition is a fête of peace and that it will strengthen the fraternity of nations. As Mr. Peck speaks in English you understand every word he says, but probably M. Picard, to whom he is speaking, does not. However, he winds up his speech in French, saying: "*Vive le commissaire général Picard! Vive l'Exposition universelle de 1900! Vive la France*"

And that we all understood. Then M Picard, who had been given a gold key, with a medallion of the building in relief retorted in his own language. He said the Exposition was a fête of concord and would bind the nations closer in brotherhood. In conclusion he cried: "*Vivent les États Unis Vive Monsieur MacKinley! Vive Monsieur Peck!*"

The ceremony was over; the sandwiches were eaten we went away

Our Model Post-Office in Paris

Architecturally the United States building is rather disappointing. It is high-shouldered and narrow, and the huge dome that tops it gives it somewhat the air of a small boy with his grandfather's hat on. Inside, however, it is admirable. It has the comfort of a well-appointed club, There are writing-rooms, smoking-rooms, parlors—in a word, everything that will serve to make the pavilion a home for the Americans exiled in Paris There is even that last fine flower of civilization an American bootblack. Only three of the States have private reception rooms—Massachusetts, California and New York; they are in the second gallery

The pavilion is, as I have intimated, just what it should be, a fragment of home set down here on the left bank of the Seine. It is a general rendezvous where every one may meet every one else. After you have had your boots blacked by the white-toothed darky in the basement, you may stroll up to your own pet clubroom and write letters, and then post them in a bona fide United States post-office. This is something new in its way. Indeed, Postmaster-General Smith has set the official world agog. If M. Mougeot, his French confrère, is right, no Government ever before established a branch post-office in a foreign country. This office is in charge of Mr. L. P. Moore, of Washington, who brought with him a detail of seven men and all the newest things in postal equipment. The office is run exactly as the post-office in your own city. You may register letters, dispatch money orders or transmit any other postal business. More important still, you may receive your letters there. Any one who has traveled much knows how ill-equipped the banks and agencies are for classing and forwarding letters, especially in years of crowded travel; but in that Uncle Sam is expert So if you have a friend in Paris whom you want to reach, or if you want to give an address to those you leave behind you, you can't do better than

JOHN SO AND SO, Esq
Post Office
United States Pavilion
Paris France

Mr. Moore brought with him four canceling machines, one of them capable of canceling 60,000 stamps an hour, and the others nearly as many. The French postal officials have buzzed like flies about these machines, for in France stamps are still canceled by hand. If you look in any post-office window you will see a little bearded man smoking a cigarette, and working leisurely away with a rubber hand stamp The good example set by these Yankee machines will change all that within a year

Mr. Sousa's Story of His Father

Sousa's band is here breeding homesickness in the colony and fascinating the Parisians There is nothing quite so good in Paris; indeed, there is nothing quite so good anywhere. And the march king's music has got into the heads and hearts of the people—Gavroche and his fellow gamins march the streets whistling El Capitan

I had seen Mr. Sousa on his pedestal—dressed in gold-braided uniform and waving a baton—any number of times, but he is quite as interesting, I assure you, when he lounges in an easy chair behind a good cigar. There were thirty or forty exiles gathered in Henry Mayer's studio. Mr. Sousa and I smoked in a corner. Mr. Sousa comes naturally by his liking for cozy corners.

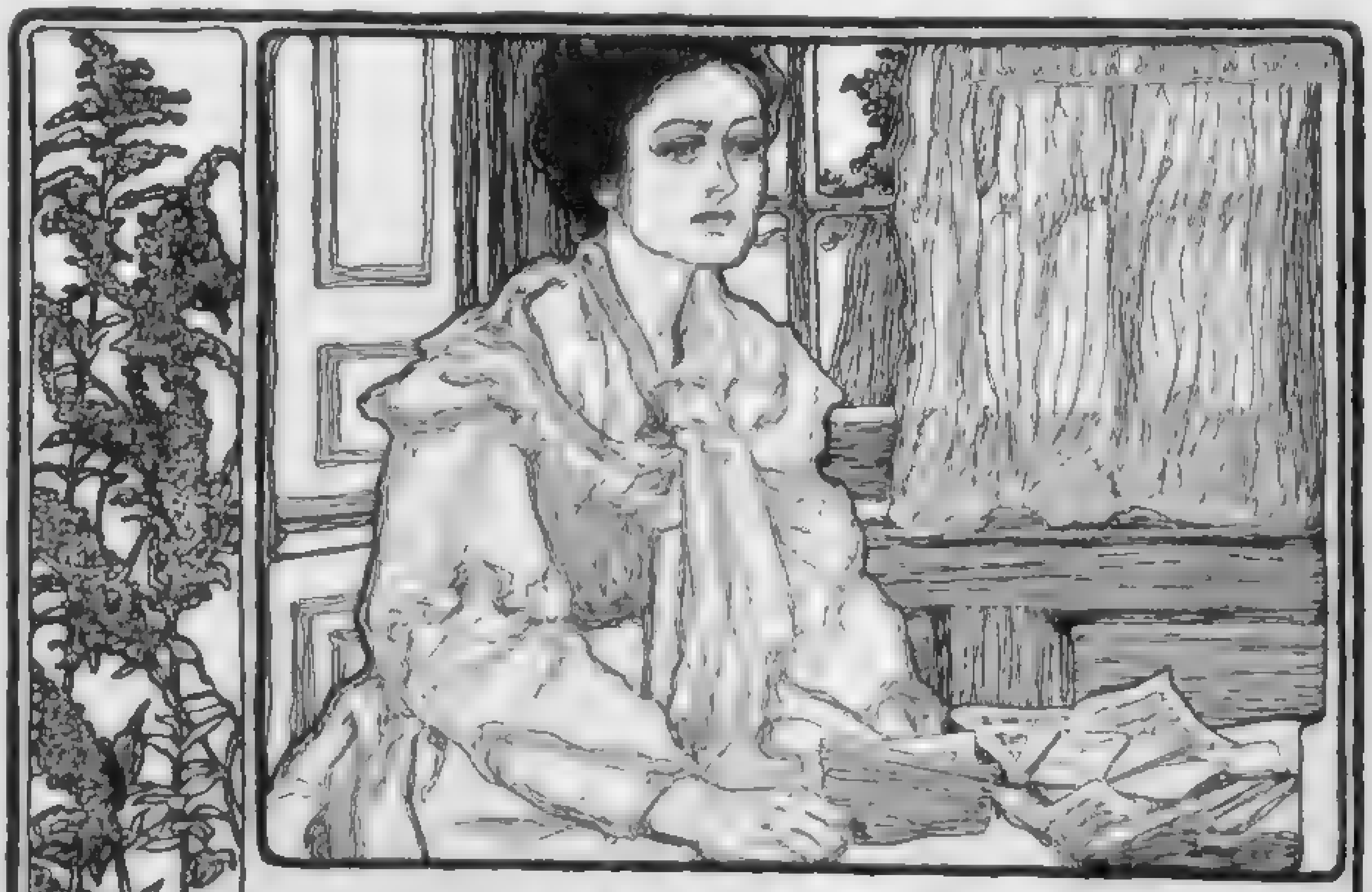
"My dear old father was a music teacher," Mr. Sousa explains. "I really believe he was about the worst musician I ever knew, and I've known a great many. And then he had a remarkably firm objection to work. Father used to come down to breakfast about midday. After the meal he would light a cigar and lie down in an easy chair

"'Tony, Tony!' mother would say, 'don't you know you have three lessons to give to-day?'

"Father would get up, stretch himself—he was a big man—and go over and kiss mother

"'Tut, tut, dear,' he would say, 'the day was made for rest and the night for sleep'—and he would go upstairs to bed again."

—VANCE THOMPSON



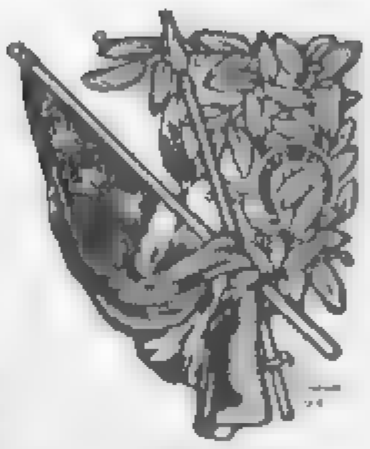
UNANSWERED

By Madison Cawein

HOW long ago is it since we went Maying!
Since she and I went Maying long ago!
The years have left my forehead lined. I know,
Have thinned my hair around my temples graying.
The years will change us, yea, I hear them saying:
"She, too, grows old the face of rose and snow
Has lost its freshness in the hair's dark glow
Some strands of silver sadly, too, are straying.
The form you knew, whose beauty so enspelled,
Has lost the litheness of its loveliness
And all the gladness that her blue eyes held
Tears and the world have hardened with distress."
True! true! I answer, oh, ye years that part!
These things are changed, but is her heart?-her heart?

Great George's Work

By John Habberton



MIDDLEWAY was one of the best protected towns within the Union lines down South in the spring of 1865. The two infantry regiments, the cavalry battalion and the single light battery which collectively formed the garrison of the post were encamped at the right, left and rear of the town limits. All scouting parties, as well as the daily details of pickets and videttes, went to the front by roads which did not pass through the town, and, to prevent any cause of complaint by the natives against the troops there was quartered within the town itself a provost guard of twenty men that kept soldiers from entering. The defensive lines of the post, determined by the lay of the land, were at the rear of the town, and occasionally the outposts were forced back to them, but both armies avoided fighting in the streets, for Middleway contained some historic buildings of the Revolutionary period, as well as a Masonic lodge room in which Washington himself had occasionally appeared.

These precautions were greatly to the liking of the men of the town, all of whom were too old to be in the Southern army, but to two large and well meaning though restless classes the careful seclusion of the place was unspeakably obnoxious. One of these classes contained many of the young women of Middleway; in the other were all the young men of the two infantry regiments, the cavalry battalion and the battery; in other words, about three-fourths of the entire garrison of the post. The young women hated the Yankee uniform and all that it typified, but they did sometimes long for society that did not consist wholly of a single sex. Occasionally a brother or sweetheart or cousin got out of the Confederate lines and into the town under cover of darkness, and great was some young woman's joy for a day or two, but the provost guard had acquired so many spies among the colored people that such visits became risky and infrequent.

Surely, reasoned some of the young women, it would not be disloyal or otherwise dreadful for a family or a few girls to sometimes entertain a few of the invaders who were gentlemen, if such there were. Besides, if the Yankees were not impervious to reason, it might not be impossible to convince some of them of the political error of their ways — if there could but be an opportunity of talking to the creatures!

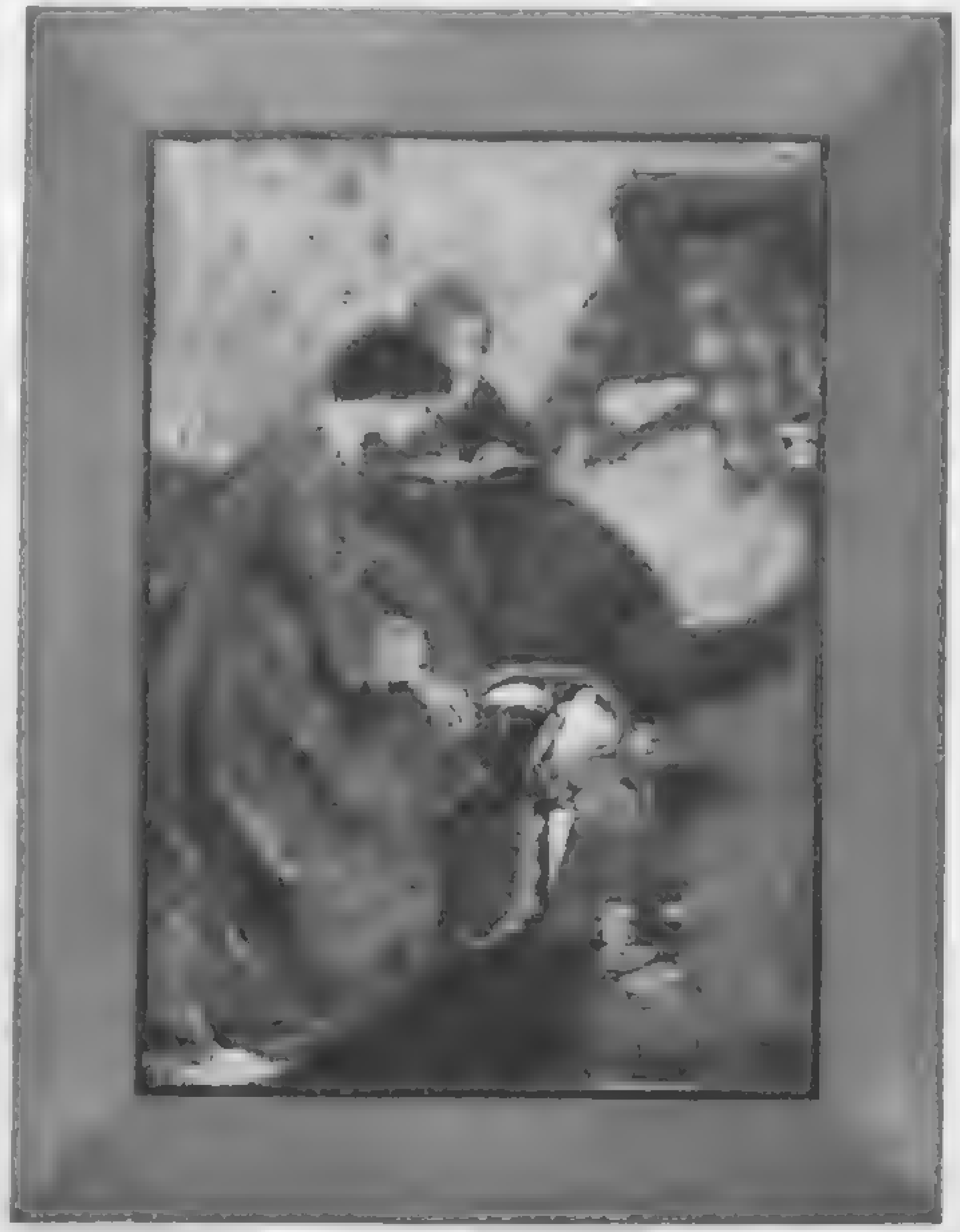
True, there was the provost guard, but that organization, for some stupid reason that the young women could not imagine, was composed of staid, middle aged men, who seemed content, in their leisure hours, to smoke, play chess, and exchange Revolutionary stories with the young women's grandfathers.

The feeling of the young men of the garrison was expressed more strongly and with great indignation. Such of the soldiers as had been reputable members of Northern society declared it an outrage that they should be kept out of the town because some men of the baser sort might plunder chicken coops and steal exposed teaspoons. It was brutalizing for a lot of men to be herded together like so many animals, and deprived of a word with the other sex, when the means of alleviation were so near at hand. Some of them went so far as to join in a request for permission to attend Sunday services in the old church of the town, promising to go and return in a body, but their request was returned with the sad disapproval of the post commander.

"There's more than one way of doing a thing," said little Corporal Surtiss to the three men who shared with him an eight-by-ten log hut in one of the infantry camps. Surtiss had come from the West and brought with him a conviction that any man was equal to almost anything which he really wished to do; he had also earned, in the regiment, a reputation for able individual scouting and for thinking much on any subject before he talked of it. "All of us have sometimes dodged the camp-guards by daylight when we wanted to go outside for berries or nuts, or to go fishing, so why can't we do the same on a dark night, and get into the town?"

"We know where the weak spots of the camp line are," said Private Tattam, "but how about dodging the provost fiends — in the dark, too — when we reach the town?"

"It seems to me," yawned Private Roosley, who aspired to a commission and was studying not only tactics but strategy, "that before devising ways of entering the town 'twould be well to determine what we are to do when fairly in. None of us knows one house or family from another."



"I sent back four books in the woman's basket"

"Now listen!" said Surtiss. "I confess that I've been engineering this job for some time. In fact, I've already scraped acquaintance, in a roundabout way, with some people whom I'm sure we shall like."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Walterson with a look that was almost reverential. "How did you manage it?"

"Through a darky — one of the women who have permits to visit camp to sell pies and cakes and things. Every colored person adores some white person of the same sex — it's a well-known trait of the darkies."

"That's true. Go on."

"I asked one of the colored women, some time ago, if there weren't any real nice, clever Middleway girls who liked to read; I said I had several capital books, recently sent me by my mother and sisters, that I had read and would be glad to lend to any of the young people who would appreciate them. 'I'll t'ink up somebody; I will, fo' sho, Massa,' the woman replied. She was better than her word, for in a day or two she gave me names and descriptions of four young women whom she'd approached on the subject, and who said they were simply dying for something new to read, and that there must be something good about some Yankees, after all. I sent back four books in the woman's basket. The girls were very curious as to the sort of man that sent them, so I——"

"So you sent a photograph of yourself?"

"I beg your pardon," said Surtiss with much dignity for so short a man. "I sent photographs of my sisters, as a hint that I was accustomed to the society of ladies. But I also sent one of those tintypes for which we four chaps sat together."

"Hurrah!" shouted Walterson. "Which of our several and special types of beauty impressed the ladies most favorably?"

"Well, they sent word that they wished all four of us might be put on the provost guard, so that they might hope for a call."

"No chance for youngsters like us to get into the provost guard," groaned Tattam.

"Not exactly," asserted Surtiss. "Still, I've kept the acquaintance alive, after a fashion, by sending more reading matter, and even some good coffee, which is scarcer in the South than Union sentiment, and the upshot is that they and their parents will be glad to see us, at our convenience, and to keep the affair absolutely secret. The colored woman's husband will guide us safely past the provost fiends and to one of the houses, provided we give him timely notice and make our way to a certain tree on the outskirts of the town. I've already taken the bearings of that tree carefully and am sure I can make it in the dark, so the only questions that remain are, Who will go? and When shall we go?"

"It must be a quick run," suggested Roosley. "We shall have to do it between retreat roll-call, at sunset, and tattoo roll call, at 8.45 — awfully countrified hours for making calls."

"Yet," said Walterson, "we must go late enough to avoid finding them at supper, so we sha'n't have more than an hour indoors."

"That's quite long enough for a first call on ladies with whom we're not yet acquainted," said Tattam. "Eh, Surtiss?"

"Quite so. Now, gentlemen, say when!"

"Let's try it day after to-morrow," said Roosley. "'Twill be the Fourth of July, and every good Virginian will be reminiscent of the great George. That will give us plenty to talk about. Besides, the camp will be lively, so we shan't be missed. As to running the guard — let's hope the night will be cloudy, for the moon will be pretty large."

For two days there was continuous inspection and repair of four limited wardrobes; handkerchiefs and white cotton gloves were washed, best shoes were polished and re-polished, white collars, purchased from the officers' goods at the sutler's shop, were carefully adjusted to military shirts, and the ladies were informed of the intended call. Soon after dusk on the appointed night, which fortunately was cloudy and dark, four men flattened themselves against the rear of an officer's hut which was near the most practicable portion of the guard-line, and awaited the second when the sentry was almost at the end of his beat; then all tiptoed swiftly through the gloom and out of eye-shot, and, led by Surtiss, hurried toward the big tree. The colored man, who was soon found, guided them across a fence, through an orchard, across another fence and through still another orchard into a long grape arbor, where he whispered:

"Dis yere's de house — ol' Jedge Prewen's house."

"There are no lights in it!" whispered Roosley suspiciously.

"Yes, dey is, Massa," replied the colored man, "but you cayn't see 'em. De winders hez got thick shutters, f'om way back in ol' times."

According to previous agreement, the four visitors stopped an instant and donned their white gloves. The colored man tapped gently at a side door under a porch. The door opened, and the four men found themselves in a large room, lighted by several candles, and in the presence of an old gentleman who looked quickly and sharply at all of them.

"Judge Prewen, I suppose?" said Surtiss.

"At your service, sir," the Judge replied, as he extended his hand.

"Thank you. My name is Surtiss. Allow me to introduce my friends — Mr. Roosley — Mr. Tattam — Mr. Walterson. We've been encouraged to believe that a call from us would not be unwelcome, and we knew of no day on which people of both sections could meet more amicably."

"Your sentiment does you honor, sir, and it honors us also. Please be seated, gentlemen."

The Judge left the room and returned in a moment or two with his wife, a slight, gentle old lady with a face that at once made all the visitors think of home. A moment later all arose again as the Judge said:

"Gentlemen, my daughters — Martha and Anna."

The visitors saw two plainly dressed but handsome young women, the older of whom was very dignified and had large, dark, searching eyes, the younger with a dimpled face and laughing eyes. Soon two other young women entered, and the men were presented to Miss Long and Miss Shenway — pretty girls both — and within five minutes the virtues of the immortal Washington were being praised as volubly and enthusiastically as if all present had been lifelong acquaintances. Suddenly one of the daughters whispered to the Judge, who arose and said

"Kindly take supper with us, gentlemen."

"We had carefully planned to spare you that infliction," said Corporal Surtiss, as, by virtue of his rank, he offered his arm to the hostess

"And we," said Miss Anna with a laugh, "planned carefully that you shouldn't miss it. We don't believe you Yankees ever tasted plum-leaf tea, or sweet-potato coffee."

On entering the dining-room the visitors vowed, each to himself, that he would cheerfully drink any decoction at such a feast, for the table was bountifully spread There was fried chicken, and chicken salad, and ham omelette, and corn fritters, and broiled sweet potato, and two or three dishes unrecognizable by Northern eyes, besides several kinds of bread, hot and cold, and there was also a decanter from which the Judge soon filled wine-glasses which the ladies passed to the visitors while the Judge arose and said

"Our only possible substitute for wine gentlemen — some Virginia apple brandy half as old as I. To the memory of Washington — the greatest Virginian and American!"

Surtiss responded by quoting from the song Red, White and Blue the lines,

"May the memory of Washington ne'er wither
Nor the star of his glory grow dim,'

and the supper began anew. Dainty hands pressed dish after dish upon the guests, and soon the conversation drifted far away from Washington. Surtiss told Mrs. Prewen of his mother and sisters, and he talked literature, especially poetry, to the elder Miss Prewen, whose large dark eyes assisted her tongue so much at replying and questioning that Surtiss thought her the most sympathetic conversationalist he had ever met. Walterson exchanged horseback-riding reminiscences with Miss Anna, Tattam and Miss Long compared the winter festivities of North and South, Roosley talked music with Miss Shenway and world politics with the Judge, and all the young people were looking as if everything that was being said was delightful, and the Judge and his wife seemed to have grown several years younger within a few minutes when suddenly, through a door near the foot of the table, which screened every one but the hostess, dashed two young men with long hair and gray clothes of military cut, and precipitated themselves upon Mrs. Prewen

"Harry! Wayne!" exclaimed Miss Anna, hurrying toward them, while her sister, who had abated her dignity and become quite rosy while chatting with Surtiss, suddenly looked ashen and apprehensive, and her eyes seemed to die as they turned inquiringly toward Surtiss

"How can you?" whispered the Corporal reproachfully. "We are soldiers, so we know our kind when we see them, but personally we are gentlemen — and your guests

Meanwhile the intruders had turned and seen for the first time that there were blue uniforms at the table; then they looked as furtive and defiant as trapped animals

"My sons said the Judge, his voice betraying much agitation as he looked appealingly toward his guests, "these are Northern gentlemen to whom we are indebted for some highly valued courtesies

"And from whom you've nothing to fear," added the elder Miss Prewen

"In proof of which," said Surtiss, rising, "let's shake hands, gentlemen — a soldier-shake [illegible] A ceremony in which his comrades made haste to participate, while Miss Anna set two more chairs, and one of the men in gray said to the Northern men as he touched his collar, on which was the insignia of a captain

"On my honor as an officer and gentleman I assure you that we are within your lines for no purpose but to visit our family, and to——"

He paused; Miss Long and Miss Shenway blushed, and the younger man in gray added.

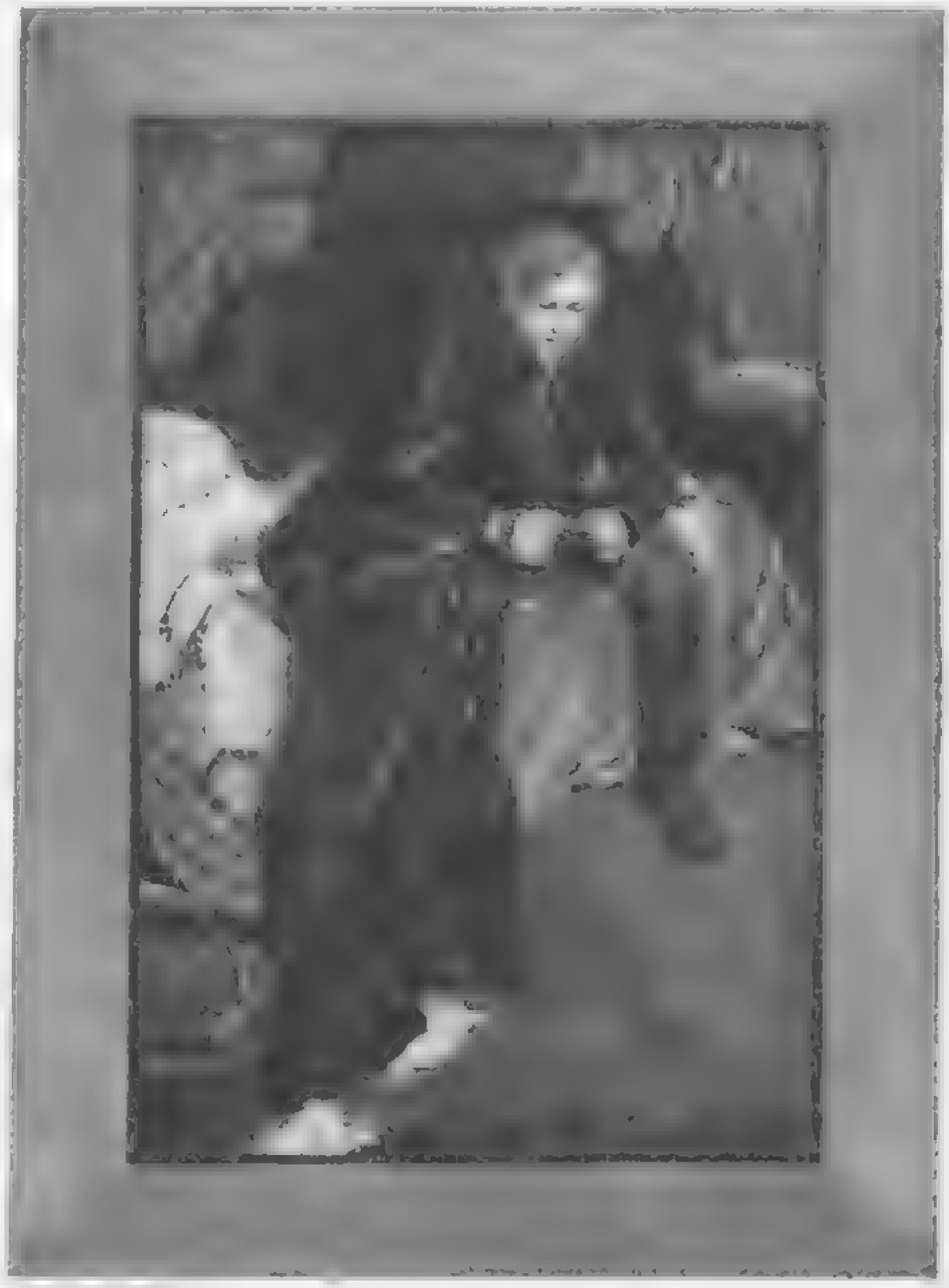
"And to see our sweethearts. There, Harry, we've made a clean breast of it. We've had to dodge our own guards and pickets as well as yours, for though we had verbal permission from our regimental commander we had no passes

"Good!" exclaimed Roosley. "I'd cheerfully have taken similar risks, if my own dear ones were within fifty miles of our lines."

Again the supper-table engaged attention, and soon the young women were gazing in amused wonder at the spectacle of Northern and Southern soldiers chatting together as amicably as if they had not been trained to take one another's lives at any convenient opportunity The Judge was so affected that he again filled glasses and toasted the memory of Washington. Surtiss, who under delightful tuition had begun to discover new capabilities in his own eyes, persuaded the elder Miss Prewen to add grace to the dignity of the toast by touching her lips to the edge of his glass, and had picked up a handkerchief which Miss Prewen dropped, when all were startled by three cannon-shots fired in quick succession

"The general alarm!" exclaimed Surtiss, as he and his comrades sprang to their feet. For a few seconds there was silence and a general sense of constraint; then the cavalry bugle-call "Boots and Saddles" and the "long roll" of the infantry drums were heard

"Ladies and gentlemen said Surtiss kindly pardon a hasty leave taking Duty is duty



Within it he found another bit of paper

Persistent tapping was heard at the side door The Judge answered it, and every one in the dining-room heard a negro's voice exclaiming

"Fo' de Lo'd, Jedge, dem provoses is comin' to yo' house mighty soon. Dey's ben askin' some colo'd folks ef yo' boys ain' done come home."

"They've caught so many of our men!" groaned the Judge. "They know the inside of every house in the town 'Tis their duty, I know, but—'tis awful. My sons, I don't know where you can hide and be safe"

"I do!" said Surtiss. "Come with us"

"But how——" began the older man in gray

"I'll tell you as we go along There's no time to waste we'll be missed. Judge, I suggest that you have your table cleared quickly, so as to destroy traces of visitors. If you're asked about your sons, say they've been here, but have gone, you don't know where, which will be entirely true Ladies, I most sincerely hope that at some future time we may have——"

The elder Miss Prewen stopped him, led him aside, looked searchingly into his eyes and said

"My brothers——"

"I've given my word, Miss Prewen, and 'tis the word of a gentleman."

"Yes, but 'tis also the word of an enemy Even gentlemen sometimes do cruel things in war."

Surtiss took her hand and whispered

"Look into my soul — you can do it — and you will find the truth. If you don't, then accept the word of a — of your most earnest worshiper."

The six men hurried off together and Captain Prewen whispered to Surtiss:

"We are in your hands What are you going to do with us?"

"Take you into our camp."

The Captain stopped and exclaimed

"So that's what the word of a gentleman — and a Yankee amounts to!"

"Come along! Don't lose your manners — don't lose your head, either. As you're an officer you ought to know that our entire picket reserve is on the line by this time, each man with a hundred eyes in his head, and the town itself is likely to be overrun by our men in a few minutes. Our camp is the only safe place for you until the alarm is over. We'll put you under the bottom bunk of our hut until the alarm is over, there's a newspaper flap inside the window and we padlock the door when we're all out — as we shall be as soon as we get our things. There's grub and water enough to keep you alive and blankets enough to keep you warm Understand?"

"Yes, and I apologize for suspecting you But your guards will detect us as we go in"

"How so? There are no lights in camp, and all clothes look alike in the dark. Some sentry may fire, but we, too must take that risk, for all of us will have to run the guard. But shots in the dark aren't likely to hit. When the row is over we'll get you out — probably tomorrow night — in the same way. Softly now, boys; we're nearing the line. I'll keep a little in advance; when I dash, all follow at the run — and on tiptoe, mind

The guard line was successfully "run and the camp was quiet; evidently the regiment had already gone out. The hut was reached and opened, and six men huddled in; some one dropped the bar of the door, Surtiss lighted a candle and said, as the two men in gray looked quickly about the hut and the other men snatched their rifles and belts

"Make yourselves at home, gentlemen You'll find bread and cold meat in a box on the wall, and water in a big wooden pail. Here's tobacco, if you chew — 'twon't be safe to smoke. Drape the front of the lower bunk with a blanket — there are enough others to soften the boards. Stir the coals of the fireplace, if you need light, the candle won't be safe, so out it goes"

Suiting the action to the word he hurried out with his comrades, one of whom padlocked the door, and while the men in gray hid themselves and wondered what would happen if the four should not return, Surtiss and his hut mates, fully armed and equipped, were at the guard house and asking which route the regiment had taken

The alarm proved to be very like some which had preceded it, the men in the ranks wondered whether some professional thief had sneaked toward a cavalry vidette with the hope of capturing a horse and carbine to be sold to the enemy, or whether the enemy, in memory of the day, had done some patriotic but purposeless worrying of the outposts, or whether — quite probably, too — the post commander had planned a false alarm to accustom his men to quick response to sudden calls All the troops lost a night of sleep, returned to their camps between dawn and sunrise, demanded double allowance of coffee, and gave the remainder of the morning to slumber When Surtiss and his chums returned, the Corporal threw himself into the lower bunk, hung his head over the side and whispered

"How are our friends, the enemy?"

"Comfortable, thank you," replied a hoarse whisper "Any of you hit?"

"Not a scratch Think you could get outside of some hot coffee?"

A blissful groan and a blissful sigh came together from beneath the bunk, and Surtiss said

"Glad you kept the fire alive. Lie low till we get back from the cookhouse; then you can crawl out and take breakfast with us"

A few moments later three men sat on the side of the bunk and one on a box and one on a block of wood, while the sixth, at the fire, was frying pork and potatoes, and the man on the box toasted some bread, and the room was further perfumed from the tin pail, on the coals, in which the rations of coffee had been brought from the cookhouse. When all was ready the younger man in gray whispered

"I wish father was here, to ask a blessing on this meal"

"And I," said Surtiss, "wish your sister could peep in and see how safe you are. She — one of your sisters — seemed to doubt my word last night"

"She sha'n't do so again, if we get out of here alive," said the Captain

"You'll risk going home again, after knowing that the provost guard were looking for you?"

"We'll risk seeing our sweethearts," said the younger man "and there are trusty messengers."

"Won't [illegible] that I [illegible] word of your safety? Ask [illegible] know," said the Corporal

"Indeed we shall"

After breakfast the atmosphere of the room was clouded by smoke from six pipes, and the owners of the hut dropped into their bunks, first offering the men in gray a pack of cards, and warning them to return to their hiding place should any alarm or demand be heard, and not to fail to wake the sleepers in time for dinner call, which would sound at twelve sharp by the watch which Surtiss hung over the fireplace. After dinner there was another smoky period, enlivened by so much conversation, in whispers, that the half light admitted by the paper window shade disappeared almost before the party knew it was going.

"I wish, gentlemen," said Surtiss, "that the cook would serve something to-night that would vary our bill-of-fare. He may give us dried apple sauce, or rice and molasses, but I don't recommend either—especially after what was set before us last night."

"Does he——" began the younger man in [illegible], after which he laughed and continued, "I suppose he doesn't give you coffee twice in one day?"

"Indeed he does. Besides, as I never drink any, but draw my coffee ration dry, and in bulk, we've a private stock to draw upon."

"Coffee twice a day!" exclaimed the Captain, "and a soldier who never drinks it! Wayne, do you suppose they'll believe us if we tell that in our own camp—if we ever reach it?"

"Keep your hearts out of your mouths for about an hour," said Surtiss, "and you shall be fairly started. Every one will be in the huts, eating supper or smoking; there are no lights outdoors except at the cookhouse fires, and they won't be blazing."

"But our uniforms! Any man within several paces can see that they're not blue."

"Yes, I'd thought of that, so each of you will wear, while crossing the camp, one of our overcoats, with collar turned up to hide your long hair, and you'll wear our caps, keeping your hats hidden under the coats. I'll steer you to a good place to cross the guard-line, and give you the signal for starting; then I'll bring back our overcoats and caps and you'll take your chances. You'll be in no great danger till you reach the town. If you escape from that also, send us word; we chance to know that letters frequently reach the town from your lines."

"Indeed? Well, men can't be expected to forget their families, nor shall we forget our friends."

An hour later the two men in gray had safely crossed the guard line and the four men in blue were recalling the details of the previous evening's adventure, and Surtiss was occasionally slipping his hand into his breast-pocket and then placing it on his face, as he had done many times while standing at arms through the previous night.

"My recollections of that delightful evening—so cruelly interrupted, too," sighed Roosley, "are so vivid that I really inhale again a whiff of cologne, or some delightful perfume which was perceptible in the dining-room last evening. Blessed be fragrant memories!"

Surtiss' hand remained at rest during the remainder of the evening. Next morning he looked like a man who had done extra guard duty over night; he went on the sick list, carrying to the surgeon so many complaints that he was excused from all duty for the day. Unlike other very sick men, however, he did not remain within doors, though the weather was quite inclement. He lounged at the line, near the guard-house, beyond which the colored peddlers were not allowed to pass; he also looked into several baskets but saw nothing to his liking, for how could he endure cold fried fish, or underdone pie or cake, within forty-eight hours of the feast at Judge Prewen's?

One colored woman, however, who stood a little apart from the others, showed him a cake taken from the bottom of her basket, and said softly:

"Dis one was done baked 'spressly fo' you, Massa, an' dey said 'twas de kin' dat mus'n't be cut, but jes' broke, mighty sof' an' keerful, when dere's nobody roun' to grab a piece of it."

Surtiss took the cake, hid it in the breast of his overcoat, went to his hut and said:

"Drill call will blow in a few minutes. Don't you chaps want to get your traps and go out, so a sick man can drop asleep at once?"

"We'll do anything to be obliging," replied Roosley, "but—sick? I was about to ask what medicine the doctor gave you, that you were pulled together so soon. I never saw you looking better."

"Humph! Fever coming back, I suppose. Get out—all of you!"

The instant he was alone Surtiss dropped the window flap, barred the door, and carefully broke the cake. In the centre was some paper which he unfolded carefully, and within it he found another bit of paper on which was pencilled:

> "Heaven bless and preserve you forever! They reached us safely and have gone. A thousand apologies for having doubted you an instant.
>
> "M."

Surtiss raised the note to his lips and held it there. He re-read the note, and re-re-read it; then he placed it inside the little handkerchief, which also he pressed to his lips before he replaced it in his breast. He paced the small floor, only three steps long, imagined the war over, the South pacified, and a wedding—his own—in the old Middleway church, of which he had seen only the spire. When drill ended his comrades found him lying in a bunk, from which he drawled:

"Our friends, the enemy, are all right."

"Hurrah!" shouted Walterson. "How did you hear?"

"Through one of the darky peddlers."

"But," said Roosley, "we thought you'd been asleep?"

"You've dreamed it!" said Tattam. "Your eyes are blazing bright! Your fever's getting worse!"

For several successive days, barring one spent on picket duty, Surtiss haunted the peddler's line, and finally received another cake, with special injunctions. Again he found a note, which read as follows:

> "We have heard from them. Come again soon and read their letter, and finish that supper, and do come alone.
>
> "MARTHA'S SISTER."

Surtiss did some thinking, after which he said to his comrades:

"Don't you think it about time for us to know whether those two Rebs reached their own lines? I've a great mind to run the guard to-night, and ask."

"'Twould be very risky," said Roosley. "The sky is clear to-day, and there'll be bright moonlight by tattoo roll-call. Still, if your heart is set on going, we'll keep our hearts in our mouths till you return; that'll be a fair division of labor. If you're late, I'll answer for you at roll-call; I can imitate your voice, and with Roosley and Tattam at either side of me and all three of us in the rear rank, nobody'll be the wiser."

Surtiss started, and he also carried a heart in his mouth. He did much sneaking and hiding, but he had not done occasional scouting outside the lines for nothing. As he entered the Prewen's garden and hurried toward the friendly grape arbor he stopped to recall, if he could, the manner in which his guide in the previous visit had knocked at the door. As he paused he heard a window-sash rise; looking upward he saw, dim though the starlight was, a face which he was sure was that of Martha Prewen; then he saw a beckoning hand. The face disappeared, the window closed, and in a moment Surtiss was at the side door, which opened into darkness, but a small, warm hand found his and guided him, while its owner said:

"I felt sure you were coming to-night, and I was looking in the direction from——"

"Bless you!" whispered Surtiss, extending his arms in the dark and finding something that did not resist them, nor repel his lips. In a moment the girl said:

"Supper is waiting, and my sister and parents are dying to thank you."

Together they entered the dining-room. Miss Anna looked at them a second inquiringly; then her eyes danced and she clapped her hands, and her sister blushed brilliantly, and Surtiss felt himself a young god, and the old people thanked him for his daring kindness to their sons.

"My comrades did as much as I," protested Surtiss.

"After you had planned everything," said the elder Miss Prewen, who said much more with her eyes, "'Twas you who promised my brothers——"

"And promised you also," interrupted Surtiss with a flash from his own eyes, under which Miss Prewen blushed again.

"Show him Harry's letter, father," said Miss Anna, while her sister and mother pressed various dishes upon Surtiss.

"It seems," said the Judge, "that the alarm, when you and my boys were here, was caused by a demonstration for the purpose of driving the provost guard from the town for two or three hours, so that a few Freemasons in our army might visit the lodge in which Washington himself had been. I say this to you in confidence, for your own information only, but I am credibly assured that your General is already informed of it."

The Judge took a letter from his pocket; Miss Anna passed it across the table toward Surtiss, but her sister quickly snatched it and insisted on reading it aloud. It was full of praise of the kindness of the four soldiers to their brothers in arms and of Surtiss' fund of resourcefulness, all of which the Corporal modestly insisted was overrated.

"But, sister, you've not read all of it," said Miss Anna.

"Daughter!" said the Judge severely.

"Anna!" exclaimed the mother reproachfully, while again the elder Miss Prewen blushed.

After supper Miss Anna assisted her mother to clear the table, explaining to the guest that though the war had robbed them of their slaves it had given them the best servants in the world. She also begged her father to discover the reason that one of the kitchen windows admitted far too much cold air between sashes and frame, so Surtiss found himself alone in the sitting-room with the only woman in the world [illegible] to say much to which the only woman listened without protest.

Suddenly Miss Anna entered the room, unheard by either of the occupants, and saw a blue clad arm about her sister. She hurried in front of the couple, looked roguishly into Surtiss' face, and said:

"Was it very dreadful for me to write you that note?"

"Positively shocking! Consider yourself condemned, for life, to be my sister-in-law."

"I felt sure——" began Miss Anna, turning her eyes upon her sister, who, withdrawing herself from the encircling arm, became her most dignified self, and she said to Surtiss:

"I knew nothing whatever of that note until I had heard [illegible]"

"[illegible]," said Surtiss, as he replaced his arm, "in consideration of the result, I forgive you;" and he looked so mischievous and the girl looked so helpless to reply to so illogical a statement, that Miss Anna hurried from the room to laugh to her heart's content.

"Now tell me," asked Surtiss, "like the all-satisfying angel you are, what part of your brother's letter was it that you did not read to me?"

Then was Miss Prewen's opportunity to look mischievous, which she did most effectively.

"He wrote that you were so fine a fellow that he wished some Virginia girl might bewitch you and capture you, but he feared you already had a sweetheart, for he saw you slyly place a handkerchief to your lips. He was sure 'twas not your own, for 'twas very small, and perfumed."

"I plead guilty—and I'm proud of it," said Surtiss, taking the precious bit of linen from his breast pocket, "and I boldly repeat the act"—which he proceeded to do—"but I assure you that I'd no intention of stealing the handkerchief. You'll remember that I picked it up just as the alarm-guns fired; naturally I clenched my hands, and in the hurry of——"

"But the idea of kissing such a thing!" the girl murmured. Her remark was not intended as a hint, but Surtiss construed it as one, and when Miss Prewen protested that 'twas dreadful, because their acquaintance was very, very short, Surtiss insisted that they would continue to know each other better and better to the end of eternity, because he could not think for a moment of living without her companionship.

"But," said the girl, "I'm a Southerner, and can never be otherwise. You are a Yankee, so you can't be a Virginian."

"Can't I? Please know that besides being a Yankee I am an American, so I can become anything else that's American and reputable. When the war ends, as it soon must, I shall become a Virginian in haste, unless you should be so heartless and cruel as to discourage me."

Before many weeks the war did end and, as Miss Prewen did not discourage him, Surtiss became a Virginian by adoption and marriage. There was much comment in Middleway on a Virginia girl's willingness to wed one of her native State's invaders, but when Captain Prewen and his brother told the story of their rescue by the prospective bridegroom all opposition ceased, and Surtiss' popularity among the natives became so great that Walterson manifested some jealousy of his comrade, for had not he, too, done all in his power for the Prewen brothers? He appealed to Miss Anna to support his claim, and as he and she had been exchanging notes and messages within a few weeks, Miss Anna came bravely to his assistance, so one evening there was a quadruple wedding in the old church—an affair that was the talk of the country for months, and whenever people spoke of it to the Judge the old man replied: "'Twas all great George's work! So, as my sons-in-law frequently sing:

> "'May the memory of Washington ne'er wither,
> Nor the star of his glory grow dim.'"

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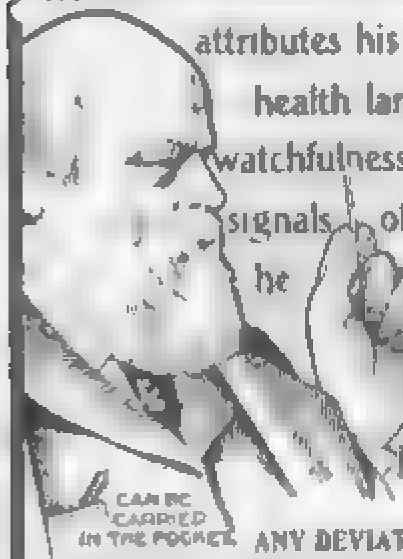

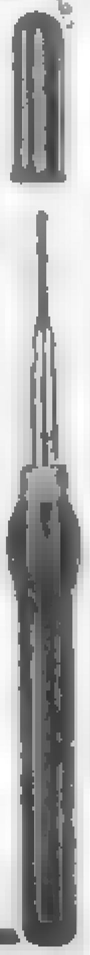

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A SOLDIER OF PURPOSE

By Major J. A. Watrous, U. S. A.

POOR Colonel Miley! He was material for a Major-General.

Such was the comment of Lieutenant Bissell Thomas, a schoolmate of Miley's at Belleville, Illinois, where both were boys, when he heard of Colonel John D. Miley's death at Manila.

John Miley was the eldest of the four sons of George Miley, a Civil War veteran, who lived on a ten-acre patch of ground near Belleville. The senior Miley was not able to do much in caring for his family, so it happened that when Colonel Miley was a lad of ten years he was obliged to take upon himself leadership, not only in supporting himself, but in caring for the whole family. The ten acres were converted into a truck garden and pasture for the two cows was rented of a neighbor. The truck garden was tilled by the future Colonel, and it was he who milked and drove the cows to and from the pasture and cared for the horse that hauled the truck wagon. Summer mornings he was up at half past three to gather the vegetables, and long before others had breakfasted he drove to market with the butter his mother had made. Going and coming from market the boy held the lines in one hand and an open book in the other. In this way, and in the time he could spare from sleep and rest after the long days of hard work, John Miley acquired most of the education he possessed before going to West Point.

Young Miley's Busy Fourth

There were no holidays for him when a boy. Marketing had to be done on the Fourth of July, and on Memorial days the garden needed his attention. One Fourth of July some neighbor boys railed at him for working that day, declaring that nothing could induce them to slave away, as he was doing, on such a holiday.

"You are mistaken, boys," said John, as he straightened up. "If your celebration of the Fourth meant double work for your partner, and your partner was your mother, you would stick to your work, as I am doing."

"Come on, boys, John is right; he is always right," said the leader, as the band went their way, leaving John bending over his onion bed.

As soon as the younger brothers were old enough they helped John and his partner, and the world grew brighter for the struggling family, and then the boy, who had two well-defined ambitions—one to help his mother and the other to go to West Point, as another Belleville boy had done—as Merritt had done—had more time in which to prepare himself for the rugged journey between then and a successful examination for appointment as a cadet. Not a moment of time was lost. In point of fact, young Miley began preparations for the examination when he assumed leadership in the management of the ten acre farm. A retired army officer who took deep interest in the boy, and who knew of his ambition, mentioned the branches in which he must be well versed before he could pass the rigid examination after reaching West Point.

Among the things John Miley accomplished while driving to and from market was a complete mastery of the addition, multiplication, subtraction and division tables, and a fair knowledge of geography. This greatly sharpened his appetite for further learning, and it seemed easier for this boy with a heavy burden upon his shoulders to learn lessons on the market wagon, and by the light of a tallow dip at night, after a wearisome day's work, than it was for boys who had the benefit of teachers and freedom from cares.

The Reward of Self-Sacrifice and Hard Work

Finally, after six or seven years of his best efforts at self-education, young Miley was ready to contest, in 1883, for an appointment as cadet to West Point. He lived in the Illinois district then represented by Colonel William R. Morrison. There was to be a competitive examination. A dozen or more youngsters, the sons of bankers, legislators, judges, merchants and rich farmers, all graduates of high schools, were down for examination. They were present, dressed in the height of fashion, looking prim, bright and confident. Just before the session began, a tall, homely, awkward, plainly dressed young fellow entered the room and took a seat without an invitation. The others looked at him and laughed, one remarking that "Mr. Hayseed had evidently gotten into the wrong pew."

When the roll was called the awkward boy answered to the name of John D. Miley. His answer was the signal for another laugh by the graduates. "Wonder what Homespun expects here," queried one, while another said, "I wish I was as sure of getting the appointment as that hedge fence is of missing it." Miley was always the opposite of handsome, and he knew it. He once said to a friend, "The good Lord made me as ugly as possible and then, for a finishing touch, hit me with a brick."

When the examination papers were distributed the boy from Belleville made a quick and easy task of answering the questions, and was watching the others work when the chief examiner asked:

"Are you stuck?"

"No, sir, I'm through," said Miley.

Then the examiner joined the boys in laughter. He and they supposed that the "hedge-fence" had given it up for a bad job.

After waiting some time for instructions, Miley asked when his papers would be examined.

"Not until the young gentlemen are through, too," replied the examiner.

"About when will that be, sir?"

"All will be ready to turn in their papers by the middle of the afternoon."

It was 11 A. M. "Any objections to my taking a walk about town, sir?"

"None whatever, if you will return."

John folded up his papers, put them in his pocket and started away.

"But you must not take your papers from this room. Put them in an envelope, seal it and I will retain it until the others are ready."

The delegate from Belleville sauntered about town until noon, feasted on a ten-cent lunch, and at three o'clock reëntered the room to find a state of great confusion. The papers of all but two had been examined. It had leaked out that Miley was many points ahead. He had made no mistakes. An hour later all of the papers had been examined. There was a quiet consultation between the examiner and a leading citizen, who had been a professor in a college, and the examiner began to ask Miley all kinds of hard questions, every one of which he was able to answer promptly.

The market peddler had won on his own merits. No one had helped him. He had no political, social or financial pull. He left the room with a happy heart when the chairman of the examining committee told him that his was by far the best list of answers, and that Colonel Morrison would appoint him.

Nearly every one in Belleville knew John Miley, and the next day, when he reached home, he was showered with congratulations.

Heroism that Does Not Get Into Print

In 1887 Miley graduated with high honors, and in October of that year began duty as a Second Lieutenant in the Fourth Artillery. At the beginning of the Spanish-American War he was a First Lieutenant in the Second Artillery. He was on staff duty through the Cuban campaign as a Major of Volunteers, and distinguished himself in the battles about Santiago, winning promotion to Lieutenant Colonel and Inspector-General of a corps. When he went to Manila there was almost no end of work for his branch of the service. He retained his early habits of industry and deemed himself able to overcome any difficulty, to wade through any amount of work. Early and late he applied himself to the mountainous tasks before him until he broke down and was sent to bed. After a few weeks of suffering the brave spirit of this gentle and genuine hero returned from whence it came, and all who knew him are mourners to-day.

The story is not complete. One of Colonel Miley's brothers lost both legs in a railroad accident. A portion of his salary as a Lieutenant was sent, each month, to the unfortunate brother. Another brother had been ambitious, from early boyhood, to go through college. The young army officer sent him through Yale. A few years ago the college graduate and his maimed brother went to California and took charge of a ranch which the army officer and his brother had run in debt for. It proved to be a great money producer, and was soon paid for. One year they divided $20,000.

Yes, indeed, Colonel John D. Miley was "material for a Major-General."

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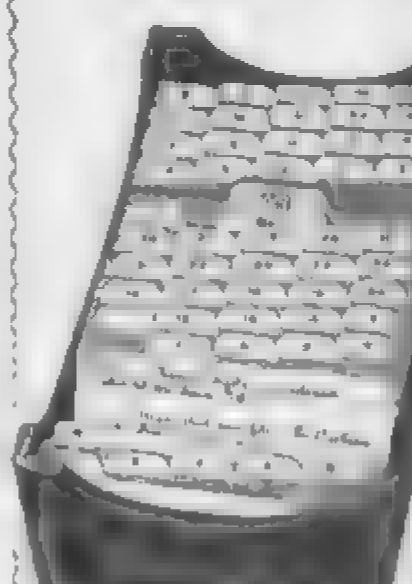

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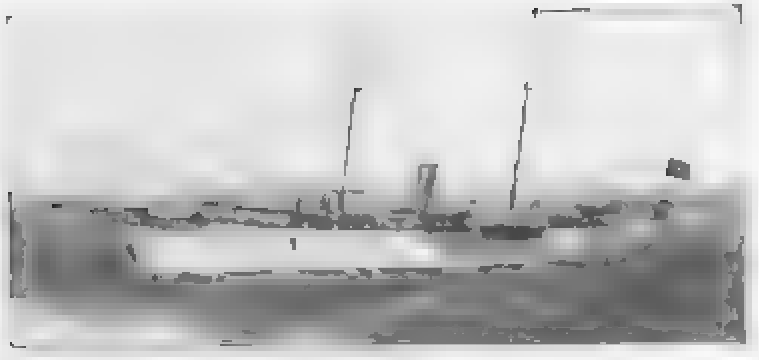

The Swiss Fleet

By W. L. Alden

GENERAL MURIAS, the President of Orizaba, ought to have been a thoroughly happy man. He was in the possession of unlimited power, and there was no danger that he would be disturbed by a revolution, owing to his foresight in shooting all the generals who might in time have become his rivals. He was in the prime of life and in excellent health, and there were nearly twelve hundred dollars in the treasury

Nevertheless, there was a large fly in his ointment. A Swiss, living within five minutes' walk of the Presidential palace, had built a house which filled the President with envy. It was built after the model of a Swiss châlet — than which no model more unfit for a house in the tropics could have been devised — and it was even larger than the palace. Its grounds were a dream of beauty, at least in the estimation of both its owner and the President. In front of the châlet was a garden laid out with mathematical accuracy, in the midst of which was a fountain that threw water fully three feet into the air — when a negro worked a force pump concealed behind the house. There was a large china dog of the blue and yellow variety near the entrance to the garden, and there was also a model of the Jungfrau, ten feet in height and covered with whitewash to represent the eternal snows. Altogether the châlet was unique in Central America, and the President coveted it with fierce and sleepless desire

The capital of Orizaba was situated on the seashore, and its little harbor was the only port in the whole republic It was a small town; the Presidential palace, the Swiss châlet and the cathedral were the only buildings constructed of more enduring material than adobe brick. It had next to no trade, although a coasting steamer did visit it once every month, and it was haunted with fever to an extent which made it nearly uninhabitable to unacclimated foreigners

Herr Schnitzer, the proprietor of the wonderful châlet, had settled in the town with the intention of developing a large trade in logwood. He was a strong, obstinate man, and he felt certain that in time the logwood trade would grow under his management to proportions which would be immensely profitable. So he took large quantities of quinine and went on his dogged way, setting the natives an example of energy and industry that made them ceaselessly bless the Madonna that they were born in a country where people were content to live reasonably

One comparatively comfortable autumn afternoon the dissatisfaction of General Murias became intolerable. He arose from his hammock and swore a complicated Central American oath to the effect that he would take possession of that châlet without delay. Still, he was habitually a cautious man, and on this occasion he thought it would be well, before proceeding to action, to consult with his Secretary of State, who was not only a most astute man, but who possessed more education than the President and all the rest of his Cabinet combined. Don Cabañas occupied an office in the Presidential palace, and he at once answered the summons of his superior, who briefly informed him that he was determined to turn that pestilent Swiss out of his châlet and to confiscate it to the uses of the republic.

"Your Excellency is quite right," said the Secretary. "Only, you will permit me to suggest that we proceed in this matter in a way that will gain for us more than the mere possession of the châlet."

"Explain yourself, Don Cabañas," said the President. "Your counsel is always appreciated by me, even when I find it undesirable to follow it."

The Secretary bowed

"Has Your Excellency," he asked, "ever looked at the map of Switzerland?"

"Never!" replied the General. "Why should I concern myself with maps of outlandish countries?"

"It is situated," pursued the Secretary, "nearly in the centre of Europe, and is surrounded on every side by other countries. Also, it is hundreds of miles from the sea."

"What has all that to do with this miserable heretic and his châlet?" demanded the President "I do not wish to be instructed in geography and I care nothing about Switzerland

"Your Excellency is always right," replied the Secretary. "Yet on this occasion the geography of Switzerland becomes interesting. Let us suppose for a moment that Orizaba was at war with Switzerland. The enemy could not send an army here because no nation would permit a Swiss army to cross its territory — such action being an offense against international law. Also, the Swiss could not send a fleet here because Switzerland, having no seaboard, does not own a single vessel. Consequently, as Your Excellency perceives, Switzerland would be an admirable country with which to go to war"

"But I do not particularly want to go to war," said the President. "Do you suppose that if I put this Swiss in prison and confiscate his châlet, Switzerland will ever hear of it?"

"If I might be permitted to advise," said the Secretary, "I would suggest that we do nothing irregular. Let us declare war against Switzerland. Then we can confiscate the property of the Swiss on the ground that he is an enemy, and we can send him out of the country, which would be safer and more pleasant than it would be either to shoot him or to let him die in prison. Having declared war we could immediately lay a war tax, and the people would pay it before they could find out that there would not be the least necessity for spending a dollar in defense. We should have all the advantages of war, so far as confiscating the property of that miserable Swiss is concerned; we should gather in a respectable sum of money as a war tax, and we should be as secure from invasion as we should be if we declared war against the moon."

The President was overjoyed. He clasped the wily Secretary to his bosom and kissed him on both cheeks. Furthermore, he promised him that with the proceeds of the war tax the salary of the Secretary should be doubled. Then he sat down to write a declaration of war against the Swiss Republic, copies of which were posted on the blank walls of the capital and were recited in the streets by the town crier. That night Herr Schnitzer found himself in prison; and the châlet formerly his was occupied by a guard of soldiers and labeled, in large letters, "Government Property."

The population of the republic responded with enthusiasm to the call of their President, who assured them he relied upon their valor to repel Swiss invasion, and upon their generous contributions to defray the enormous expenses of the war. Little difficulty was found in collecting the war tax, and no less than half a dozen men volunteered to enlist in the army — a circumstance without precedent in the history of the republic, its army being uniformly recruited by the summary process of seizing able-bodied men and forcing them to bear arms. In short, the success of the President's action in declaring war was instantaneous and complete; and when, three days later, Herr Schnitzer was put on board the coasting steamer, which had touched at the port on her way up the coast, the President moved his personal effects over to the châlet, and felt that he had come into possession of it in a perfectly honorable and straightforward way

When Herr Schnitzer was bundled over the side of the coasting steamer by two ragged Orizaban soldiers, the incident scarcely attracted the notice of the native passengers. To them it seemed quite in the natural order of things that handcuffed men, who had incurred the displeasure of Spanish-American Presidents, should be forcibly shipped to foreign parts. But there were two young men on board the steamer, who, being citizens of the United States, regarded the proceeding as something unusual, and were greatly interested in learning the nature of the crime committed by the angry man who had been violently thrust into their company. They promptly made the acquaintance of Herr Schnitzer, and when they had learned his story their sympathies were warmly enlisted in his behalf

The elder of the two young men was the son of a great Wall Street financier, who had suddenly died after making a profitable corner in wheat, and had thus been able to leave his son a millionaire. Public opinion in America inexorably requires the millionaire to own a yacht, and, what is worse, to make cruises with it. This duty fell lightly upon young Hargrave, who was fond of adventure and really loved yachting Having certain business interests in the Panama railway, which required his temporary presence at Colon, he combined profit with pleasure by starting on the voyage to Central America in his yacht, a steamer of some five hundred tons. An accident to the machinery compelled him to put into Vera Cruz for repairs, and, as it was found that the latter would consume more time than had been anticipated, he and his intimate friend Mason left the yacht in the hands of the machinists and took the coasting steamer to Colon and back

When Hargrave and Mason learned that the President of Orizaba had declared war against Switzerland, merely in order to confiscate the property of Herr Schnitzer, they were filled with admiration

"A man like that," exclaimed Hargrave, "is clean thrown away as a President. If he'd come to Wall Street he'd make the whole gang of us sit up, and he'd be richer than Vanderbilt in the course of twelve months

"Fancy his solemnly declaring war against Switzerland, and without any grievance, too," said Mason. "Now, if he'd traveled in Switzerland, and stopped at the Swiss hotels, it would be only natural that he should thirst for war. What a pity it is that there isn't any Swiss fleet, except in the comic opera. Now, that Orizaban scoundrel can confiscate Swiss property all day, provided there is any more within his reach, and nobody can bombard his towns and teach him to behave like an honest man instead of a shameless and habitual President of a mongrel republic."

"I don't see why there shouldn't be a Swiss fleet," remarked Hargrave, "or at all events a Swiss man-of war. Did I understand you to say, Mr. Schnitzer, that the capital of Orizaba is on the coast, and that it isn't defended by any batteries?

"There isn't a big gun in the place, sir," replied Schnitzer. "There was an old forty two pounder, but they burst it last year firing a salute. That was the capital where I came on board, sir, and you saw for yourself that it was a seaport town."

"Mason!" said Hargrave. "It's my opinion that there is a Swiss fleet, or rather a Swiss cruiser, and that she's lying at this identical minute at Vera Cruz, waiting for her commander to arrive from Colon. If that frigate should suddenly appear in the harbor of President Murias' capital, and should propose to bombard the place unless an indemnity should be paid to Herr Schnitzer, don't you think Murias would be some considerably astonished?"

"Any one would be astonished at the sight of a Swiss man of war, but I don't exactly catch on to your remark about her lying at Vera Cruz. I didn't see anything there in the line of a seagoing steamer except this crazy old coaster and a British tramp."

"You didn't happen to see our yacht, for instance?" asked Hargrave.

"You don't mean to say that you're thinking of turning her into a Swiss man of-war and scaring the hair off of that rascally President? By Jove! the idea is gorgeous. All the same, it's a little bit like piracy.'

"That's what the lawyers would call it, but we don't propose to ask their opinion Schnitzer says that there isn't a gun to prevent us from sailing into the harbor and anchoring a hundred yards from the President's palace. He'll never be anxious to mention that a Swiss frigate came into his harbor and made him disgorge his plunder; and we don't propose to write a book and describe the whole affair. We shall be perfectly safe, and we shall be doing a good deed in aid of a man who has been shamefully robbed. What do you say? Will you come along in the cruiser? I don't want to drag you into piracy against your will"

"Will a duck swim?" replied Mason. "Of course I'm with you. I don't care a hang about piracy so long as we are safe not to be caught. I haven't been a Wall Street broker for seven years to be scared at such a little thing as plain piracy."

"Then we'll consider the thing settled," said Hargrave. "Herr Schnitzer, make out

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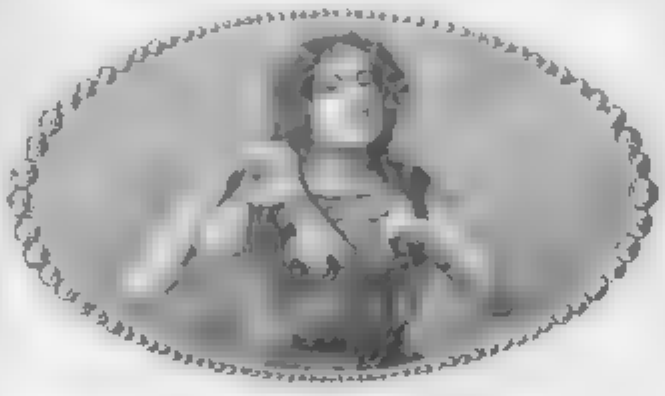

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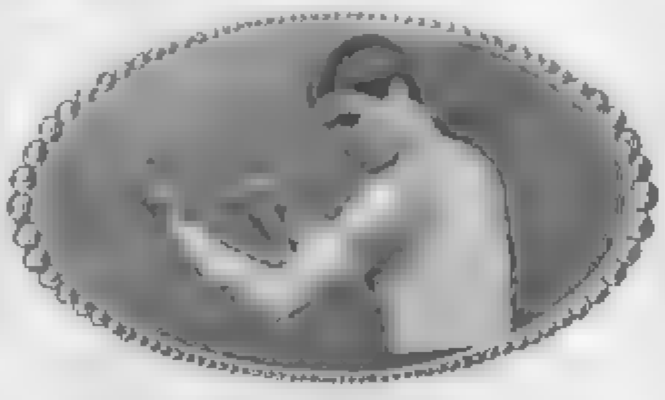

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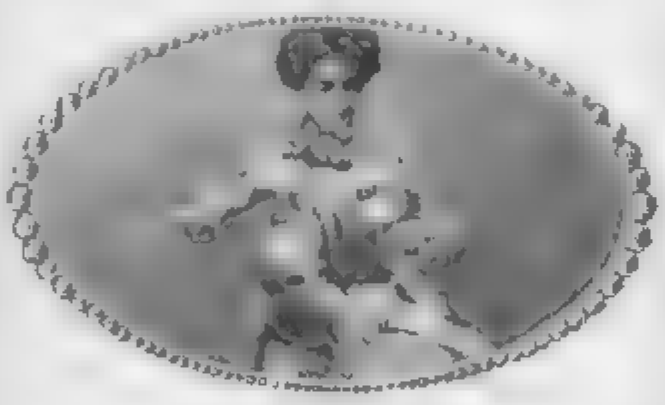

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a bill against the Republic of Orizaba for the value of your property, together with damages for interference with your business. You might add a few extras, considering that you're a Swiss, and extras always figure in a Swiss bill. Don't make the amount too large. We're honest men, and we can't rob Murias, even if he has robbed you."

On arriving at Vera Cruz the yacht was found to be ready for sea. Two small brass howitzers were bought and placed on the yacht's deck, where, in addition to her signal gun, they presented an unmistakably warlike appearance. The officers were provided with gorgeous shoulder straps and side arms, and the sailmaker was ordered to make a Swiss flag. Thus fully equipped for war, the yacht left Vera Cruz and started down the coast to harry the seaboard of Orizaba

As soon as the yacht was out of sight of land her name was carefully painted out and the name Tell was substituted for it

"Of course," said Hargrave, "it's a grave offense to change the name of a vessel without authority, but we needn't stick at trifling details. Let us hope that Murias hasn't managed to mount a gun for the protection of his capital. If he has, he'll have no trouble in sinking the Tell and in hanging all hands as pirates."

"Not at all," replied Mason. "He'll never dream that we are not regular officers of the Swiss navy, and he'll offer to exchange us for Swiss cheese or musical boxes Fancy the astonishment of the Swiss Government on learning that it had a cruiser and that a choice collection of Swiss naval officers had been held as prisoners of war!"

"Have you seen Schnitzer's bill yet?" asked Hargrave "Here it is I told him that it was too steep, and he consented to knock off the charge for candles." Herr Schnitzer's bill was certainly, as Hargrave said, a little steep. He had charged three thousand dollars for his house which was not altogether unfair, as it had cost him nearly two thousand Then he had charged two thousand dollars for damages sustained by his business—an item which Hargrave also allowed to pass without objection. The remaining charges were: five hundred dollars for rent for the house while occupied by President Murias two hundred and fifty dollars for the use of candles, and two hundred and fifty more for the view from the front windows. The two latter eminently characteristic items Hargrave struck out, and the corrected bill, which he intended to make President Murias pay, did not seem to him, in view of all the circumstances, particularly exorbitant

About nine o'clock, one bright April morning, the capital of Orizaba woke up after a night of much patriotism and pulque to find, anchored in their harbor, a man of war flying a strange flag. It was a red flag bearing in the centre a white cross, and it was at first asserted by the Archbishop, who had once visited Europe and was therefore held to be an authority on all European matters, that it was the flag of the Red Cross Association, and that the vessel which displayed it was a hospital ship, sent by charitable people to succor the wounded in the prospective fighting with Switzerland When, however, it was pointed out that a white cross was not precisely a red cross faith in the Archbishop's explanation vanished, and presently it was discovered that the red flag was the banner of Switzerland It followed that the steamer was nothing less than a Swiss man of war, for no mere merchantman of Swiss nationality would have entered into an enemy's port. The panic which ensued was not lessened when a boat from the steamer, bearing a flag of truce, approached the landing-place. It was manned by four bearded seamen of truculent appearance, and commanded by a young officer gorgeous with gold lace and shoulder straps. He spoke Spanish with sufficient ease to make himself understood, and when he asked for a messenger to carry a letter to the President, there was no lack of volunteers anxious to have a share in the making of history. The letter inclosed Herr Schnitzer's bill, and contained a demand for its immediate payment under penalty of the bombardment of the town by the Swiss cruiser Tell. It was signed by Hargrave with a series of unintelligible strokes of the pen. This form of signature was an old trick which he had often practiced, while in Europe, for the benefit of Swiss hotel keepers whom he cordially detested. The surprising interpretations of his name, which resulted from the hotel keepers' efforts to decipher the signature, had been a constant source of amusement to him

President Murias was, as Hargrave had foreseen that he would be, a greatly astonished man. He had not the slightest doubt that the Tell was a Swiss cruiser, and that her commander would carry out his threat of bombarding the town unless Herr Schnitzer's bill was instantly paid. The fact that the Tell was anchored not more than five hundred yards from the châlet from which he had evicted Schnitzer made him fully realize the horrors of a bombardment. There was clearly nothing for him to do but to pay the villain's bill and to beg the Swiss Government to make peace. He immediately summoned his Cabinet and expressed his views of the Secretary of State with much freedom

"You told me," he said, addressing that unfortunate statesman, "that Switzerland did not possess a single ship of war, and could not possibly get at us; but here is a powerful Swiss frigate that will knock our beautiful city and this Presidential palace to pieces unless we pay within two hours a preposterous sum of money to that accursed Swiss, Schnitzer. Now, if you have anything to say in your defense I will give you two minutes to say it in, after which you will go to prison for having basely deceived me, and plunged the country into a bloody war in order to carry out some private and rascally scheme of your own

The Secretary of State did not make a success of his defense. He offered to produce his map of Switzerland in proof of his assertion that Switzerland had no seaport and that it was a physical impossibility that she should own a man-of-war. But the President sternly refused to look at any map

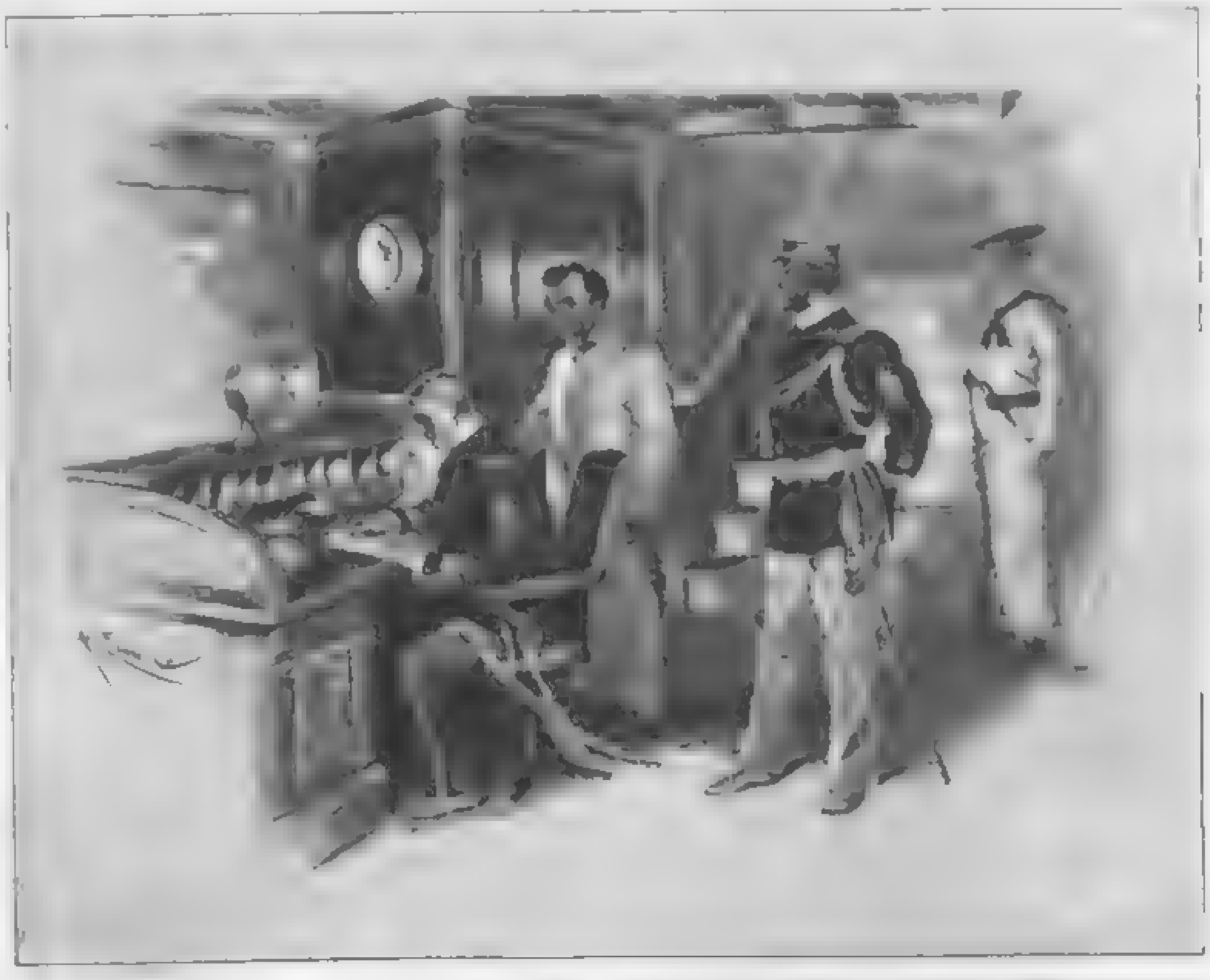
"I do not care," he said, "whether Switzerland has a port or not. All I know is that there is a Swiss frigate lying opposite to this palace at this identical minute, and that it will begin to bombard us in an hour and a half unless the Captain receives four thousand five hundred dollars. You will now accompany the guard to jail, and if the Swiss Captain does bombard the town, and destroy you and the jail, you will only get what you deserve

When the unhappy Secretary of State had been led away the President turned to the Secretary of the Treasury and asked how much money there was in his possession. It appeared that there were only three thousand eight hundred and odd dollars in the treasury, two thirds of which were the proceeds of the new war tax, with which the President had intended to build an opera house. He therefore said that it would be necessary for the members of the Cabinet to contribute sufficient money to meet the demands of the Swiss Government, and he set the example by subscribing five dollars on the spot. The members of the Cabinet managed to make up the deficit, and the Secretary of the Treasury was then ordered to proceed on board the frigate with the money

"You will say," said the President as he gave his orders to the Secretary, "that I have no quarrel with Switzerland, and that the declaration of war was all a mistake Tell the Captain that it was a clerical error, and that the printer, who was told to print a declaration of war against Scotland, mentioned Switzerland by mistake. You will say, too, that I am ready to make peace at once, and beg that the Swiss Government will draw up a treaty to that effect

The Secretary of State was carried off to prison and the Secretary of the Treasury, carrying with him in a bag the entire contents of the national treasury, together with some three hundred dollars which was subscribed by the Cabinet, in order to make up the sum of four thousand five hundred dollars, paid a visit to the Swiss cruiser where he was received with ceremony and given a receipt for the money, signed with Hargrave's undecipherable signature. He was then gravely informed that President Murias' desire to make peace would be laid before the Swiss Government, and that peace would undoubtedly be made, provided the Orizaban Government would consent to a cession of territory, the payment of a war indemnity and the assumption, by Switzerland [illegible] over Orizaba. As soon as the Secretary had gone ashore to convey this surprising and depressing information to President Murias, the Tell steamed out of the harbor, and headed southeast until she was out of sight of land. Then her original name was restored to her stern and as the yacht Mary she was put on the direct course for New York.

Herr Schnitzer was full of gratitude for the assistance given to him by Hargrave; and in consideration of a berth as purser of the yacht, which was offered to him, solemnly pledged himself never to mention the temporary existence of the Swiss frigate Hargrave and Mason, after the first flush of exultation passed away, recognized the full legal meaning of their friendly act of piracy; but as Hargrave judiciously said, "There is no one who will tell tales except, perhaps, the Swiss, and if he does tell the story no one will believe him."



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The Tendencies of Up-to-date Employers

By Charles M. Skinner

HUMANITY is approaching an average, and nobody is descending to adjust himself to it. The rage for education, sometimes carried too far, because it is apt to be one-sided, the fixing of culture as a social standard, the almost compulsory reforms that are worked through university settlements and religious and intellectual missions, the multiplying of technical schools, the urging of the multitude to abandon spirits, politics and profanity and to betake itself to symphonies, literature and old masters, are all tokens of a generous interest that moves the fortunate toward those whom they deem less fortunate. This estimate is not always right, because there is many a true-hearted gentleman who chews tobacco, eats with his knife and even wears scalps in his belt, and many an honest, helpful, motherly soul who talks and dresses loud enough to wake the Seven Sleepers, and who wears brass jewelry; but the efforts for the lifting of the race are at least well meant, and he is shortsighted or pessimistic who will deny that they have increased health, comfort, morality, intelligence and beauty.

One needs only to glance at social and industrial conditions of fifty years ago and compare them with what they are now to be convinced that the man who honestly fulfills his industrial destiny by toil of head or hand has little cause for tears. The drift toward betterment is so rapid that we can foresee the end of strife between Labor and Capital by the close of the twentieth century — if Capital survives the war upon it so long as that.

One can draw no other conclusion when he sees the practical gains that are made in bringing employer and workman together through the concessions by the former to the latter. They instantly increase loyalty, industry and economy, they minimize friction, they bring to the loom and the lathe and the bench an honest interest in the work. *Head and hand are united.* And it is all so easy! Recognize the humanity in the employee; that is all.

One of the first but hardest changes in faith and attitude that the employer must undergo touches the matter of hours. Until recently it has been hardly questioned that a *man will do as much in one day as in another*, and that he will do more in sixteen hours than in six. *Great is the discovery that he will sometimes do more in six.*

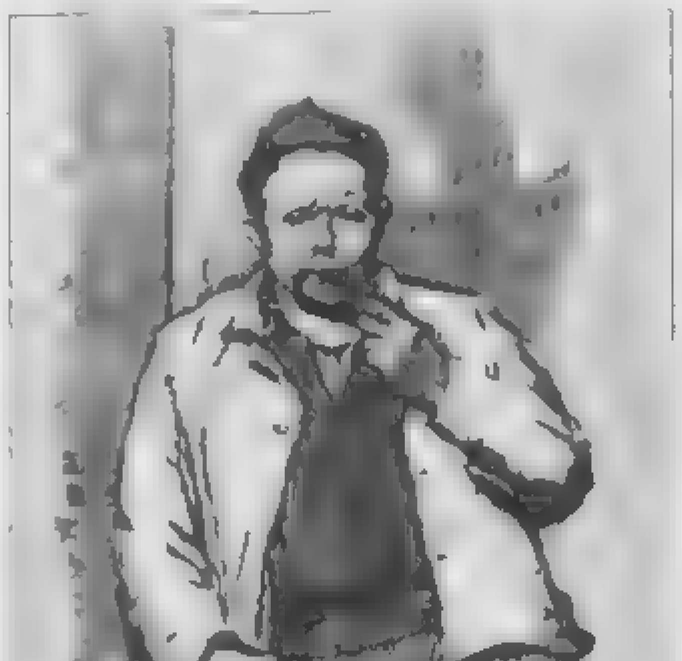
There is a certain amount of work in the normal man. Urged beyond his limit, he maintains a feverish energy for a time; then he suffers a depression that reduces his capacity by so much as to more than balance the gains of the recent excess. You may not draw on health and physical strength nor on willingness beyond a given point, any more than you may draw beyond your deposit in the bank, or on the water supply in your reservoir. Managers of great industries, and workers themselves who are tempted by extra pay, have been slow to recognize this fact, but experience has shown that when working overtime, artisans will increase their product for a month or six weeks, but after that they grow listless, tire quickly, and when the work ends it is discovered that the eight or ten hour output is equal to the output of twelve or fourteen hours. This of course implies that the overwork has been persistent for a season, because, in a spurt of overtime, a man or body of men will do more than in the regulation hours.

Now, it used to be the way in the various mills of this country — and in the old country it was worse — to begin work at the looms and anvils at six o'clock in the morning and keep at it till seven at night, except during twenty minutes for dinner at noon. And in some of the smaller mills the operative continued at his task until eight or nine o'clock. Life under such conditions was bare and hard, there was no beauty or joy in it; and for relaxation there was dissipating in such squalid resorts as in their mere appearance are depressing to those of established tastes.

In most shops work now begins at seven, pauses from twelve to one and closes at six, and in many others it begins at eight and ends at five. The Saturday half holiday, too, is a success wherever it has been introduced, even when in order to obtain it the operatives consent to extend their hours on the other five days, so as to bring the week's work to a forty-eight or sixty-hour total. The whole of Sunday is hardly a fair offset to the lack of daytime in the rest of the week for shopping, theatres, music, visiting, pottering about one's yard, or riding one's hobby, and although to thousands of mechanics the half-holiday is merely a time of idleness, tavern-haunting and gossip, there are earnest fellows in every industrial centre who spend what time they can in reading-rooms, libraries, technical schools and museums, and others who visit the galleries and the parks, or take their wives and children to the beaches. Moderate hours and occasional holidays increase health and content, and therefore increase the efficiency of workmen.

Moderate hours do another good: They allow the worker to change his clothes. That, no doubt, seems to many a trivial claim, but it is not so. In our present state, wherein appearances count so greatly, clothes are the symbol, if not the proclamation, of the wearer's social state. There is a gain in conduct and character if a man is constantly and permissibly satisfied with himself. He will not take his best clothes into a kennel. He will feel most like a loafer when he looks like one. This is no apology for fashion, nor urging of sacrifice for outward show — only the insistence that when one is clean and fittingly garbed he is protected from some imputations and better represents his calling than does the patched, frowsy man with dirty face and greasy fingers. The latter may know more and may be a better workman, but the stranger does not suppose it, nor does the man suppose that the stranger will suppose it.

One political economist founds on this little defense, or vanity of clothes, a principle, which is, that a pleasing appearance has a mercantile value, and that to secure it men are often willing to sacrifice a measure of *money wages*. In other words, the privilege of being clean and well dressed is a partial payment for one's work, and on this basis we can account for the preference of thousands of men and women for places at desks and behind counters, rather than for positions that are just as honorable, more useful, better paid and quite as interesting, but which are smoky or oily or which keep the worker immersed in smells. It is proper so to curtail or adjust his hours that for a little time every day or evening the mechanic may take his pleasure in the company of his fellows in a dress that will occasion no remonstrance and will allow him to believe that he is the equal of anybody else on earth — a proud and American privilege.



He will feel most like a loafer when he looks like one

Those employers who encourage even the show of self-respect among their men find their reward in it, and some go so far as to compel their hands to leave the shops in a state that will not be offensive to people with whom they may be thrown in contact in the street or on cars, stages or ferryboats. Other things being equal, the clean man is the best man.

Few employers of mechanics have reached the point where they allow vacations, but they sometimes permit a man to absent himself without pay for a week or ten days, especially in summer when business is slack. To be sure, not every man wants a vacation, or feels that he can afford one; but ninety-nine people in a hundred are better for a yearly outing, not necessarily a "loaf," but a change of scene, habit, occupation and way of life, and, realizing this fact, more and more of the employers are conceding holidays to the wage-earners. Indeed, one or two instances have been alleged in which the employees have been literally turned out to grass, whether they wanted to go or not. In most factories the only holidays are New Year, Fourth of July, Labor day, Thanksgiving and Christmas. These are not enough. Allowing that the laborer has time for rest, he must have more: he must have time to grow and live.

Even from the orthodox standpoint of an industrial destiny, there must be something more in life than work; there must at least be a willingness to work, and if the willingness can be raised to an eagerness we are sure of the best results for workman, employer, buyer and producer. In far the greater number of tasks that men accept for wages there is no interest, and, therefore, there is only such willingness as may be looked for in one who must earn his supper before he can eat it. Assure that man who carries a hod or trundles a barrow that you have his welfare in mind and he will work more faithfully, unless your assurance be a mere verbal one.

And as an economic proposition, a soulless, business statement, it may be declared that service by the employer to the employed pays, not only because it secures willing service in return, but because it brings to the shop such a number of applicants for place that he can pick the best. Whereas in the old, dull days there was trouble in factories from petty thieving, idling, quarreling, waste of material and tippling (and is yet, where the old, dull methods remain in vogue), there are shops in which one finds such a corps of workers as in other times were impossible; not only sober, upright, self-respecting, but skilled and intelligent men and women, graduates of technical institutes, high schools and even colleges. The great shops that turn out electric machinery in Schenectady have scores of college men in overalls at the lathes and benches. The brains of such men are needed. The shop is an academy and holds scholarships for those who will win them. In the cash register works at Dayton, Ohio, none but high school graduates are accepted in the clerical or mechanical departments. In the soap works in another Ohio town a perceptible increase in steadiness, industry, order, economy and decency of home life was made in two or three years through the inauguration of a profit-sharing system. In several great factories and refineries the introduction of

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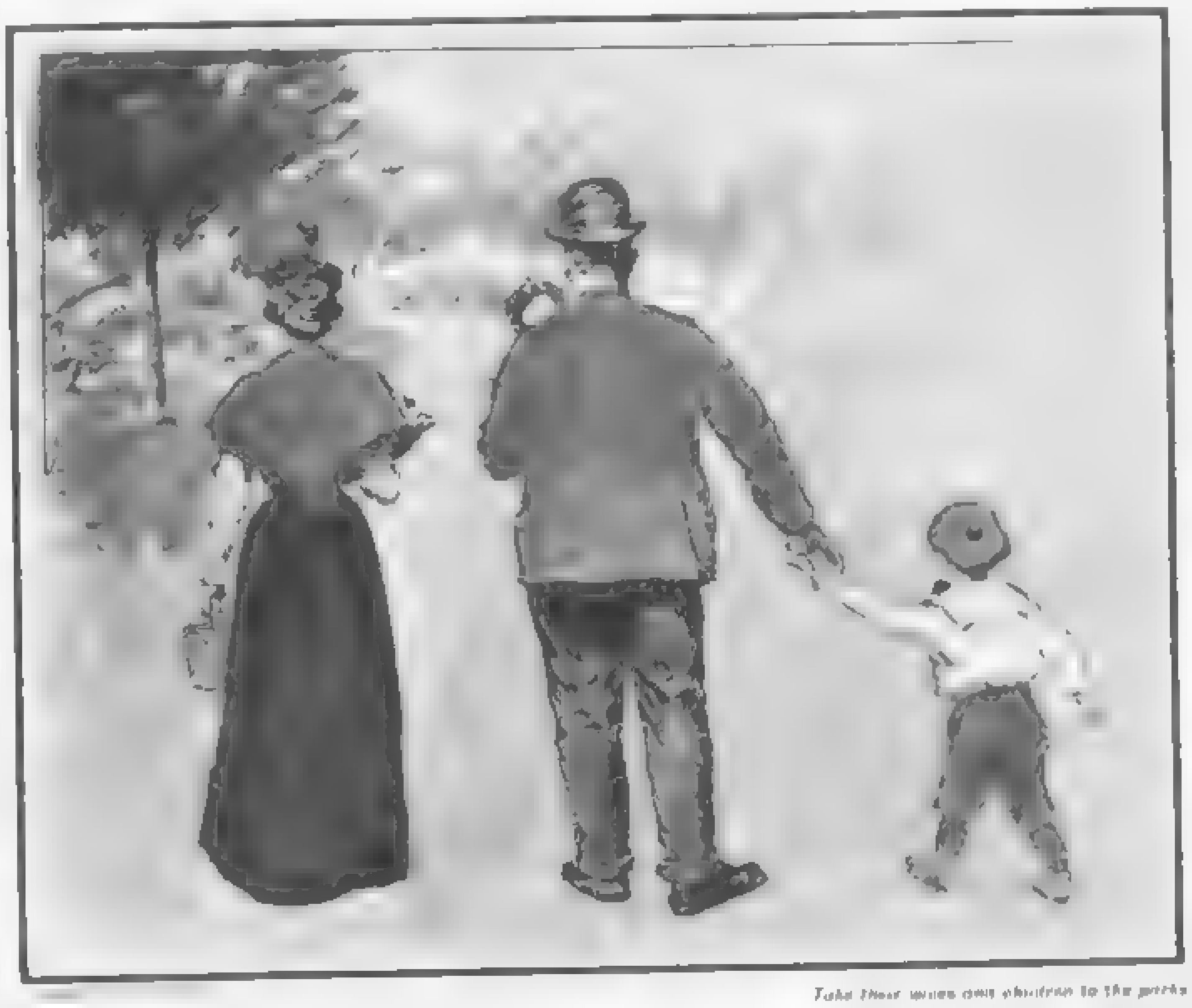
such simple matters as cleanliness of premises and baths for the laborers has had its effect on the morale, hence, on the character of the working force.

In few instances have these advances been made through the efforts of reformers or sociologists. In no recorded instance have sociologists proved that there is a sociology. The improvements have been made by practical business men as an investment and they have paid a generous dividend.


Take their wives and children to the parks

An employer should first assure himself of the temper of his people. He cannot force them to adopt his ideas at their own expense. They must see advantages before they want them, for nobody wants what he has never known. For example, there is a mill in western Massachusetts which has a useless asset in a reading room. It was built by the owner for his people, but, without consulting them, he proceeded to levy on their wages for the purpose of covering its expense and maintaining its usefulness. The employees properly objected.

Had they been asked, in the first place, they might have contributed the money, but the owner had no right to assess them without the asking. Nor must there be any affectation of patronage or charity in the bestowal of these favors; nor are those who receive them to feel that by accepting them they sacrifice a jot of their independence. They must take them as they take the soap and water and gaslight, as appurtenances of the place. Appreciation, thankfulness and reward will come in time.

Ingenious Young Mr. Opp

By Hayden Carruth

"A GOOD deal is being said nowadays about the causes of success or failure among young men in business," observed Judge Crabtree, "but I think it rests more than anybody suspects on the inborn capabilities of the young men. Some young men are just as certain to succeed as others are to fail. There was my young friend Opp who lived up the State, and went to work in Bingtree's grocery. No wonder Bingtree's grocery to-day is Opp's One Price Cash Emporium, and that he has put in a full line of fresh and smoked meats, boots and shoes, paints, oils and garden seeds, and millinery and fancy goods."

"Had a genius for groceries, did he?" inquired Major Dodge.

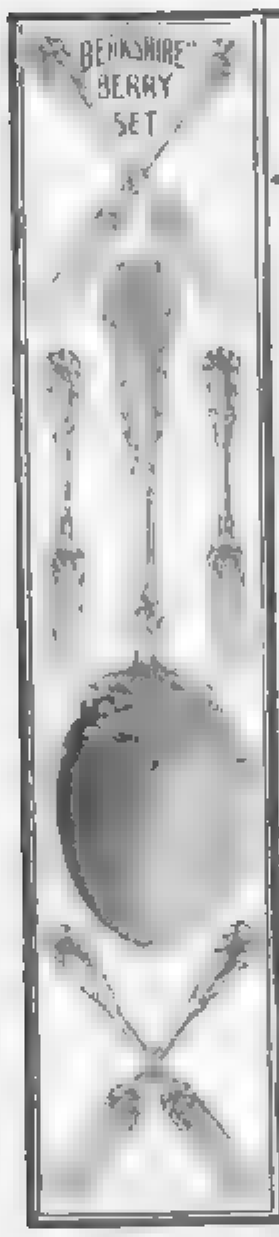
"Sugar increased in weight twenty per cent. when he looked into the barrel," returned the Judge; "butter renewed its youth at his touch, cabbages simply smiled with joy when he piled them up. Still, young Opp made his share of blunders when he began — perhaps more than his share. Bingtree was a harsh man, and used to rebuke his young assistant vigorously on the slightest pretext. One day he caught him charging up two pounds of lard, just sold to a good customer, to another patron of extremely doubtful paying habits. Bingtree told him that the next mistake would cause his instant dismissal, at the same time adjusting the lard error, and, as an object-lesson, putting down two pounds of butter just purchased by the doubtful customer on the account of the patron of sound bill-paying powers.

The threat of dismissal made the young man nervous, and Bingtree had no sooner gone home than he made if possible a still worse blunder. This was nothing more nor less than spilling a couple of gallons of kerosene on the cigars. However, it did not greatly alarm him, as he thought that by leaving the case open during the night the cigars would dry out so that no harm would come of it — the young man was very correct in his habits and did not himself smoke. He then locked up and went home.

But his sanguine expectations were not realized. Those cigars were soon producing considerable excitement among the village smokers, and speedily became a source of great alarm to the local fire department. They were the most inflammable weeds ever known in Toddville, and were almost immediately the object of investigation by the fire insurance agents, who threatened a general advance of rates. The peculiar qualities of the saturated cigars were not so noticeable during the day, but as darkness began to gather the landscape was lit up with their fitful glare, and produced a fine sight. Naturally vigorous complaint was made to Bingtree, and he, sagaciously suspecting his assistant, demanded an explanation. Young Opp was a very George Washington, and made a clean breast of it. The discharge which he dreaded came promptly, and Bingtree went home for the night. The young man locked up after him and went to his humble lodgings.

"The next morning Bingtree was surprised to find young Opp in his place as usual. Bingtree savagely demanded the reason, and the young man replied that as the cigars were now all right he had ventured to hope that he would be retained. Bingtree tried one of them and found that what he said was true. There was a slightly peculiar flavor about it, pleasant rather than otherwise, but its tendency to flare up and ignite the hat brim was gone. Called on for an explanation, the ingenious young man said that he had sprayed the cigars with the patent fire extinguisher, using just enough of the liquid to counteract the kerosene. He was retained as assistant and the pleased and appreciative Bingtree raised his wages twenty-five cents.

"It was but a few years till Opp owned the store, and Bingtree went to California. As I intimated, the young man starting in business must be resourceful, and quick to meet an emergency, if he would succeed."



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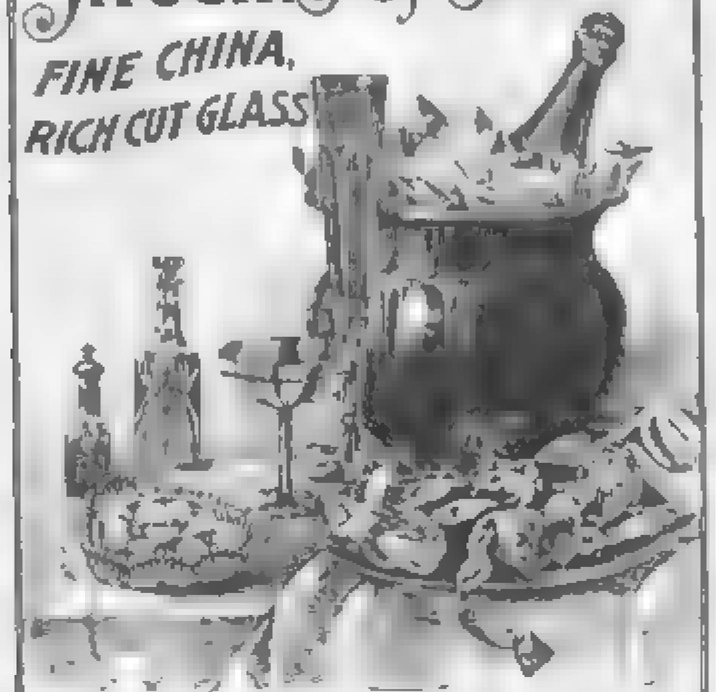
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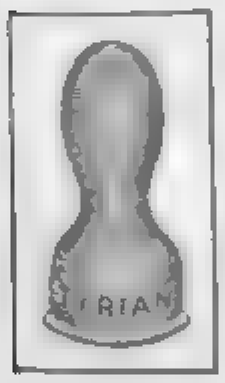

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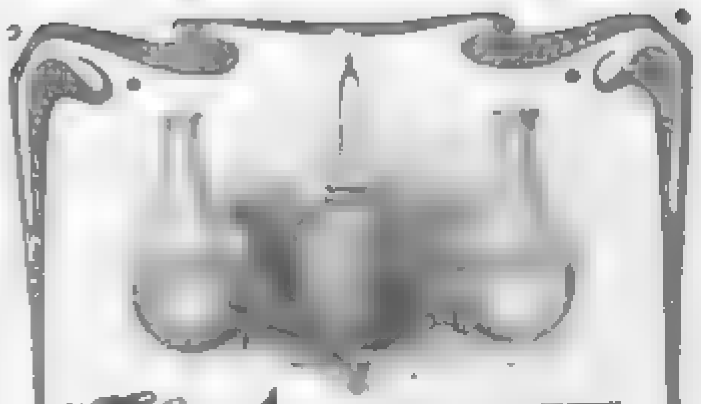
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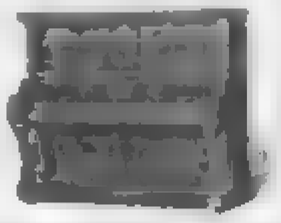
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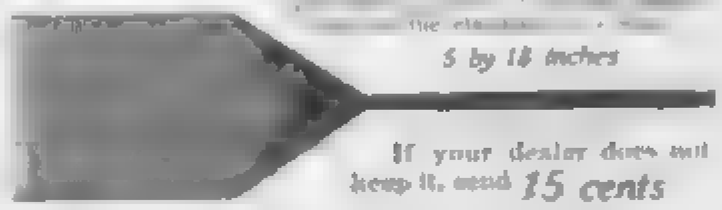
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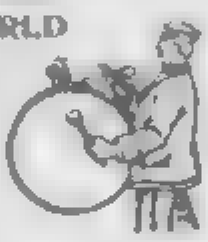

Literary Folk — Their Ways and Their Work

H L SAVEN

Mr. Friedman's Slum Studies

Mr. I. K. Friedman, the Chicago author who is scoring a decided success with his novel, Poor People, has two highly developed characteristics: absent-mindedness and sympathy with human want and distress. Nothing appeals to him so much as an opportunity to get a new view of the life led by the poor people of the big city. The fascination which this problem exercises over him and the ease with which he forgets all else when confronted by a chance to pursue his sociological investigations are illustrated by an incident which occurred while he was working on his latest story.

Late one afternoon he was introduced by a police reporter to "Sleepy" Burke, who, before his recent reformation, enjoyed a reputation for being one of the most skillful safe blowers and all-round crooks in the West. The author and the reformed criminal immediately fell into a discussion of the "slavery of the slums," its causes and possible remedies. Fifteen minutes later found Mr. Friedman following "Sleepy" into the most desperate criminal resorts of the West Side. It was after midnight when the two returned. Meantime the management of a club before which he had engaged to lecture on Types of Honest Poverty had scoured the city by telephone and special messenger in a vain attempt to locate their absent-minded speaker.

This, however, was not the most unfortunate experience of the evening. From half-past seven a young woman had been waiting, hatted and gloved, for the author, who had engaged to take her to see Irving and Terry. A brief note easily made amends to the disappointed club; but three weeks of assiduous attention were required to propitiate the young woman into a spirit of full reconciliation and forgiveness.

Novelists Turned Playwrights

The old theory that novelists cannot write successful plays because they know nothing of the stage and its technique ought by this time to be fairly well refuted in the case of a number of our popular novelists. If they do not write good plays it must be for some other reason, for they see so much of the rehearsing of their own dramas that they can no longer be called ignorant of the region behind the footlights. For example, when Mr. George Alexander's company was preparing for the London production of Anthony Hope's Rupert of Hentzau it was on a tour in the provinces. Nevertheless, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins left London and traveled with the company for over a fortnight, going to Edinburgh, Glasgow and Liverpool and seeing rehearsals every day. Mr. Hope is said to be a help at rehearsals, but to be on the whole chary of suggestions, ready to take the word of the experienced actor as to the suitability of certain effects and eager to learn all he can of stage technique.

When the new play by Mr. J. M. Barrie is presented in the autumn at the Haymarket Theatre, London, it will have been rehearsed by its author many times. Mr. Barrie has not had in the past much knowledge of the stage, but actors who have been rehearsed in The Little Minister, under the eye of its author, say that, in spite of this, Mr. Barrie knows exactly what he wants and that what Mr. Barrie wants is almost inevitably from a theatrical point of view, right.

Mr. Hall Caine loves nothing quite so well as the rehearsals of a play of his own, and he has an exuberant confidence in his mastery of the craft both of playwright and actor. When the rehearsals of The Christian were going on at the Duke of York's theatre Miss Evelyn Millard, who was to play the part of Glory Quayle, was so ill that for several weeks she was unable to come to the theatre. During this period Mr. Hall Caine not only told all the actors and actresses how things were to be done, but himself sustained the rôle of Glory. He did this in no half-hearted way, but lifted the corner of his coat as he danced gayly in the first act and wept tenderly on the shoulder of the actor who played John Storm. As it was, The Christian had but a short career in London. But it cannot be doubted that had Mr. Hall Caine continued his assumption, curiosity if not admiration would have kept the house full for many months.

Authorship by Proxy

There is an amusing story of a woman of title who found it difficult to understand journalistic methods when she first encountered them. The sister of a well known and eccentric Scotch peer was traveling in Japan and the far East when she received a cablegram from a great metropolitan daily: "Would you accept £—— for series travel articles?" The lady was pleased, and replied by cable that she would send "copy" in a fortnight. She was, therefore, annoyed when the paper withdrew from its offer, cabling to her, "No need to send copy."

Dignified silence seemed the only way to treat such unbusinesslike methods. Many weeks later, returning, she found a parcel of newspapers and read with some astonishment several spirited and gossipy articles on the far East written, it was announced, by herself. Had not a letter inclosing a handsome check accompanied the parcel there might have been a considerable row. As it is, the lady accepts gracefully the compliments of friends upon her literary style.

An Industrious Gypsy

Miss Elizabeth Robins' present journey to the Klondike is only part of her habitual restlessness. One might, perhaps, hear that she lived in London, in Manchester Square. But Miss Robins herself says that she is an incorrigible gypsy. She rarely spends a continuous five days in what passes for her home. One hears of her staying in pleasant country houses here and there in England. The next moment she is on the Continent, perhaps merely sunning herself in the South, or going to Berlin or Paris for the new plays. After a flying trip to see Ibsen she will be found in England organizing a special series of theatrical performances, and probably playing in them herself.

The Boyhood of F. T. Bullen

Mr. F. T. Bullen, whose books of sea yarns are so well known, gave an interesting fragment of autobiography to a meeting of the Ragged School Union held in London this spring. He said that he knew well what it was to be a subject for the Ragged School Union; thirty-four years ago he was wandering the streets of [illegible] eight years and a half old, without home or friends. After having been well brought up he was suddenly pitched into the street arab's life, was always hungry, always wanted a place to sleep, and most of all wanted work. Finally he got a job in a boot shop, and the first morning he scrubbed out the shop. The woman said she had never seen a boy scrub out a shop so well. She took him into her own sitting-room and gave him something to eat. He should have been happy for he had work and food. But in the room was another boy bigger than he was, and the woman kissed this boy and called him by affectionate names as she took him on her knees. And poor little Bullen burst into bitter sobs. He could not tell what was the matter when they asked him, for he did not know. Now he knows that it was because he wanted to be loved. Shortly after this he took to the sea, where although he did not find much he found some love. And later, in New Zealand, he found teachers.

Max Beerbohm's New Venture

Anything from the pen of Max Beerbohm is sure to promise entertainment. "Max," we can imagine, may subtly irritate, when the reader is not in a mood for his quips and conceits, but at least he has never learned to bore us. He is now to appear as a novelist, having just completed a long story. Zuleika Dobson it is to be called, and the very name spells satire.

The same writer, after giving us his mournful outlook upon the English drama for the last year or two in the Saturday Review has also been trying his hand at a play founded upon his own story, The Happy Hypocrite, which appeared originally in the Yellow Book and afterward as a booklet.

Mrs. Williamson's London Success

It is a curious thing that one of the most widely read novelists in England at the present moment should be an American woman who is probably scarcely known even by name in her native country. Mrs. C. N. Williamson has not, it is true, made for herself what is called a great "literary" reputation. She writes frankly for the million and succeeds in reaching them. The innumerable readers of the *feuilletons* in the half penny morning papers of London such as the Daily Mail, and those who depend for fiction on cheap weeklies of enormous circulation such as Lloyd's, have no greater favorite than Mrs. Williamson. She has sometimes as many as three or four stories going at the same time in different papers and magazines. It has never been asserted that she took her art very seriously. It may well be that she laughs to herself as she subjects her poor but ravishingly beautiful heroines to the persecutions of titled villains. But she is a success, and that is probably all she wants.

Mrs. Williamson was Miss Alice Muriel Livingstone, of Poughkeepsie, New York. Her career began as an actress, and in her first novel, The Barn Stormers, one will find much autobiographical experience. After acting for a time, Miss Livingstone turned her hand to journalism and came to London, in 1892, as the correspondent for four American papers. Her marriage to the editor of Black and White settled her in England, and she then took steadily, one can, perhaps, scarcely say seriously, to novel writing. One would have said, *a priori*, that one of the most difficult things for an American to do was to write stories for the middle and lower English classes which should suit their peculiar tastes. But this is another of the things the American woman can do when she puts her hand to it.

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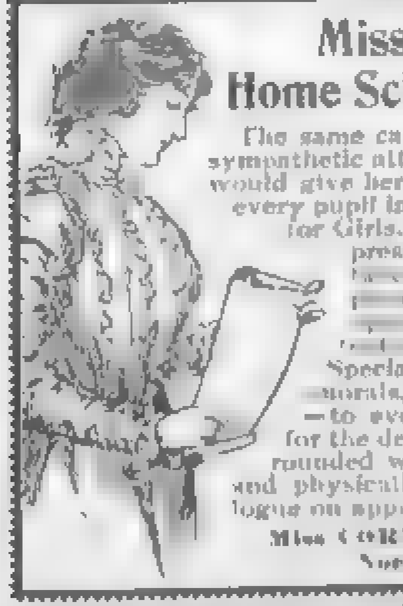

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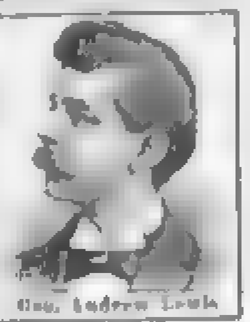

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WHAT to READ
The Books of the Week

A Bubble Bursted*

Here is a sparkling and wholesome story which pricks the bubble of a young society woman's fascination for the life of the stage with exquisite neatness and skill. The spell is broken not by the ponderous onslaught of the purpose novel's broadsword, but a neat thrust of an instrument as delicate and unpretending as a woman's hat pin. A writer so clever as Mr. Matthews and so familiar as he with every phase of stage life could scarcely fail to make an interesting story from his theme; but very few could have wrought so artistic a piece of work as The Action and the Word. One scene in the story is notably charming in its sweet, domestic naturalness. This is where Evert Brookfield and his father, the shrewd and kindly old doctor, are waiting in the breakfast room, the morning after Mrs. Brookfield's first appearance on the amateur stage. The men heard the rustle of a gown, saw the parting of the curtains, and then:

> A smiling baby was thrust through by invisible hands.
>
> "Say, 'Good-morning, papa!'" cried a voice from behind the curtains. "Say 'Good-morning, grandpa! I'm a year old to-day. And don't you think I'm a big boy for my age?'"
>
> The child sprang up in his mother's firm grasp and held out his hands toward his father.
>
> As Evert crossed the room, his wife slipped her head in by the side of the baby's and scolded him playfully. "Naughty papa," she [illegible] naughty papa didn't remember [illegible]
>
> [illegible] mysterious [illegible], is it?" asked her husband.
>
> [illegible] young mother stepped inside the dining-room, and looked at the doctor reproachfully. "Naughty grandpa," she added; "he didn't remember, either. Never mind, baby; mama remembered. Your mama won't forget [illegible] grandpapa are naughty and never think about you at all."

The wintry sunlight fell on mother and child as she stood near the window, with the tall form of the grandfather rising above them. One ray made a halo about the boy's head, and another swept across her cheek.

> "Clap hands for grandpa!" she cried, suddenly kissing the baby in the neck, and then [illegible] him up and down in her vigorous grip.

The baby cooed again, and tried to clap his hands; and Evert saw a dimple come in his wife's cheek and then disappear. That fugitive dimple also pleased him greatly, and he wondered why it was so rare.

The subtle growth of the stage passion, of the love of admiration and excitement in this charming, ingenuous and faithful but tempted young wife is traced with a delicacy which belongs to the true artist and analyst. The book will do good, for it will open the eyes of young women standing somewhat in the position of Carla Brookfield, and that, too, without letting them know it.

Robert Tournay†

As well might the critic attempt to define that which is impossible to the infinite as to presume to place metes and bounds to the "human probabilities" of a romance of the French Revolution. In this bloody field all handicaps are off, and the author has always the right to plead that the historic facts of the Reign of Terror surpassed in fearful picturesqueness anything the modern imagination could possibly devise. It is therefore idle to attempt to quarrel with the marvelous procession of events — of perils, deliverances, acts of revenge and decrees of justice — which telescope into one another in the pages of Robert Tournay.

If writing romances of the Reign of Terror has its special privileges it also has its special perils. He who cannot fire the emotions of his readers with materials so combustible as the mad pranks of the Revolution afford is indeed a feeble literary incendiary. This charge, however, cannot be brought against the author of Robert Tournay. Perhaps the most apparent fault of the book is the stiltedness which seems to seize upon the leading characters at critical moments and stiffen them into putty statuettes with a "ten-twenty-thirty" vocabulary. When Robert, a Colonel in the army of the Republic, comes back to his old home to rescue Mademoiselle de Rochefort from the Republican mob he is greeted with this:

> "Do not touch me," she cried with a tone almost of terror. "I will hear no more. I cannot bear it. I cannot bear to see you. [illegible] for the love of Heaven, leave [illegible]"

Allowing for the social gulf between a young woman of the nobility and the son of her father's intendant, it is not a compliment to the intelligence of this flower of the aristocracy to put into her mouth so stupidly absurd a speech. There is, however, good character drawing in the book. The cool bravery of St. Hilaire is well indicated by this little touch which describes his flight after being secretly warned of his approaching arrest:

> [illegible], that frequented the upper part of the building, walked silently in through the open door and, arching her back, rubbed purringly against his leg. He went to the cupboard and, getting out a saucer, filled it with the cream that was to have flavored his next morning's cup of coffee, and placed it on the floor. The animal ran to it greedily, and for a few moments St. Hilaire stood watching the little red tongue curl rapidly out and in of the creature's mouth as she lapped up the unexpected feast."

Situations are as thick in this romance as flowers in spring and there is a special crisis for every chapter. Altogether the book is good for a half day's lively entertainment.

—*Forrest Crissey*

Glimpses of New Books

A better understanding of the loves and fears of the flowers, their insect foes and friends, their growth and culture, is presented in fascinating form by Neltje Blanchan in Nature's Garden, which might be called a popular guide to the flowers, and one accompanied by copious illustrations in color and line. *Doubleday, Page & Co.*

To preface a story with the words "a novel" is as if one should say, This is not a short story, a serial, a sample of summer fiction, nor any bit of the fluffy chiffon and pink organdy world; this is serious; this is written for posterity; this is a novel. Mr. Edwin Asa Dix writes in that spirit and — judging from the little notice of warning to the frivolous, posted on his covers and quoted above — with those convictions. Nathan Bradbury was a deacon of the church at the Corners, and as such lent his name Deacon Bradbury to Mr. Dix's book. Through one of those misunderstandings which will arise, he quarreled with his son, and, in the grief and shame that followed their separation, lost his faith in church and God. However, an outside attack upon his son's honor, which he was obliged to overhear, shook his confidence in the judgment which he had so strictly passed and sternly held, and from there the gradual progression to complete forgiveness, reconciliation and understanding were unmistakable. It is not blurted out but is gracefully left to inference. Such a determination to deserve rather than to please is always calculated to give the reader a fuller sense of duty accomplished than of pleasure won — but if Mr. Dix is uncompromising at least he is not patronizing. There are no homilies. *The Century Company.*

Most of us, remembering Horace Greeley's "Go West, young man, and grow up with the country," have become imbued with the idea that somehow or other the West, like the young man of the quotation, grew up of itself. Charles Moore in The Northwest Under Three Flags shows that such is not the case. "Many races united to people and build up the Northwest, and many interests were in conflict." Long before England took any vital interest in the great uncharted stretch to the west and north of her colonies, Versailles and Madrid followed keenly the relations of the Jesuit missions. The narrative begins with the landing of Jacques Cartier and, tracing successively the foundation of Detroit, the English counter-claims, the subsequent English occupation of the Ohio country, the fall of Quebec, Montreal and Detroit, passes through the Pontiac War, the conflicts of the Revolution and the War of 1812, to final peace under the Stars and Stripes. *Harper & Brothers.*

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* The Action and the Word. By Brander Matthews. *Harper & Brothers.*

† Robert Tournay. A Romance of the French Revolution. By William Sage. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

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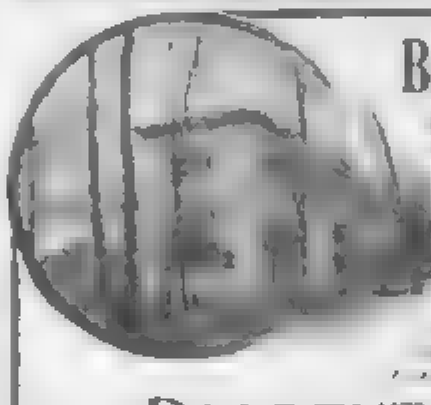

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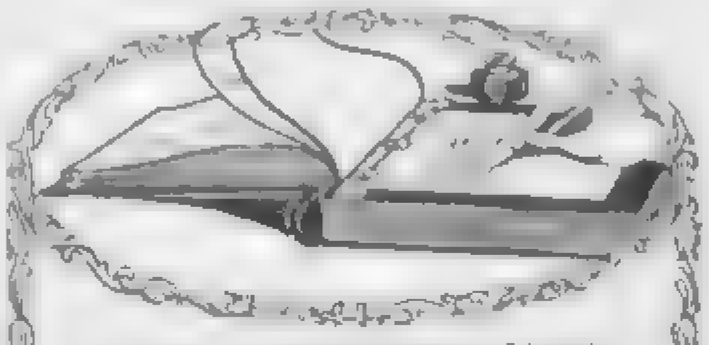

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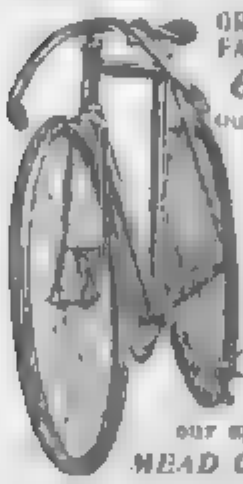

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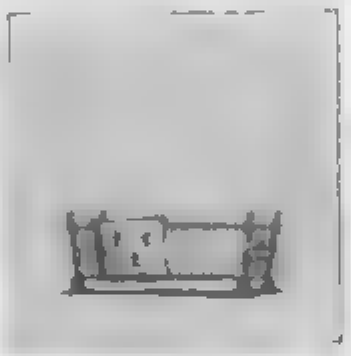

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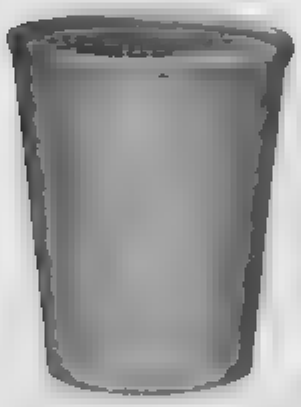

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COACHING—
Past and Present
By Alfred Stoddart

BETWEEN the coaching of the olden times and the coaching of the present day there are only a few points of difference, the chief of which is the matter of a hundred years or more between them. Next in importance is the difference between a stern necessity and a rare luxury. For the rest, coaching is much the same as it was in the eighteenth century, and the coachman's heart glories in the fact.

For though fashions in clothes, in books, art, and even in music, may come and go, the canons of good taste and "good form" in coaching, as in many other branches of sport, remain unaltered. In these days of automobiles, electric bicycles and all the aggressive modernity of the dawning century, your coaching enthusiast studies to mount to the box and gather up his reins in precisely the same style as his professional predecessor did in the good old days of "the road," and he will not tolerate a strap of leather which did not form a part of the harness of "the team" of the traditional mails of the old country.

Faithfulness to these old traditions is the true coaching man's foible, and it may be readily forgiven him in view of the healthful delight which he takes in the sport and the innocent pleasure which he shares with his fellow-mortals. Coaching is the least selfish of all sports, and even the so-called public coaches give a vast amount of pleasure to others besides their proprietors. Indeed, the latter afford to many a delightful opportunity to participate in a pleasure which would otherwise be beyond their reach—the novelty of seeing the country from the top of a swiftly moving coach, upon payment of a fee which is really a small one when the expense of maintaining the coach is considered.

Road and Park Coaching

Modern coaching is of two kinds: road coaching and park coaching—if the latter term may be allowed. Of the two, the former approaches more closely the standard of the olden times, and is considered by coaching men to be more "sporting" than the latter.

By road coaching is meant the driving of a coach and four over a certain route upon a stated schedule, and the booking of passengers for a money consideration. Please observe that the word "booking" is used in this connection. One may purchase a ticket for a railway journey or engage berths for a sea voyage, but one must always book one's seats for a coaching trip.

The route once established and the time card made up, it becomes a matter of rigid duty to the coaching man to observe his schedule punctually. No train dispatcher is more particular than he. Precisely at the time advertised he mounts to the box, gathers his reins and starts his train—not with a crack of the whip as florid writers are fond of saying, for that would be bad horsemanship, but skillfully he brings his four horses into action—and presently the coach is bowling merrily along through the city streets, into a park, perhaps, and hence to the open country, over the broad highway toward the first "change."

It was thus that Mr. Pickwick and his jovial companions traveled; it was thus that Tom Brown made his eventful journey to Rugby; it was for the rumble of the coach and the clatter of steel-shod shoes that many an anxious traveler waited at the cross-roads in the good old days, and as we bowl along merrily toward the old inn where we make our first change of horses it is not hard to imagine ourselves back in those days before the iron horse drove the more picturesque mail coach out of existence. Our coachman is a millionaire, perhaps, and this coaching venture is merely a fad of his, but what of that? The heart which beats beneath his drab box-coat is filled with the same desires and ambitions as was that of the elder Weller or any other of the old-fashioned knights of the road.

As we rattle through a little village and pull up at the inn for the first change, we note by comparing our watches with the time-card that we are on time to the minute.

Four sleek bays, already bridled and with their collars on, await our arrival, and the change is made almost in the time it takes to tell of it. Then a blast from the guard's horn signals "get ready," and we are off again at a smart pace.

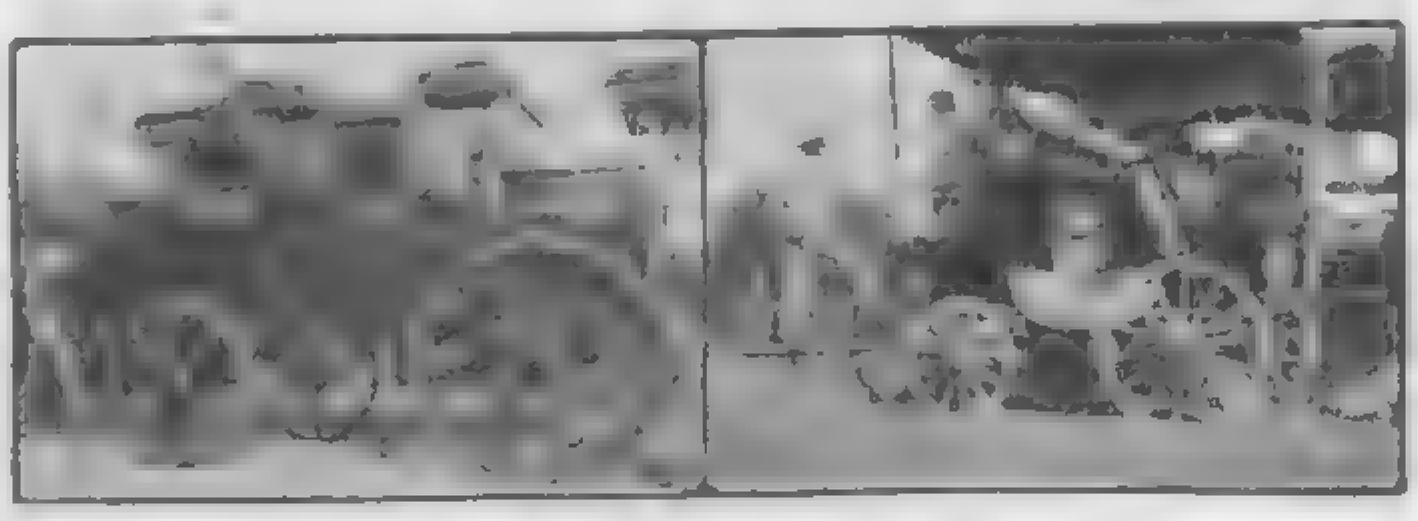
It is pleasant to think that these same old inns once echoed with the noise and bustle of changing horses in the good old days when coaching was pursued in earnest, but—alas for the grim truth—coaching in this country in the last century lacked much of the picturesqueness of English coaching. Too often the "coach" was merely a stage wagon, bearing no more resemblance than its four wheels afforded to the genuine mail coach. However, let us not pursue this inquiry too far. It is disturbing to the delightful flavor of antiquity which clings to coaching. Rather let us prepare to enjoy to its full measure the "galloping stage" which follows the next change of horses. On most coaching routes it is arranged to have one galloping stage where the road is best adapted to it. A team is chosen which works together well at this gait, and the effect is most exhilarating.

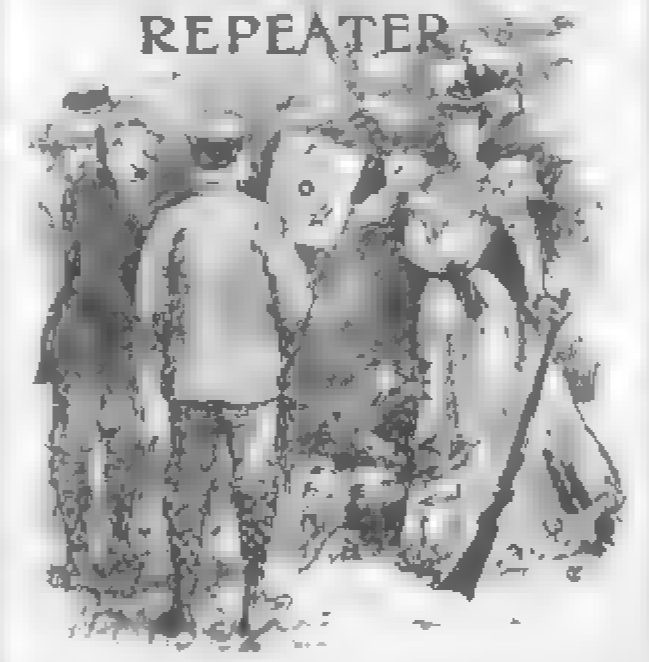
The Expense of a Costly Sport

The expense of maintaining a road coach is not inconsiderable. In the first place there is the coach, which costs from two to three thousand dollars; then the horses, at prices ranging from two hundred dollars per head upward, four for each stage and a few more for emergencies. These are usually sold at the end of the season—sometimes, if they are well selected, at a profit, as their work on a coaching route is thought to harden them and prepare them for private use. The amount of such a profit, however, is necessarily small in comparison with the other expenses—that of the harness, for instance, which must all be of the best, boarding the horses at the various "changes," wages and keep of grooms, helpers, and so on down the list. Besides the grooms in charge of the horses along the route, a professional coachman is usually maintained to supervise generally. He looks after all the minor details, sees that the horses at the "changes" are in good condition, and drives the coach if the owner or his friends do not care to do so.

Between a road coach and a park drag there is a wide range of difference. The former is built up for business, is heavier than the park drag by several hundred pounds, and is not finished so highly. Perhaps the most radical difference is the "rumble," or groom's seat on the rear. In a road coach this must always be solidly built of wood and must hold three persons, while that of a park drag is supported by irons and will hold only the two grooms.

Two types of modern coaches

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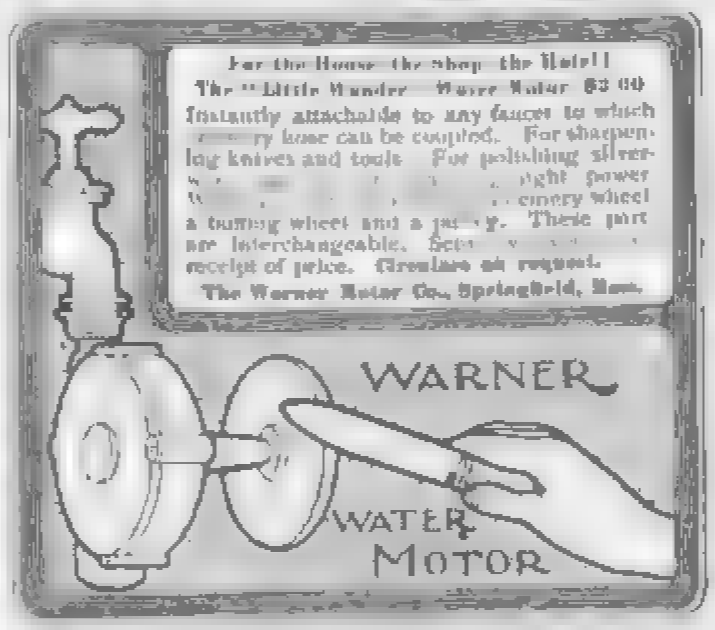

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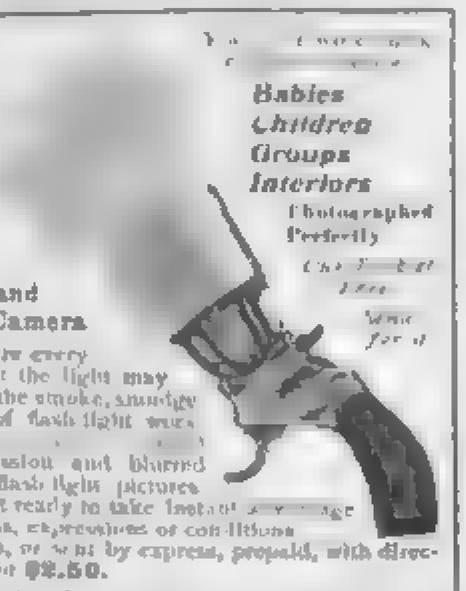

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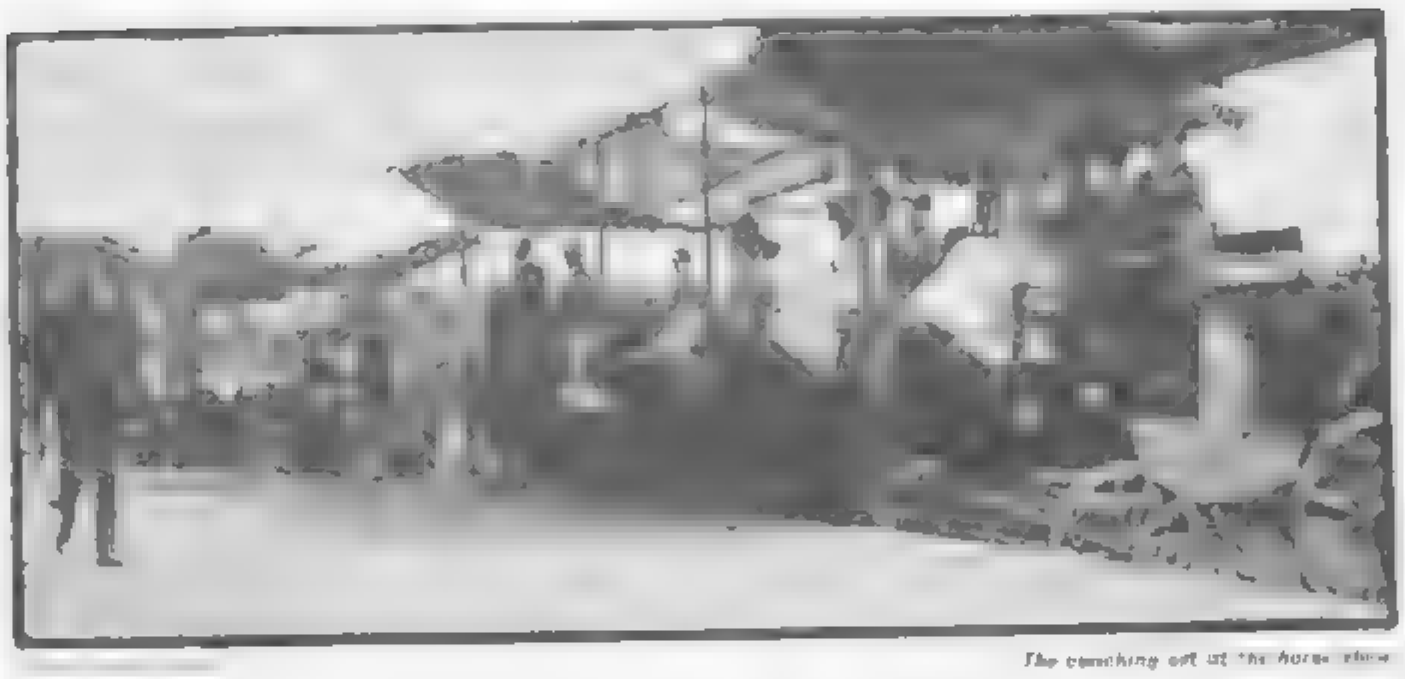

The coaching set at the horse show

A road coach does not carry any grooms, their place being taken by the guard, who, however, is not supposed to have anything to do with the horses save in an emergency The guard is a direct inheritance from the old coaching days when the mail was carried in this way. In those days the guards were employed by the Government and wore the King's livery—the scarlet coat which one often sees on coach guards in this country Nowadays a drab frock coat is better form The guard wears a low-crowned, wide brimmed top hat, usually gray with rough nap. He carries a leather case strapped over his shoulder for way-bills, the key of the coach, and so forth

American Pioneer Road Coaching Colonel A. DeLancey Kane was the pioneer of road coaching in this country. In 1876 he "worked" a coach between the Brunswick Hotel, New York City, and Pelham Bridge This was succeeded by many similar undertakings, the members of the two coaching clubs—the Coaching Club of New York and the Four-in-Hand Club of Philadelphia being foremost in the ventures

Perhaps the most ambitious project of all was the putting on the road of a double line of coaches between New York and Philadelphia, which was successfully accomplished several years ago by several members of the Philadelphia coaching set—Messrs Edward Browning, Harrison K. Caner, Edward Morrell and Neilson Brown. The distance was made in something less than twelve hours, and a record was established for the longest coaching route of our times

The New York Coaching Club's famous road coach Pioneer ran out of New York for many seasons, and this year the route will be from the Holland House to the Ardsley Casino—though the coach itself is a new Pioneer, the old one having been replaced Messrs. Reginald W. Rives and George R. Reade are chiefly interested in this venture and are usually the whips. Mr. Frederic Bronson, formerly president of the Coaching Club, whose death occurred recently, was also associated in this venture

The smartly turned-out vehicles one sees in coaching parades, and usually those driven for pleasure in the parks, are park drags, so called, lighter in weight than road coaches, more highly finished and in more sober colors. There are also differences which are observed in the harness. The park equipage is more for show, whereas the road team is equipped solely for use

The coaching parades—an idea borrowed from our English cousins—are picturesque spring fixtures with both the New York and Philadelphia coaching clubs. They are usually witnessed by great crowds, for the men are attracted by the spanking teams and the women are interested in the gay gowns of the ladies—fashion permitting unlimited license as to color on such occasions.

No branch of sport—save, perhaps, fox hunting—possesses a greater wealth of literature than coaching. The famous sporting writer, Nimrod, contributed several volumes to it, and there are many others of equal value Mr. Fairman Rogers' Manual of Coaching, recently published, is the most comprehensive work on the subject ever written Although a comparatively new book it has already grown rare, as most of the edition was destroyed by fire. Next in importance is the Duke of Beaufort's volume on Driving, in the Badminton Library. Edward Corbett's An Old Coachman's Chatter contains much of interest on coaching, while other volumes, such as Stanley Harris' Old Coaching Days and The Coaching Age, W. Outram Tristram's Coaching Days and Coaching Ways, Francis T. Underhill's Driving for Pleasure, and Stephen James Ferris' The Delights of Coaching, are standard works of reference

Verse as well as prose has been inspired by "the chatter of the bars," much of it so excellent in its rhythm as to suggest itself unconsciously to the enthusiastic coachman,

> "As he rattles along with eleven and four
> And a petticoat on the box

Rameses on the Road

THE recent illness of Miss Agnes Repplier the well known Philadelphia writer, made her friends all over the world particularly anxious. She is now on an extended trip abroad from which she hopes to return entirely strong

She was dismayed about only one thing She neglected to take Rameses with her Rameses is a very small, very ugly stone cat It was dug up by an Egyptian explorer and archæologist from the tomb of one of the famous mummies now in the museum at Cairo, Egypt. The mummy was supposedly a cat worshiper, and had this small image buried with him—for protection of his soul, no doubt. It was presented to Miss Repplier by a distinguished man of Europe some time after her book Agrippina had made its success. The cat was named Rameses at once

Miss Repplier has so deep a superstition about its bringing good luck that she carries it with her always. For the first time in all these years she forgot the cat until she had reached the steamer and was outward bound On her arrival on the other side she cabled at once to her sister that Rameses should be sent or brought over by a friend. Consequently the hideous little image, with his pedigree of centuries, was packed securely in cotton and forwarded

Miss Repplier has thirty nine images of cats that have been sent to her from all over the world. They are arranged on a carved table in her library. The framed picture of a famous cat hangs on the outside door of her apartments instead of a doorplate

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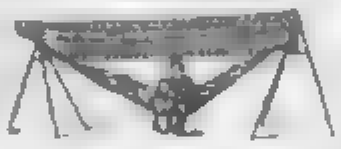

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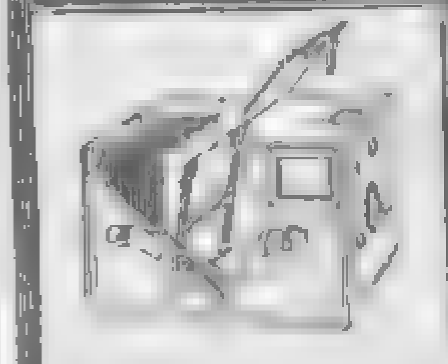

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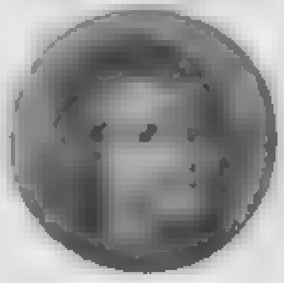

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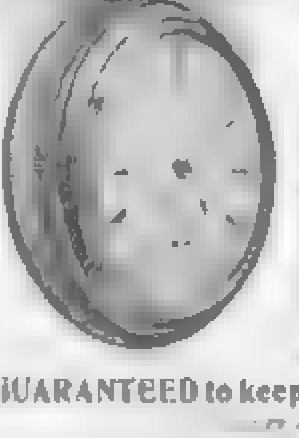

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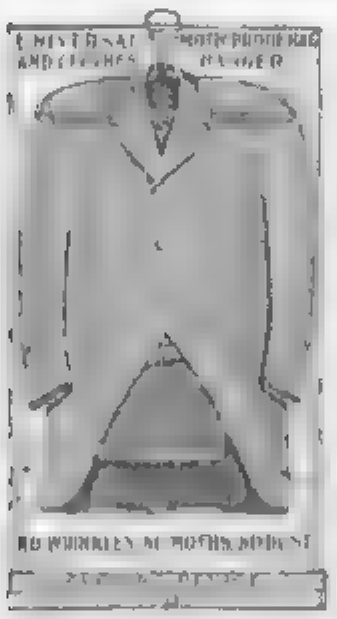
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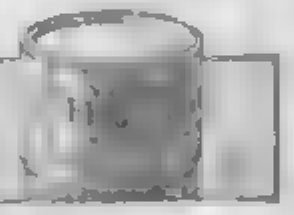

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JOHN SHERMAN
An Anecdotal Sketch

A GREAT man's contemporaries rarely estimate him correctly. They see him too near and too familiarly, and cannot judge of the effect of his work, which is seldom immediate. What is said of him too often leans on the bias of his friends or the animosity of his enemies. The men who have brushed elbows with John Sherman know him for a great man, but how great he is or just what niche in the history of his country he will occupy is not for this generation to determine. This much may be said — and it is the estimate of one of his former colleagues: "He has been, without doubt, one of the most useful men to his country of his times."

John Sherman first entered Congress in 1855, and with the single exception of the four years from 1877 to 1881, when he was Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinet of President Hayes, served continuously, in one House or the other, for forty-three years. For thirty-six years, from 1861 to 1897 — omitting, of course, the four years just mentioned — he sat in the Senate. During this long term he held most important committee assignments. Both the Chairmanship of the Committee on Finance and the Committee on Foreign Relations, stations of the gravest responsibility, he filled with signal ability. But the crowning achievement of Mr. Sherman's career, the work by which he will be most remembered, was the reorganization of the disordered and shattered finances of the nation in the period of years immediately following the Civil War.

From the days when he and his brother "Cump," afterward General of the Army, were barefooted boys, he had been a close student of political economy and finance. The act of June 4, 1875, providing for the resumption of specie payments, gave Mr. Sherman his chance to effect what he had so conscientiously striven for. The purpose of the act, as he himself described it, was to "secure to all interests and all classes the benefit of a sound currency redeemable in coin, with the least possible disturbance of existing rights and contracts." To quote again from his own words: "To provide for the payment of a vast debt created during the war was next in importance to the conduct of armies, and those who were engaged in solving this problem were as much soldiers as the men who were carrying muskets or commanding armies."

Against this stupendous task Sherman pitted his energies with steady deliberation. On January 1, 1879, specie payments were resumed, nor have they been again intermitted from that day to this. Assuming direction of the Treasury Department at a time when affairs were in a state which can only be described as chaotic, when public confidence was shaken and the national credit was uncertain and unstable, at the end of four years he turned over to his successor a well-ordered machine, smooth and perfect in its working.

How Sherman Gained His Nickname

To his aid Mr. Sherman brought a nature instinctively methodical, and an unflinching probity. He saw to it that the public moneys were not squandered or used for dishonest purposes. A claim for a million dollars was once brought to him for his signature. It had been regularly allowed, but it was illegal and he refused to sign.

"It has been allowed," insisted the claimant's attorney, "and you must sign it."

"I will not," repeated Mr. Sherman; and he did not. He would have resigned, he afterward confided to a friend, had it been required of him, sooner than even seem to sanction a fraud.

Neither would he permit irregularities. The chief of a bureau one day came to him for an order to pay for some machinery.

"Has it been advertised?" asked the Secretary.

"No," said the chief, "but there are only two places where it can be made, and we are accustomed to get their bids and contract with the lowest."

"But," said the Secretary, "the law says it must be advertised."

"At least *this* may pass, for it is made and we need it."

"I cannot help that; the law says it must be advertised, and advertised it must be." And advertised it was, at a very large saving to the Government.

This was the ceaseless attention which gained Mr. Sherman the name of "Watchdog of the Treasury." Traveling in Europe some years ago with a courier who could speak almost any language better than English, he happened to meet General Oates, since Governor of Alabama, and for a few days they traveled in company, the courier embracing General Oates in the esteem he had already acquired for his distinguished employer. But one day he approached Mr. Sherman in high dudgeon. His affection for General Oates had turned to hatred, and in voluble if broken English he said:

"That man, sir, was not your friend. He call you, sir, a watchdog. Yes, sir, a watchdog. He has but one arm or I would chastise him; yes, sir."

Throughout these years of effort to make every dollar of American money equal in value to every other, he plainly foresaw the economic forces which were to result in the great financial campaign of 1896 culminating in the victory of Mr. McKinley. His speeches and reports of that day, like those of twenty years later, were arguments for an honest dollar. It was Sherman, also, who as Secretary of the Treasury first directly offered to the people the bonds of the Government, theretofore always negotiated through an association of bankers. During the last two years of his term as Secretary he funded the national debt into four per cent. bonds by popular subscription — a wise policy that until recently has been more honored in the breach than in the observance.

The Unfulfilled Ambition of Sherman's Life

Interwoven in this fabric of high purpose and nobly won achievement runs the darker pattern of disappointed ambition. Like Blaine and Webster, Sherman was destined never to attain his most cherished hope. Justly or unjustly, he has always been known as a cold, hard, unsympathetic man. Certainly he has never shown that warmth and magnetism which won and held the public love to these two tragic figures. "Statuesque" as has been said of him, he may have been, but hardly heroic. In his own mind Mr. Sherman was at no loss to whom to attribute his defeat: he blamed the treachery of the politicians whom he had trusted. After one of his defeats before a national convention he was sitting in the room of the Committee on Foreign Relations when the dispatch came announcing the nomination of one of his rivals. "The New York delegates have betrayed me again" was his bitter comment. Again, in 1888, he openly charged that his nomination was rendered impossible by the venality of the delegates.

It is interesting to turn to the record of his earlier days. The story of the boy Sherman is not the least pregnant in the chapter of the statesman's life. In it may be read the deep lead of affection which brought a man thought unsympathetic and self-centred to honor and preferment. When he was only six years old his mother was left a widow with eleven children. His first earnest desire was to help care for her, and throughout his young boyhood this was his controlling ambition. It inspired him to intense application and, knowing that everything he learned brought him nearer to the goal of his ambition, he progressed much more rapidly than his comrades. To this day he cannot speak of his mother without emotion.

At the age when most boys are just beginning to do earnest work, this ambition finally prompted him to leave school and secure employment that he might contribute to the family income. He was only fourteen when he accepted the position of junior rodman on Muskingum River. The same spirit of chivalry won him regard as a fighter, one quick to defend himself and whomsoever he thought entitled to his protection. In those days it was William Tecumseh, the elder brother, one of the doughtiest warriors of this century, who was the man of peace, and if the neighbors had been asked to prophesy the career of the two boys they would have given William the toga and John the sword. The love and friendship of the Sherman brothers was beautiful in its uninterrupted constancy, and, though they were widely separated through all the years after they grew to young manhood, "Cump" a soldier and John a statesman, nothing was allowed to break the bond. A voluminous correspondence was maintained between

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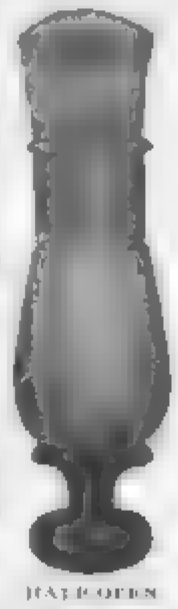

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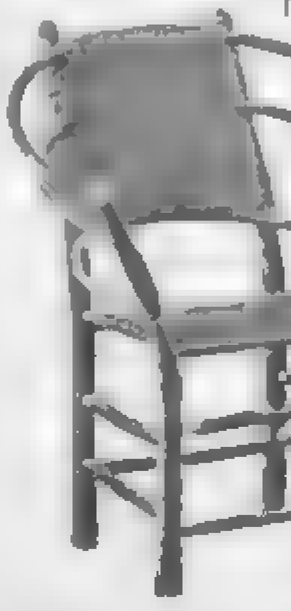

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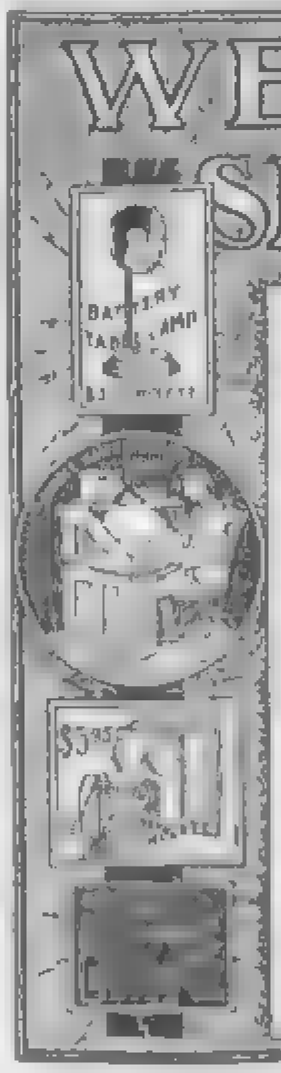

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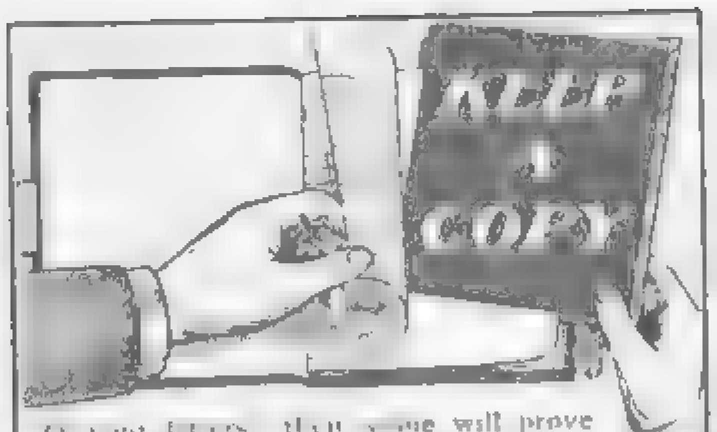
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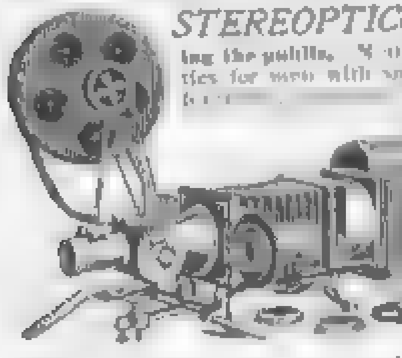
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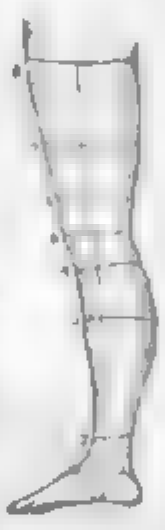
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them for many years. Not even the Civil War could check it. In recent years their letters—in so far as they related to public matters—have been gathered and arranged to form a most interesting and important volume of historical data.

Sherman's Strength in Debate

His early lack of a completed education has sometimes made itself felt. Despite wide reading and an undoubted mastery of his own department, his spoken utterances occasionally betrayed it. In his speeches he persisted in calling Canada, "Canady," and Cuba, "Cuby." It was during Cleveland's second term that some phase of the Samoan question was under debate and Sherman was holding the close attention of a full Senate and crowded galleries. The word Samoa seemed to bother him, and he pronounced it in three or four different ways. Finally determining upon Sammyo he continually referred to Sammyo and the Sammyans to the great amusement of his auditors. At length, little Senator Spooner, who sat next to him, sidled up with an apology for the interruption. He stood on tiptoe and, pulling the orator's head down within range, whispered in his ear. With a grave bow and most serious expression of countenance Sherman repeated, "Yes, yes, Samoa, Samoa," then going on with his speech in two minutes was saying Sammyo and the Sammyans again.

Inability easily to concentrate his mind upon the special issue of the subject under discussion was always Mr. Sherman's weak point in debate. Even in discussing financial questions he would sometimes stammer and stumble until it would be painful to attempt to follow him. At his best his delivery was marked by earnestness and sincerity, his presentment was lucid, swift and logical, and everywhere apparent was his broad general knowledge. Heard in Congress or from the stump, his addresses and shorter speeches made scores of converts. No doubt his lack of humor went along with his deep reserve in keeping him just beyond the border-line that cuts worship from respect. Like Nelson Dingley, Mr. Sherman would not know a joke if he met one on the street. Senator Hoar is a distant relative of Mr. Sherman, and always calls him "Cousin John." It is told of the two cousins that they were driving in the country when, on crossing the tracks of an electric railroad, they fell to talking about horses and how easily some of them take fright. "Cousin John" was loud in the praises of the black and brown pair behind which they drove—they were "kind, sound and shapely," but they would occasionally get nervous at an unusual noise behind them. Suddenly Mr. Hoar clutched Sherman's arm with a look of terror: "Talk lower, Cousin John; the horses might run away."

"That's so," said Sherman, and continued his eulogy in a whisper.

There was something commanding about his indifference to Senator Spooner's corrections, something dignified and quite self-forgetful which disarmed malice; but from other and more delicate positions his enemies did not let him off so easily.

Despite his manifold public activities, Mr. Sherman found time to amass a private fortune. He foresaw the future of the Capital City and built up scores of small houses on side streets. One street bearing his name stands solid with his houses. It seems typical of the man. With little of the meteoric and dazzling in his personality, his inner self ran strong and true in deep channels of pure affection and worthy aspiration. Chivalrous to his mother, the intimate of his brother, devoted to his wife and their adopted child, it could trouble little a life so full and rich that his acquaintances should have misnamed a fine reserve.

HON. JOHN SHERMAN

Mr. McKinley as a Teamster

THE Major drew heavily on his cigar and then watched the ring of fire fade into the ash again. When he spoke it was in the tone of a man who knows his story.

"Thirty-seven years ago I wore the red stripes and the red star of an ordnance sergeant and, at the battle of Antietam, had charge of the ammunition for a brigade. I had taken the ammunition train as close to the fighting line as was allowed until orders for ammunition were received. Two of the best teams and most reliable drivers were placed by the side of the road and kept in readiness to move at a second's notice when the call for cartridges should come.

"Well, the expected order came about eleven o'clock. 'Whip your teams into a dead run!' was my command, and I did it. We hadn't gone more than five rods when a commissary sergeant, in charge of a wagon, cut into the road ahead of us. I shouted to him to haul out.

"'I'm going to the line, too,' was his reply.

"'But I have the right of way—ammunition always has.' At that moment we came to a wide piece of road.

"'Drive past if you want to, but I'm not going to stop to let you,' was the comfort the youngster gave me.

"'Pass him!' was my order to the drivers. That meant a race, and a race it was until we reached a fork in the road. Then the commissary sergeant took one road and I took the other. My men soon reached the brigade detail to rush the ammunition to the line. When the two loads were disposed of orders were given to return and be in readiness for another trip. If I remember rightly those drivers used the lash more freely in getting back under partial cover than they did in the effort to pass the tenacious commissary sergeant. Bless me, but it was hot! A dozen brass bands couldn't have made more music than did the bullets, shot and shell Lee's men were throwing that way.

"Not long after the battle an order was issued doing away with the brigade ordnance sergeants and giving each division of three or four brigades an ordnance sergeant. Our brigade commander sent for me. When I reached his quarters he spoke of the race in a very sober way, as though it were a serious affair, and said that the division commander had directed that I report to him at once. I began to think that the race had in some way gotten me into a scrape, and when I reached the division commander I was mighty uncomfortable. I was sure, for one thing, that the commissary sergeant had reported me.

"'Sir, I am directed to report to you.'

"'Ordnance sergeant of the ——st brigade, eh?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Engaged in a race the day of the battle?'

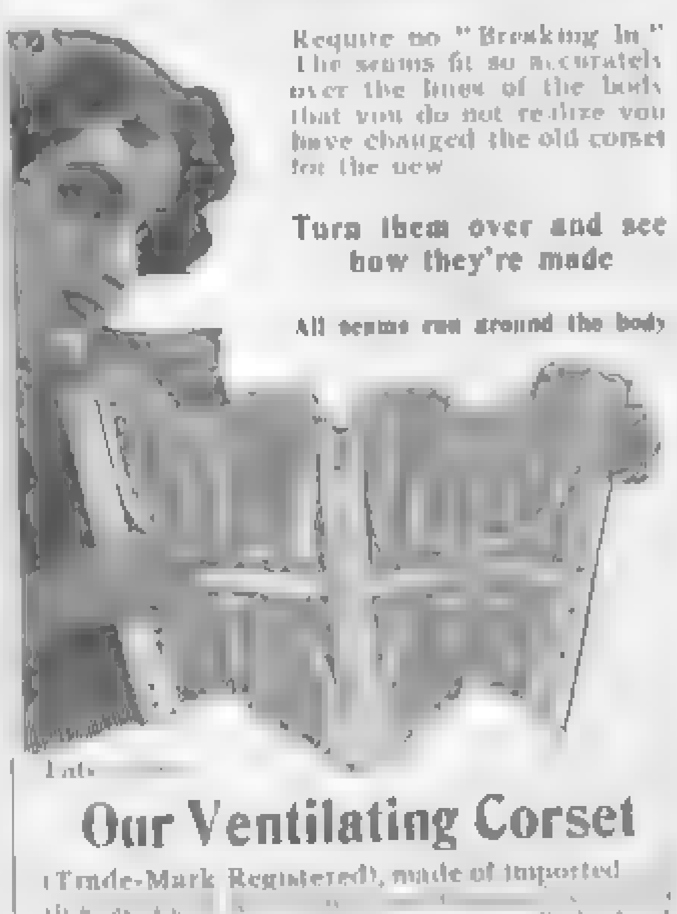
"'Yes, sir; I wanted to get the ammunition to the boys as soon as possible.'

"My voice was unsteady and I must have looked scared, but the general reassured me—he had selected me for division ordnance sergeant, and I was directed to report for duty that evening."

"Did you ever hear anything about your fellow-racer, the commissary sergeant?" asked some one.

"Yes, I have heard a good many things about him. His colonel thought that a commissary sergeant who would carry cooked rations to his comrades on the fighting line through such a storm as prevailed at Antietam would make a good lieutenant, and a few weeks later he was promoted. I heard from him, direct, not many months ago."

Thereupon the old Major displayed his last commission, saying, as he did so, "the gentleman who signed that bit of parchment as President McKinley was the commissary sergeant."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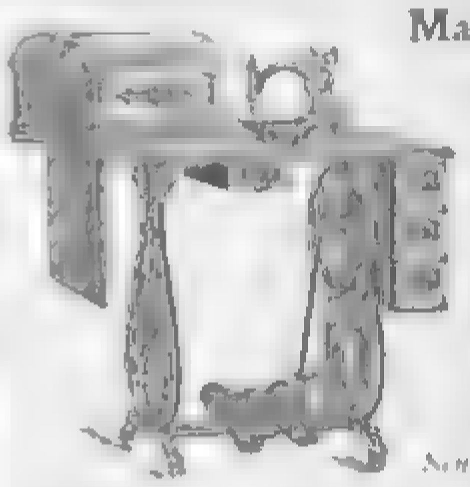
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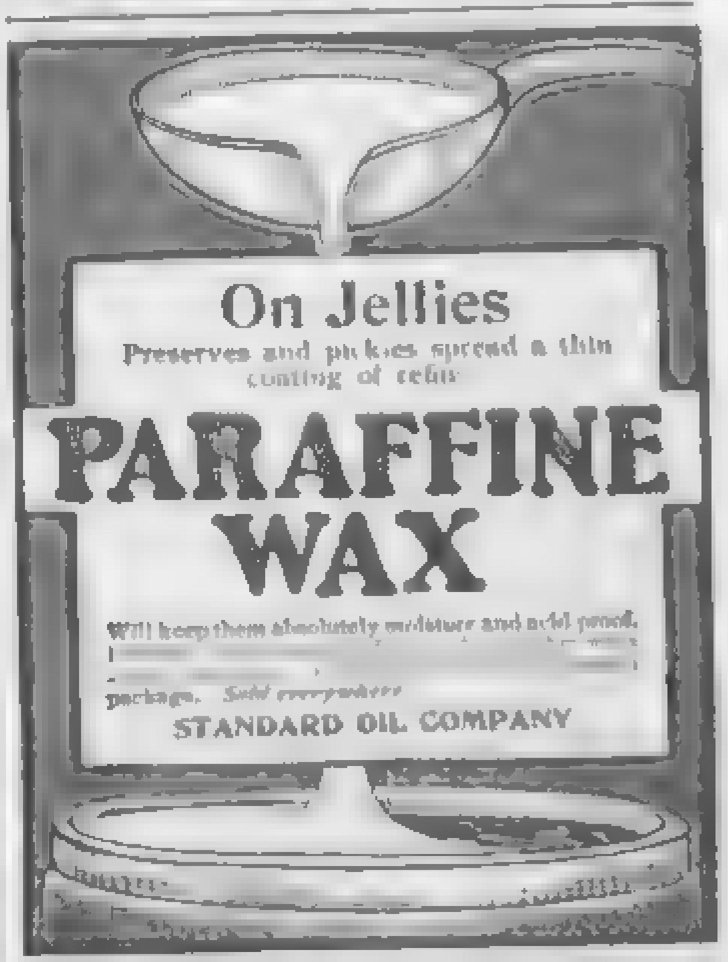
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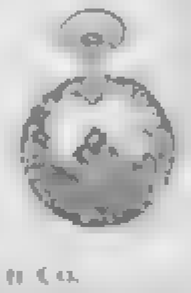
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Secretary of Agriculture Wilson says that in Nebraska nowadays the skins of superfluous dogs are tanned and made into gloves—a plan which affords a valuable suggestion inasmuch as every large community kills off great numbers of curs annually, the hides of which might just as well be utilized as wasted. Dogskin, of course, is one of the best materials for gloves, and for this purpose we import hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of canine pelts annually. In Manchuria and on the eastern borders of Mongolia, where the severe cold develops a beautiful growth of hair, are found thousands of flocks of young dogs. There is a great demand for both dog skins and dog hair in northern Asia. Many of both go to Paris, where they are tanned. A bride in Mongolia or Manchuria commonly receives a number of live dogs as wedding presents, and her husband, taking them home, kills them, using their hides to make carpets and bed covers

Suicide in the Animal Creation

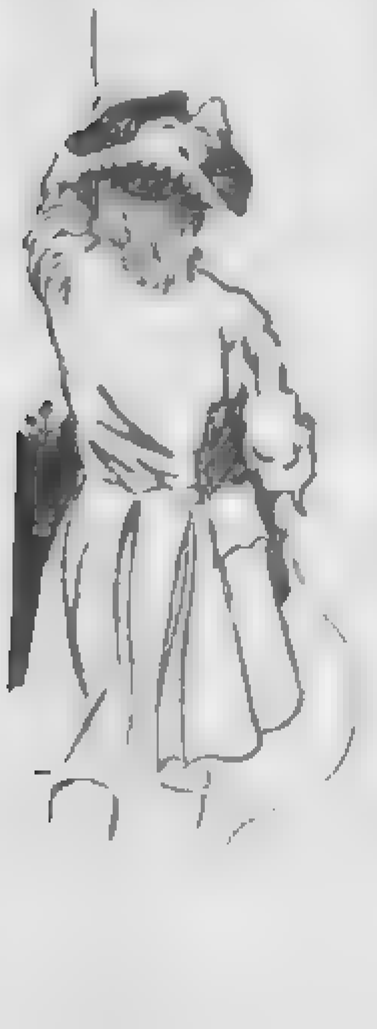
There is no longer question of the fact that the impulse of suicide is by no means confined to human beings. Many of the lower animals deliberately destroy themselves under certain conditions—such, for example, as imprisonment, which seems to give them an abhorrence of living

It is impossible to keep a fur seal alive in confinement because it will invariably starve itself to death, refusing food. Rather odd it is that such should be the case, inasmuch as the hair seal is so remarkably tractable an animal—fond of its human master and quick to learn tricks. Dogs have been known to refuse food and starve to death at their masters' graves, but grief rather than an intention of self destruction may be accountable in such instances

A more humble creature, the sea cucumber, which is related to the starfishes, will destroy itself on very small provocation, out of sheer ill temper apparently. If disturbed by handling or otherwise, it is apt to throw out its entire digestive system, or else to break itself into pieces.

The oft told tale that a scorpion will sting itself to death if surrounded by a circle of fire is a fable. And there is no truth in the notion that venomous snakes bite themselves when angry; indeed, as has been satisfactorily proved, they are proof against the toxic effect of their own poison. On the other hand, the crab has a way of amputating its own arms, and does not hesitate to throw one of them away if it happens to be slightly injured.

This self mutilation of the crab is not accomplished by detaching the limb at a joint, as one would naturally suppose, but the fracture is made in the length of the upper arm, at a point where it is small Examination of the member will show that Nature has provided for such amputation in a very curious way; a little cut, like the scratch a boy makes across a stick of candy to break it, is distinctly observable at the point mentioned. When Mr. Crab wants to get rid of a claw, he throws the arm backward with a jerk, and it snaps off



It is said that a crab can be made to relinquish a limb in this fashion simply by tickling the claw; but, whether this be true or not, it would appear that Nature's object in making the provision described is to enable the crustacean to free itself from the encumbrance of an injured and useless member. The sacrifice made by the creature is in no case very serious inasmuch as the claw is soon replaced by a new one, equally complete, though smaller. Lobsters and crawfish have the same power of amputating their own limbs

A fox will gnaw off his own leg if it is caught in a trap, and a wolf will do the same thing The so-called glass snake, which is really a lizard, will drop its tail and leave it squirming in the grass, while the reptile itself seeks safety by crawling off unobserved The "praying mantis" is addicted to the practice of chewing off its own toes, while it is almost impossible to secure a perfect *Barbitistes serricauda*, because the creature, when it finds itself held, bites off its front legs instantly. A scarabæus beetle native to Florida, when caught, dies in the hand of its captor almost immediately—apparently of intense nervous excitement.

The Demand for Emeralds

Emeralds have risen one hundred per cent. in value recently, and the market for these gems is in a flurry. United States Consul McNally at Bogota, Colombia, which is the centre of the trade, reports the presence there at one time of seventy-five foreign dealers, all eagerly seeking the green stones and offering unheard-of prices for them. The excitement, he adds, has led to the pillaging of church treasures, the statues of the saints being robbed of many fine emeralds with which they were adorned

Owing to the scarcity of emeralds, and the consequent great demand for them, ancient mines are being reopened and worked—notably at Habachthal in the Tyrol, which is understood to have been a source of the gems in very early times. At Mount Zabara, in Upper Egypt, deposits which furnished the world with the bulk of its supply of emeralds two thousand years ago have been attacked anew, a French traveler named Cailliaud having rediscovered them not long ago.

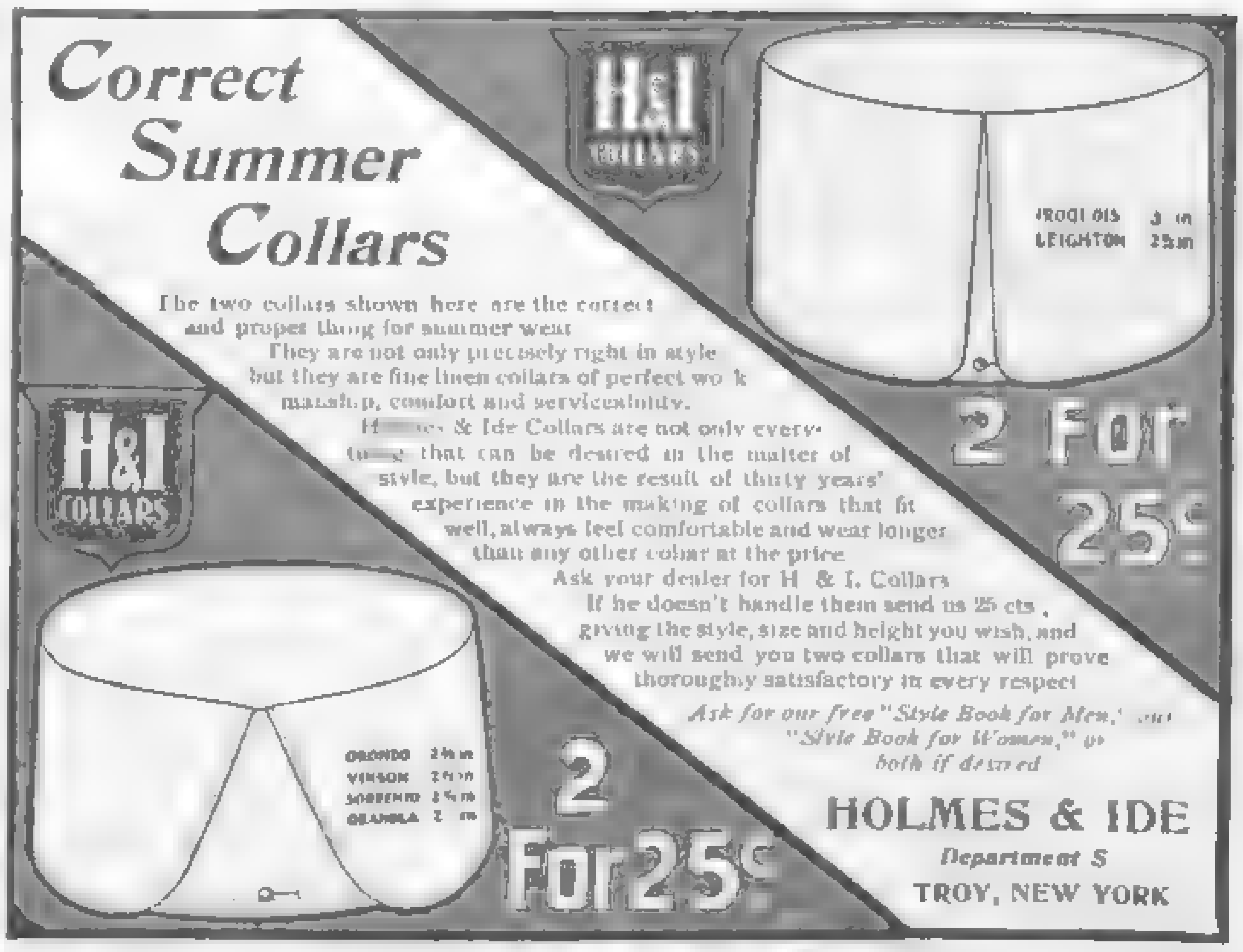
The principal source of emeralds to-day, however, is the famous Muzo mine, in the Andes, eighty miles northwest of Bogota, situated in a deep valley.. This mine was worked by the aborigines many centuries before the first coming of the Spaniards. In those ancient days there was an extended traffic in emeralds among the natives, and large numbers of the gems of Muzo found their way to Mexico and Peru, where they were greatly prized. At the present time the mine is the property of the Colombian Government, which rents it to a company.

Cortez sent to Spain in one batch two large boxes of emeralds, most of which came from Muzo, one of the cases containing forty thousand carats of the gem. Many of these stones were beautifully cut by Mexican lapidaries in the shape of flowers, fishes with eyes of gold, bells with pearls for tongues. Mr. Kunz, the expert in precious stones, says that in the Temple of the Sun at Cuzco, Peru, there was an image of the sun with disk and rays of gold, set thick with emeralds. This prize fell into the hands of Pizarro, who gambled it away

Unfortunately, the two boxes of emeralds collected by Cortez were lost, the ship that carried them never having been heard of again. He himself took to Spain some very fine stones of this kind, however, and it is believed that a few of the most valuable ones now in the royal treasury at Madrid represent a part of his plunder. Consul McNally says that the natives in the neighborhood of the Muzo mine have adopted lately a rather curious expedient in their eagerness to procure emeralds for sale to the foreign buyers They encourage their flocks of chickens to stray about the workings, in the expectation that small but valuable gems may be found later in their crops

The emerald is simply a green beryl, and is only precious when it happens to be found of the right color and free from flaws. Beryls of hues other than green may be bought for a trifle, and there is plenty of true emerald that is worthless by reason of flaws and lack of proper color. In the National Museum at Washington is a single crystal of beryl that weighs one thousand one hundred pounds, but it is valueless as gem material, and is interesting only because of the huge size of the crystal.

An emerald of the finest quality is considerably more valuable per carat than the purest white diamond, being second in worth



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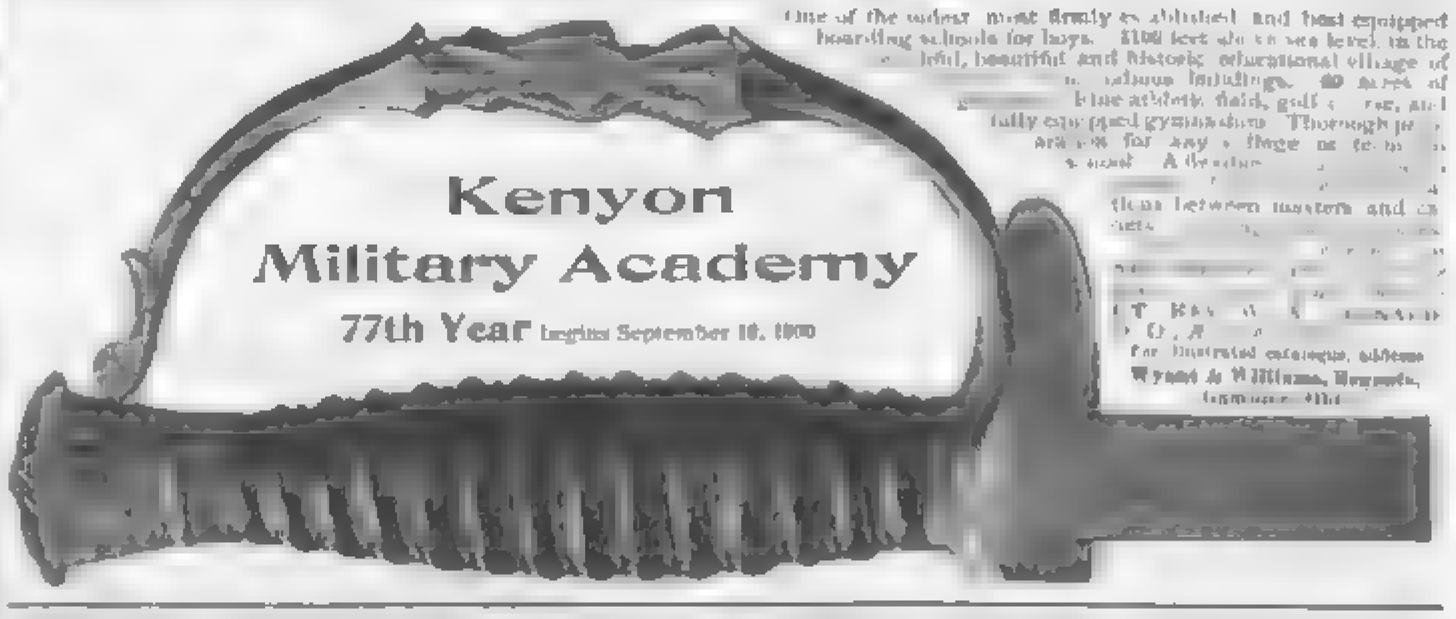

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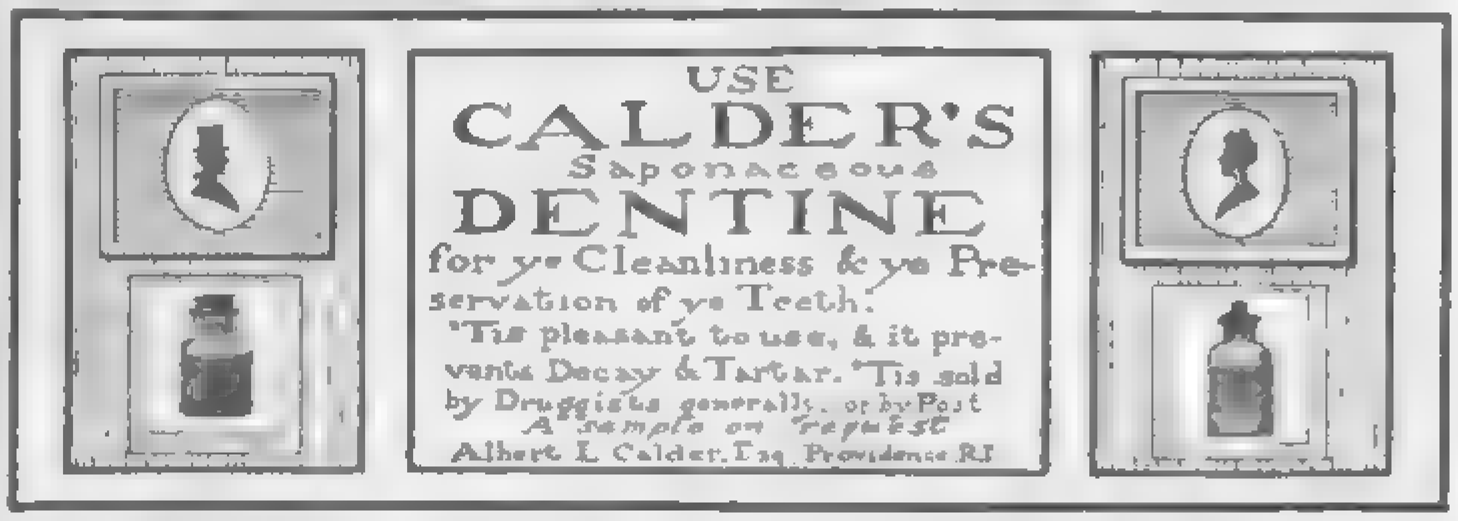

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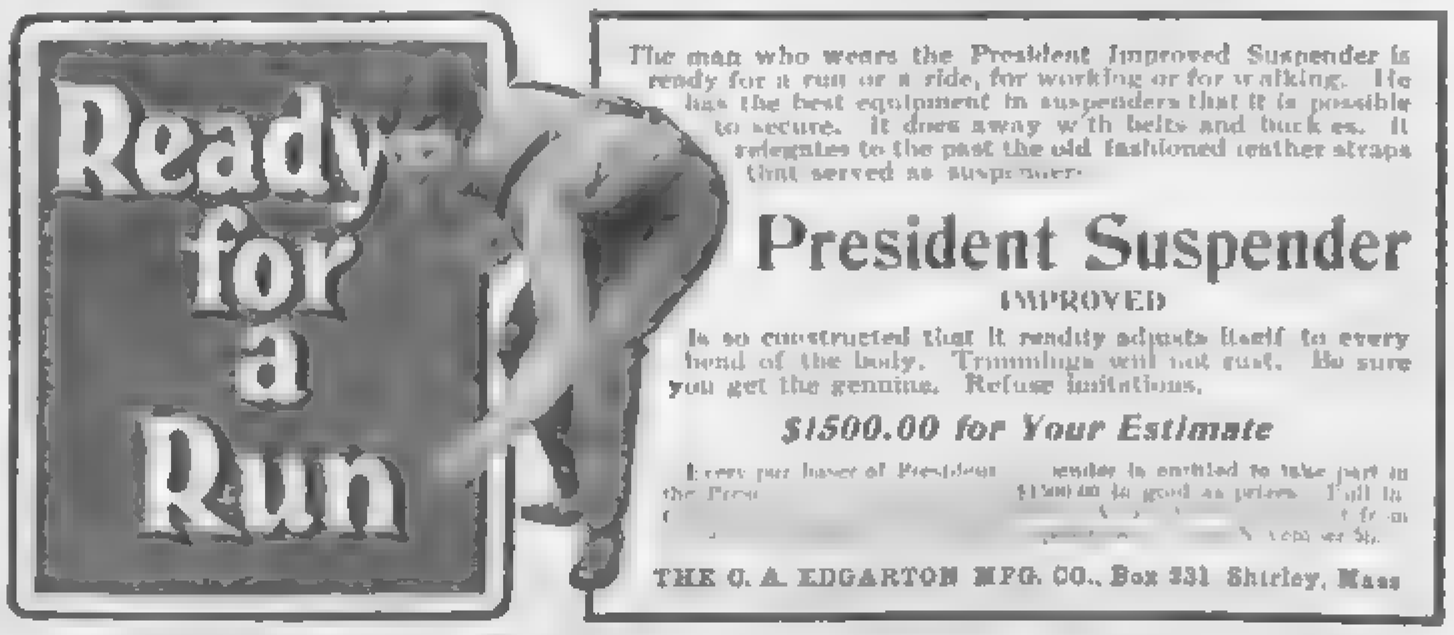

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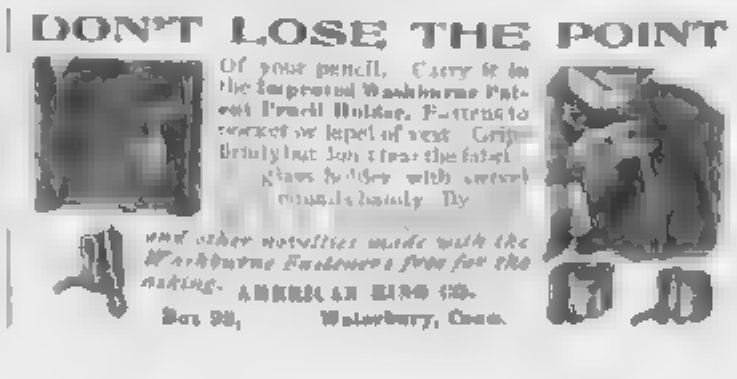

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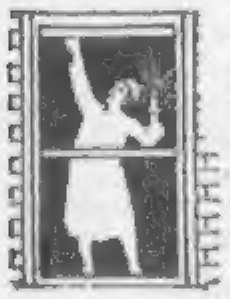

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only to the ruby. The recent advance in price has brought upon the market many old emeralds of great beauty, which the owners have been induced to sell, while the scarcity of the stones is causing an active search for them in every part of the world. This year's report of the Geological Survey, just issued, states that considerable quantities of light-colored emeralds are now coming from New South Wales. A few first-rate ones have been obtained from the neighborhood of Stony Point in North Carolina; they are of a beautiful light-green tint, and occur in red gravelly clay, the matrix from which they were originally derived being certain rocks of the Blue Ridge. Some of them have been dug out of pockets in the rock at a considerable distance beneath the surface.

History records that an emerald the size of an ostrich egg was owned by the ancient Peruvians, a religious homage being paid to it. It was called the Goddess of Emeralds, and was exhibited by the priests on occasions of festival only. Pizarro was curious to know whether it was real or not, and so tested it with a hammer, the result being it was smashed into bits. Even at the present day it is an accepted notion among the ignorant that the verity of a diamond or other gem may be determined by hitting it with a hammer. If it withstands the shock, it is all right; otherwise not. In this way many a valuable diamond has been destroyed, the fact being that precious stones, though extremely hard, are very brittle. The story goes that Disraeli was on one occasion badly frightened when by an accident he dropped the Koh-i-noor, which was handed to him for examination by the lapidary engaged in recutting it.

In the Hall of Private Audience, in the palace of the Mogul Emperors at Delhi, stood the celebrated Peacock Throne, the estimated value of which was $30,000,000. It was constructed by a Frenchman named Austin, who had sought refuge at the court of Shah Jehan, and it derived its name from two peacocks which spread their tails behind it, the vivid colors of the birds being represented by precious stones of appropriate colors. The throne itself was of solid gold inlaid with rubies, emeralds and diamonds, and between the peacocks was a life-size parrot carved from a single emerald. When Delhi was sacked by the Persians, in 1739, the throne was broken up, its materials being carried away as loot, but what became of the parrot nobody knows.

In the treasure-house of the Shah of Persia is a terrestrial globe three feet in diameter, which is said to have been used by the last monarch of that country for the study of geography. It is entirely covered with gems, of which there are 51,366 in all, reckoned at a total value of $5,000,000. The various countries of the earth are represented in precious stones of different colors, while the oceans are of emeralds. A vase in the imperial treasury of Austria is made of a single emerald, weighing 2680 carats, which is said to have been formerly the property of Burgundy, and in the government museum at St. Petersburg is a stone of the same kind a foot cube in size. These, however, are not gems of the first water.

Eleven beautiful emeralds help to adorn the state crown of Great Britain, which was worn by Queen Victoria on the occasion of her coronation. She has never worn it since, but whenever she has visited the House of Lords it has been borne before her on a cushion, being taken out of the regalia-room in the Tower of London for that purpose. In addition to the emeralds, the crown contains 2783 diamonds, 277 pearls, sixteen sapphires and four rubies, the total value of the gems being reckoned at $550,000, without counting the priceless great ruby which belonged to Edward the Black Prince and the famous sapphire purchased by George IV. At her drawing-rooms the Queen wears a tiara, made in 1862, which is her personal property and is constructed especially for use with a veil. It is a light shell of gold, incrusted with 2673 brilliants and 523 rose diamonds.

The emerald, like the diamond, has been reproduced in the laboratory, though to call the artificial gem a counterfeit would not be correct, inasmuch as it has all the qualities of the natural crystal. To produce it, natural emerald of poor quality is mixed with boric acid and a small quantity of oxide of chromium with the aid of heat. The chromium gives the requisite color, while the purpose of the boric acid is merely to dissolve the oxide. When the mixture cools, crystals of true emerald are formed out of it. Unfortunately, they are too small to be valuable, the achievement being interesting scientifically, but of no commercial use.

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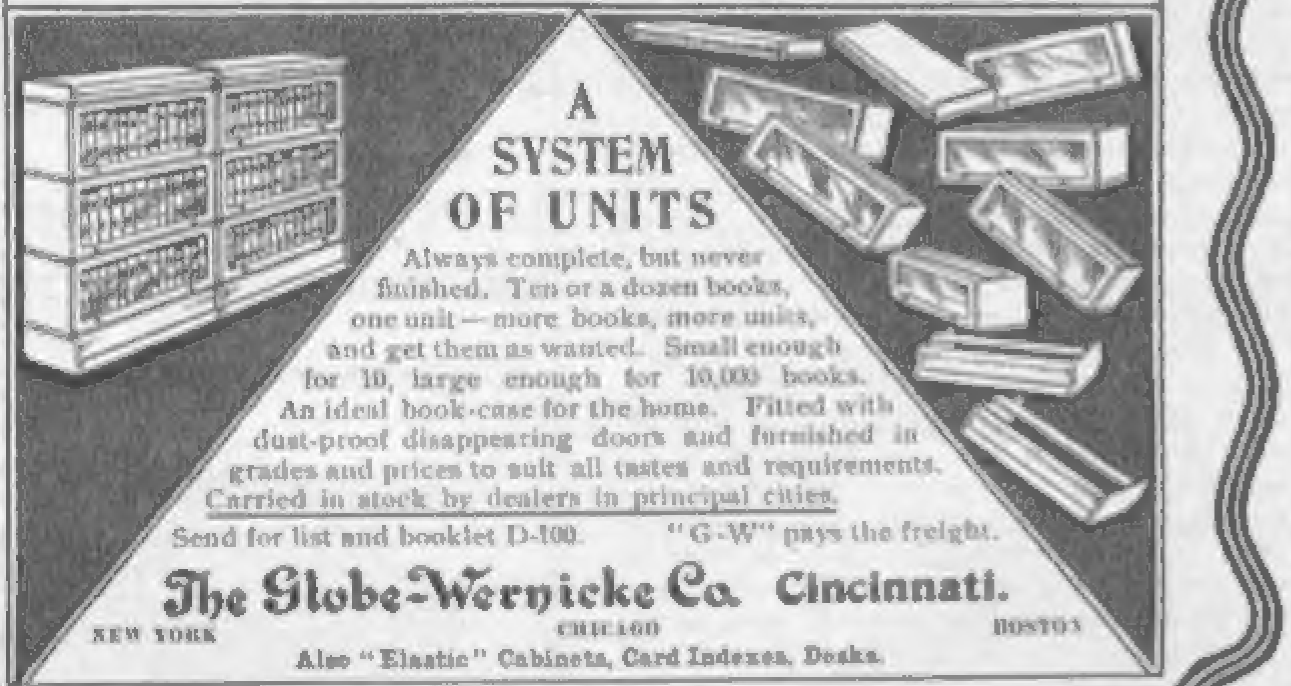

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Young Barbarians

(Continued from Page 1221)

well ask, for he's more like a street waufie than onything else. On a day like this, and when I see what a sight he's made of himself in two hours, I could almost wish he had been born a girl."

"Losh keep us, Mistress Chalmers, ye mauna speak like that, for it's no chancy he micht be taken away sudden, and ye would have regrets; forbye your laddie's naithing to my Archie, for the last time I saw him, as I'm a livin' woman, there wasna more than two inches of his necktie left, and he was fishing his new Balmoral bonnet out of the water-barrel in the playground. Ye needna expect peace if the Almichty give ye laddies, but I wouldna change them for lassies — no, I'll no go that length."

And the two matrons sustained themselves with the thought that if their boys were only a mere wreck of what they had been in the morning, other people's boys were no better, and some of them were worse, for one of them had inflicted such damages on his trousers that, although he was able to face the public, he had to retire as from the Royal presence; nor was it at all unlike the motherly mind to conceive a malignant dislike to the few boys who were spick and span, and to have a certain secret pride even in their boys' disorder, which at any rate showed that they were far removed from the low estate of lassies.

The great function of the day came off at two o'clock, and before the hour the hall was packed with fathers, mothers, sisters, elder brothers, uncles, aunts, cousins, and distant relatives of the boys, while the boys themselves, beyond all control and more disheveled than ever, were scattered throughout the crowd. Some were sitting with their parents and enduring a rapid toilet at the hands of their mothers; others were sitting in clumps and arranging a reception for the more unpopular prize-winners; others were prowling up and down the passages, exchanging sweetmeats and responding (very coldly) to the greeting of relatives in the seats, for the black terror that hung over every Seminary lad was that he should be kissed publicly by a maiden aunt. Mr. Peter McGuffie, senior, came in with the general attention of the audience, and seated himself in a prominent place with the Sparrow beside him. Not that Mr. McGuffie took any special interest in prize-givings, and certainly not because the Sparrow had ever appeared in the character of a prize-winner. Mr. McGuffie's patronage was due to his respect for the Count and his high appreciation of what he considered the Count's sporting offer, and Mr. McGuffie was so anxious to sustain the interest of the proceedings that he was willing, although he admitted that he had no tip, to have a bet with any one in his vicinity on the winning horse. He also astonished his son by offering to lay a sovereign on Nestie coming in first and half. a length ahead, which was not so much based upon any knowledge of Nestie's literary qualifications as on the strange friendship between Nestie and his promising son. As the respectable Free Kirk elder who sat next Mr. McGuffie did not respond to this friendly offer, Mr. McGuffie put a straw in his mouth and timed the arrival of the Provost.

When that great dignitary, attended by the bailies and masters, together with the notables of Muirtown, appeared on the platform, the boys availed themselves of the license of the day, shouting, cheering, yelling, whistling, and bombarding all and sundry with pellets of paper shot with extraordinary dexterity from little elastic catapults, till at last Bulldog, who in the helplessness of the Rector always conducted the proceedings, arose and demanded silence for the Provost, who explained, at wide intervals, that he was glad to see his young friends (howls from the boys) and also their respected parents (fresh howls, but not from the parents); that he was sure every father and mother was proud of their boys to-day (climax of howls); that he had once been a boy himself (unanimous shout of "No" from the boys); that he had even fought in a snowball fight (loud expressions of horror); that he was glad the Seminary was flourishing (terrific outburst, during which the Provost's speech came to an end, and Bulldog arose to keep order).

One by one the prize-winners were called up from the side of their proud parents, and if they were liked and had won their prizes with the good will of their fellows, each one received an honest cheer which was heartier and braver than any other cheer of the day, and loud above it sounded the voice of the Sparrow, who, though he had never received a prize in his life, and never would, rejoiced when a decent fellow like Dunc Robertson, the bowler of the eleven and the half-back of the fifteen, showed that he had a head as well as hands. When a prig got too many prizes there was an eloquent silence in the hall, till at last a loud, accurate and suggestive "Ma-a-a-a!" from Spiug relieved the feelings of the delighted school, and the unpopular prize-winner left the platform amid the chorus of the farmyard — cows, sheep, horses, dogs, cats and a triumphant ass all uniting to do him honor. It was their day, and Bulldog gave them their rights, provided they did not continue too long, and every boy believed that Bulldog had the same judgment with themselves.

To-day, however, the whole gathering was hungering and thirsting for the declaration of the Count's prize, because there never had been such a competition in Muirtown before, and the Count was one of our characters. When he came forward, wonderfully dressed, with a rose in his buttonhole and waving a scented handkerchief, and bowed to everybody in turn, from the Provost to Mr. McGuffie, his reception was monumental and was crowned by the stentorian approbation of the Sparrow's father. Having thanked the company for their reception with his hand upon his heart, and having assured the charming mothers of his young friends of his (the Count's) most respectful devotion, and declared himself the slave of their sisters, and having expressed his profound reverence for the magistrates (at which several bailies tried to look as if they were only men, but failed), the Count approached the great moment of the day.

The papers, he explained, upon his honor, were all remarkable, and it had been impossible for him to sleep, because he could not tear himself away from the charming reflections of his young friends. (As the boys recognised this to be only a just compliment to their thoughtful disposition and literary genius, Bulldog had at last to arise.) There was one paper, however, which the Count compared to Mont Blanc, because it rose above all the others. It was "ravishing," the Count asserted, "superb"; it was, he added, the work of "genius" — the river, the woods, the flowers, the hills, the beautiful young women, it was all one poem. And as the whole hall waited, refusing to breathe, the Count enjoyed a great moment. "The writer of this distinguished poem — for it is not prose, it is poetry — I will read his motto." Then the Count read, "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," and turning to the Provost, "I do myself the honor of asking your Excellency to open this envelope and to read the name to this distinguished audience." Before the Provost could get the piece of paper out of the envelope the Sparrow, who was in the secret of the motto, jumped up on his seat and, turning with his face to the audience, shouted at the pitch of his voice through the stillness of the hall, "Nestie Molyneux." And amid the great shout that went up from the throat of the Seminary could be heard, full and clear, the view-hallo of Mr. McGuffie, senior, who had guessed the winner without ever seeing the paper.

An Unpatriotic Scot

THE accuracy with which Sir Walter Besant describes places has often been noticed by critics and readers. It appears in his latest novel just brought out in New York as markedly as in all the long list of its predecessors. It is due to a habit Sir Walter has long had of taking leisurely walks through the places he uses in his stories.

"I find," he said to an American reporter who recently met him, "that there is a world of fun as well as of interest in a walk through a city to any one who keeps his eyes open. It has long been my practice to take a stroll first through one quarter and then through another. As you walk along you constantly meet things which connect you with the past or which bring up famous scenes and characters in literature or history. When you pass the Ludgate Hill station, where the crowds come and go unceasingly, it is hard to realize that six centuries ago there was a great monastery where the station building now stands. Still more wonderful to a lazy student is the little place known as Black Raven Alley, Upper Thames Street. The name comes from an ancient inn, which once was famous for good cheer. It was opened by a Scotchman who took the Raven as a badge of the old Scotch Kings, who in their turn had taken it from the Norsemen, who regarded it as the symbol of wisdom."

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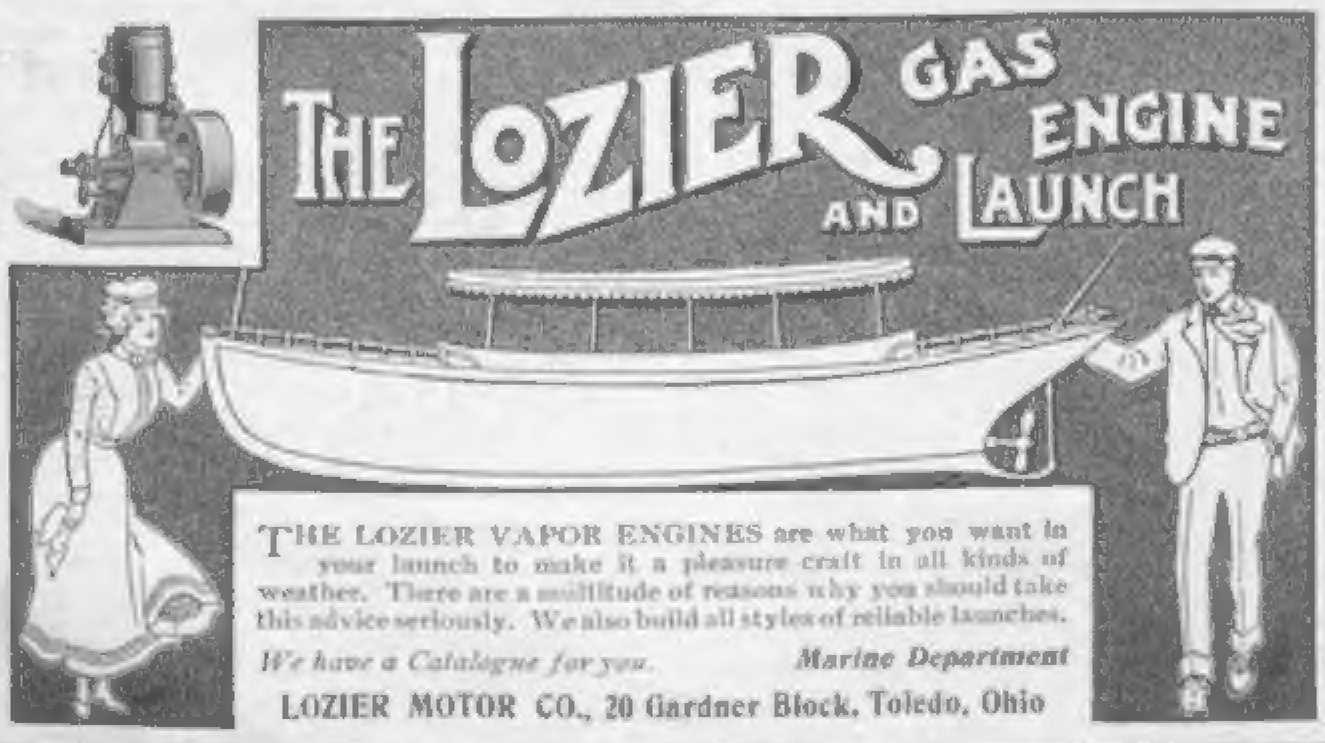

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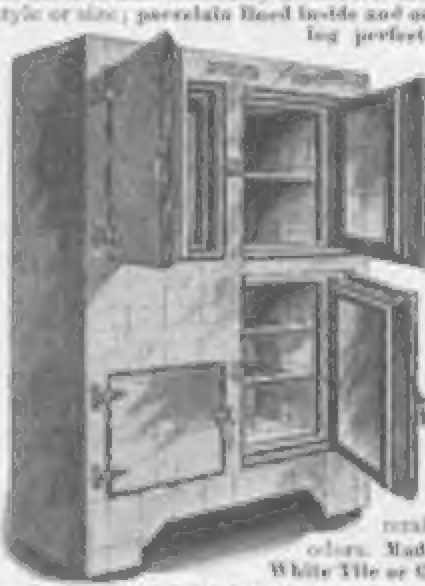

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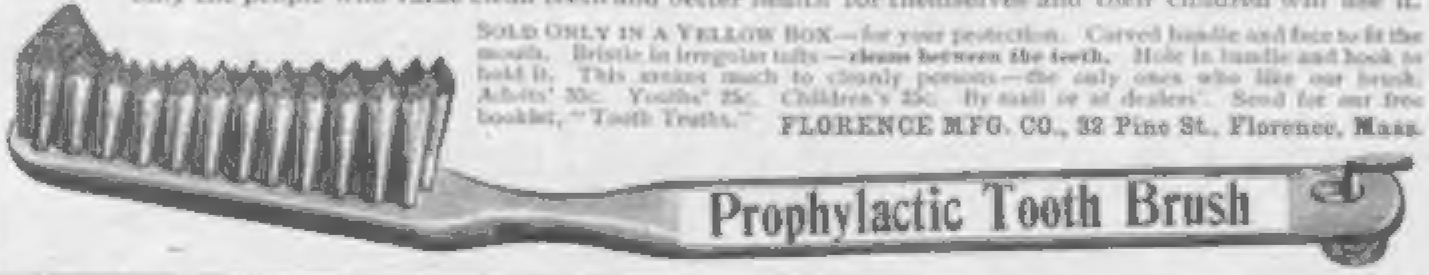

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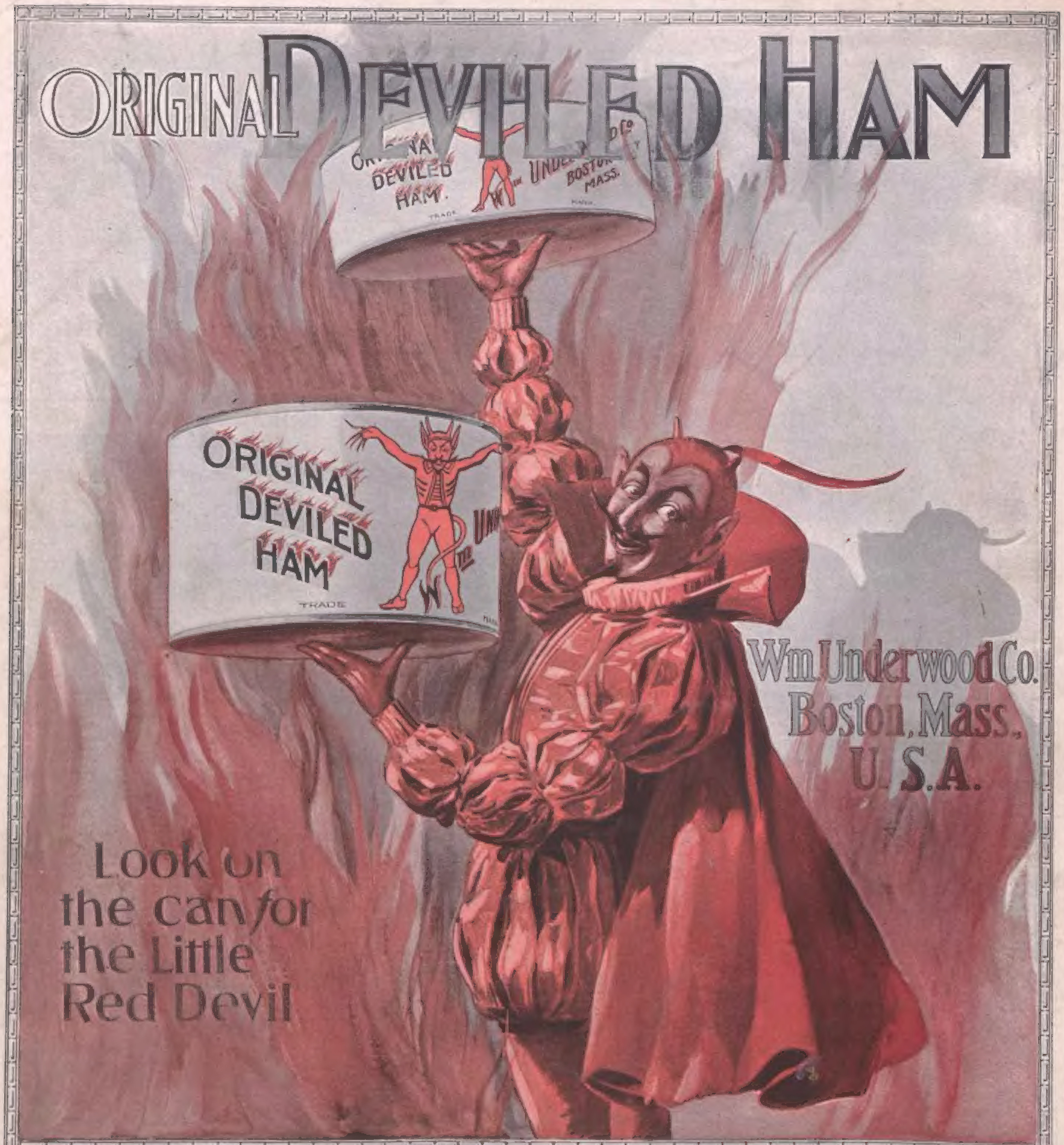
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